

PENTHOUSE

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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

DECEMBER 1983 \$3.50



SPECIAL
EDITION

PET
OF THE
YEAR

HOW TO
PHOTOGRAPH
NUDES





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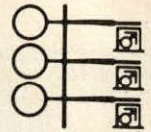
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Pet of the Year Sheila Kennedy was photographed by Bob Guccione with a Canon T50 camera and Tiffen filters. For more information on the camera equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, see page 171.

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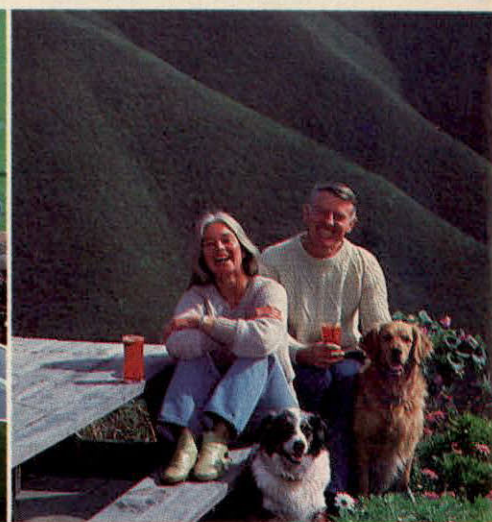
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Rum. It's What's Happening.

America is switching from vodka and gin to Puerto Rican white rum. It's happening in Monterey and everywhere else.



After a round on the fabulous Pebble Beach course, there's nothing like a refreshing white rum and tonic. Just ask Cypress Point's Jim Langley and Johnny Pott of Carmel Valley Ranch.



A pre-brunch white rum Bloody Mary at the scenic Big Sur digs of Will and Carol Surman.



Monterey residents Kenneth and Virginia Bartlett with smiles all around and rum on the rocks.



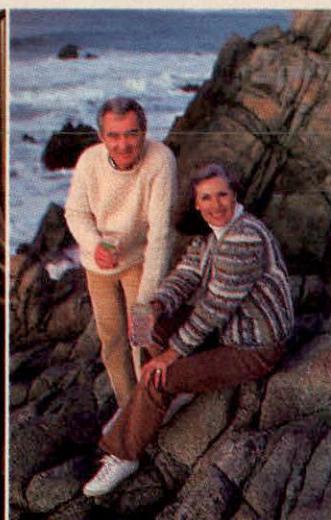
After a lively doubles match, Tricia Allioti, Theresa Briant, Maureen Duffy and Vance Killen pause for rum screwdrivers. Seen with Pebble Beach Tennis Club Pro Andy Briant.



Imagine savoring a rum and tonic on the running board of your own 1923 Rolls-Royce! Antique car collector Win Estes.



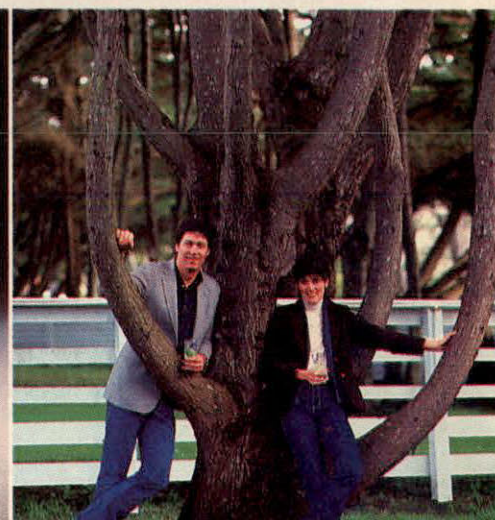
A party at Carmel's Atelier Galerie. Owner Sam Ehrenberg and Puerto Rican visitors Ricardo and Ingrid Jimenez. With white rum, of course.



Carmel attorney Don Hubbard and his wife Phyllis like white rum with their whitecaps.



Puerto Rican white rum has a smoothness vodka or gin can't match. Because it's aged one full year—by law.



Airline executive Norm Edwards and his wife Jackie take a rum and tonic along on a Saturday afternoon stroll.

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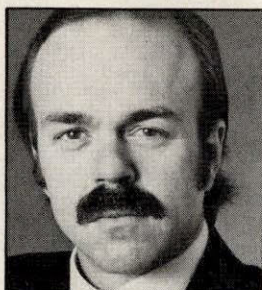
NICK TOSCHES



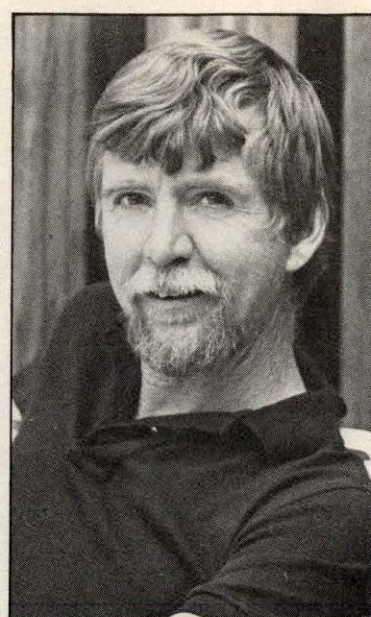
WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.



RICHARD BLEIWEISS



LAWRENCE LINDERMAN



JIM HOUGHAN

HOUSECALL

The warning is blunt and horrific, and it comes from one of the very few Americans who can speak with personal authority on the subject: "The United States is not immune from Palestinian terrorism. There are a great many Palestinians in New York, Miami, California—Palestinian students who consider themselves warriors at this point. And there could be occurrences... such as at the Olympics next year," in Los Angeles. This terrifying scenario is not the creation of Robert Ludlum or John le Carré. It is part of an extraordinary *Penthouse* interview with one of the most dangerous and wanted men in the world—**Frank Terpil**, a fugitive from U.S. justice who in the course of an extremely checkered career has worked for—among others—Ugandan dictator Idi Amin, Libyan strongman Muammar el-Qaddafi, the Palestine Liberation Organization, and the CIA. In 1980, Terpil fled to Syria to avoid trial for gunrunning. Other charges still outstanding against him include training terrorists in Libya, the illicit transfer of explosives aboard a commercial airliner, and solicitation to murder. *Penthouse* reporter **Jim Houghan**, one of America's leading authorities on the mysterious underworld of the "intelligence community" (his book *Spooks* is a definitive text on the subject), interviewed Terpil in secret sessions behind the iron curtain and later at a luxurious resort hotel in the Caribbean (page 130). Despite being the moving target of Interpol, the Mossad, and the CIA, to say nothing of figuring prominently on the hit lists of former "business" associates, "Terpil seems to have come to terms, indeed to be at ease," Houghan told us, "with the dangers and uncertainties that define his existence."

Moving from the real-life world of international espionage to the fictional, we are particularly proud this month to present a preview of the newest thriller by **William F. Buckley, Jr.**, one of our leading conservative thinkers and—more recently—a master of the best-selling spy novel. "Operation Rheingold" (page 88), which is excerpted from *The Story of Henry Tod*, to be published by Doubleday, is set in East Berlin during those tense months in 1961 when the Communists increasingly tightened the grip on their hapless civilian victims. Buckley's skillful blending of fact and fiction makes for unusually compelling reading.

The legend of **Karen Silkwood**, who died nine years ago on a dark Oklahoma road, is also a tale that reads like a compelling novel: a young girl murdered by shadowy and powerful men after she discovered and threatened to expose shocking safety violations involving plutonium, one of the most dangerous substances on earth. The problem—according to reporter **William**

Tucker—is what people have actually come to believe about Karen Silkwood. Her story is a mixture of fact and fiction, and it's mainly the fiction that "squadrons of anti-nuclear activists, the women's movement, and labor-student coalitions have adopted." This month, in fact, a blockbuster Hollywood movie, starring Meryl Streep as Karen, is opening around the country and promises to add to the controversy. Tucker's reconstruction of the life and death of this media saint, "No One Killed Karen Silkwood" (page 68), is a model of investigative journalism that should convince all but the most dedicated zealots that "the real Karen Silkwood was flesh and blood, somewhat less saintly than her image...but, when the facts are disentangled from the myths, will perhaps prove a heroine of sorts nonetheless."

Other special features in this very special Christmas issue include "An Executive Christmas Carol," scintillatingly satirical holiday cheer by artist **Mischa Richter** (page 179); a little "spiritual" advice by **Lawrence Eisenberg**, whose article on "Champagne" (page 144) tells you how "the king of wines" can add sparkle to your winter party giving; contributing editor **Emily Prager**'s offbeat suggestions on where to spend your Christmas Eve (page 57); and **Nick Tosches**'s survey, with pictures, of the newest and hottest queens of rock 'n' roll's new-wave revolution (page 138).

Special Christmas kudos are due to our equally hot (but not so new-wave) Art Department, which, under Art Director **Richard Bleiweiss**, has just won a Silver Medal from the Art Directors Club—the latest in a long line of graphics awards bestowed on *Penthouse*.

Since holiday cheer and gift giving are what Christmas is all about, what better month than December to crown our brand-new Pet of the Year (page 115)? Her selection by the votes of thousands of fans not only guarantees the bountiful homage and treasure worthy of such loveliness (page 184) but this year—for the first time—also gains our American Pet of the Year admission to the greatest and most lavish beauty contest of all time: the *Penthouse* International Pet of the Year Pageant, featuring more than forty of the world's most elegant and sexy women, all competing for an unprecedented prize of \$1 million in cash and gifts. The winner will be chosen by a distinguished panel of judges, including **Marc A. Richardson**, of Los Angeles, whose wickedly witty entry in our "Here Comes the Judge" contest won him a seat on this highest court of sex appeals. **Lawrence Linderman**'s behind-the-scenes report on how *Penthouse*'s revolutionary concept for an internationally televised extravaganza became reality begins on page 84...and, finally, our own extravaganza of holiday beauty, starring the best and the brightest of *Penthouse* Pets, will guarantee that the pleasures of the season will last way after Christmas. **OH**

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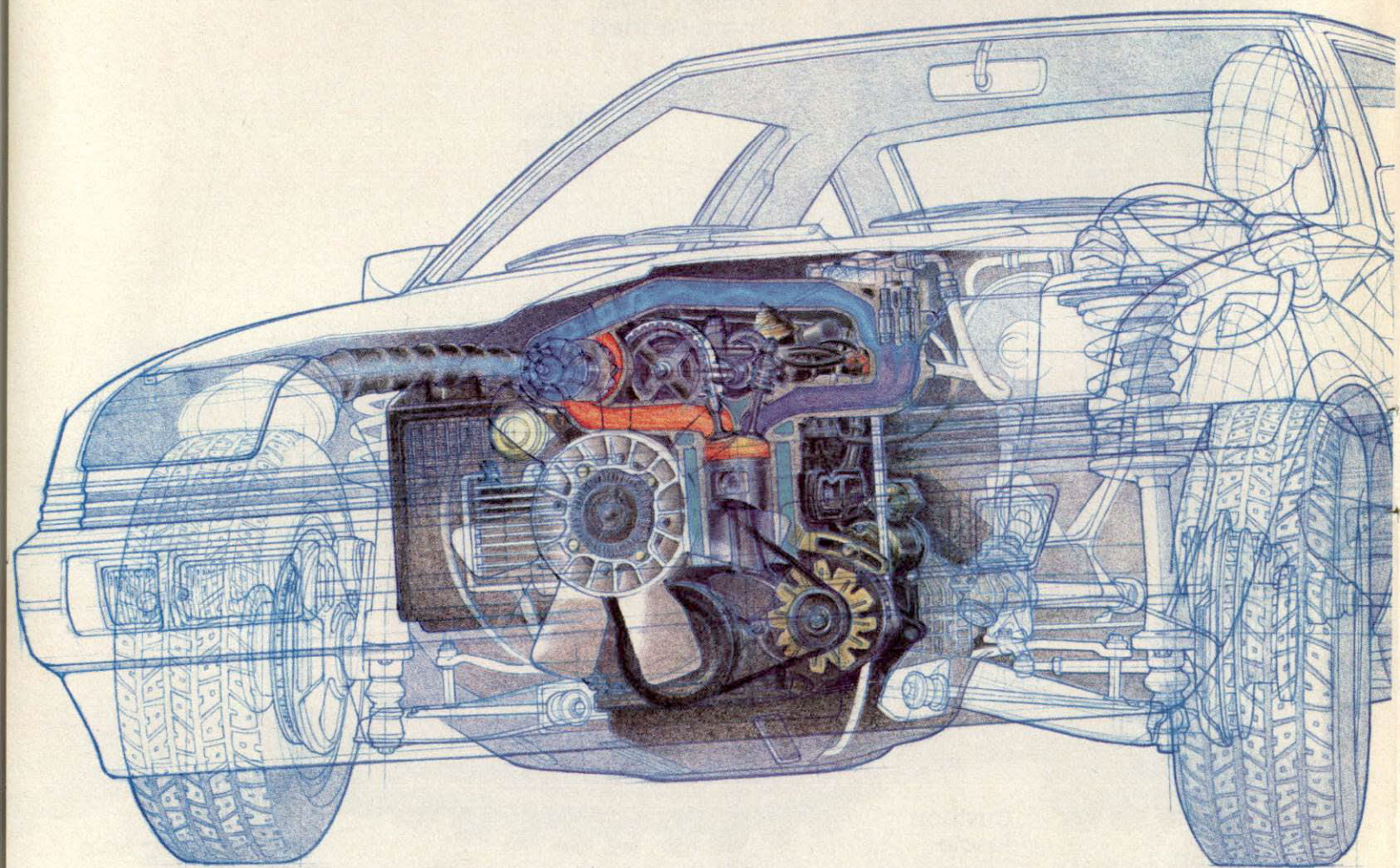


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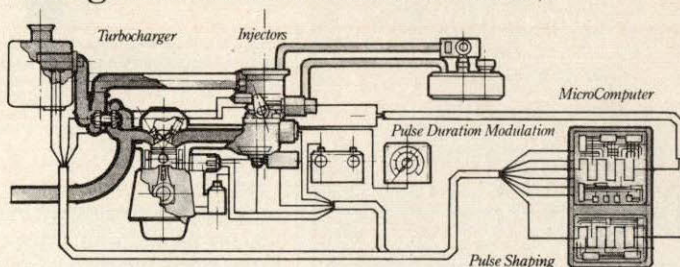
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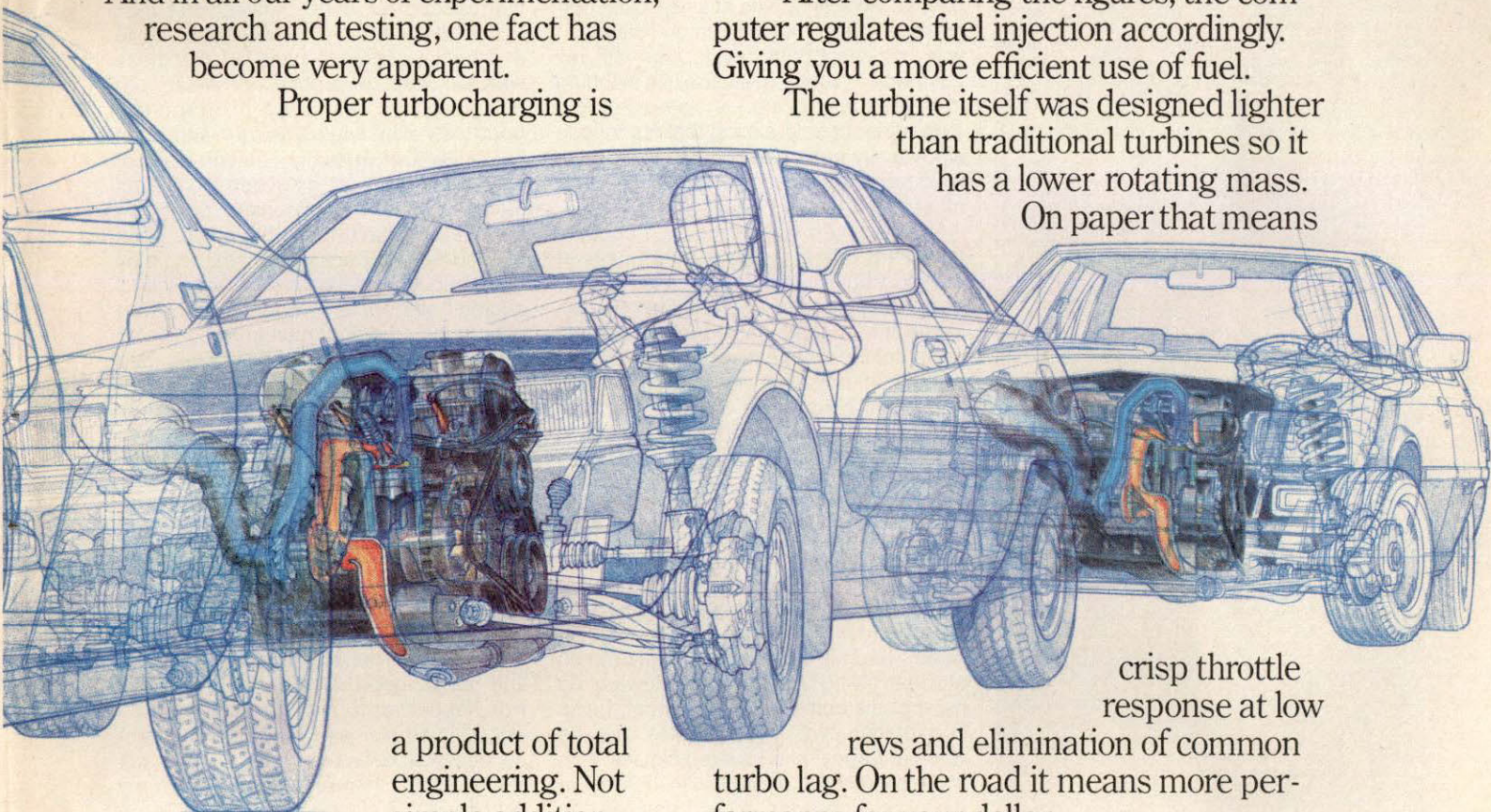
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DECEMBER

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. Letters should carry name and address (in capitals, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

SHOP AROUND

I am nineteen years old and live with my parents in a small town in Rhode Island. I usually hate it when my mother sends me to the store, but recently my feelings about grocery shopping have changed. One day, as I was shopping at a nearby supermarket, I got so horny I couldn't stand it! I was thinking about having sex with my boyfriend. I could just picture him standing in front of me, taking his clothes off and then mine. I could almost feel his tongue all over my body and his throbbing prick inside me. The feeling was so vivid I almost forgot where I was!

By this time I was so horny, I couldn't take it any longer. I walked over to one of the stockboys I know and asked him to come help me find something. He followed me and we walked into an empty room behind the meat section. I told him I wanted and needed his body right then and there. He said he couldn't, because he had to get back to work. I told him not to worry about work and to just relax and worry about pleasing my taste buds. I think that convinced him! He walked over to me and started kissing me hard. Soon I had my hands down his pants and his swollen cock in my hand. As I proceeded to jack him off, he unbuttoned my shirt and started sucking my hardened nipples. Soon I had his whole piece in my mouth and was giving him a fantastic blowjob. As he shot his come down my throat, I was hornier than ever. A few minutes later, he was hard again and lowered himself, putting his throbbing dick a few inches inside me. I begged for more, and as he slammed into me all the way I thought I was going to explode. A little later we got dressed and thanked each other, and I continued with my shopping. Ever since then, when I'm shopping and suddenly get uncontrollably horny, I just find my special stockboy and we repeat what happened the first day. No one knows about us and we want to keep it that way, for obvious reasons. He satisfies my sex cravings at the supermarket and my boyfriend does so everywhere else. Come to think of it, I haven't complained once about doing the shopping for my mom.—Name and address withheld

DOUBLE FEATURE

For several days I had been feeling low and depressed so I headed for the local adult movie house to cheer myself up! After buying my ticket and going inside, I stopped to see if I could find a seat close by. In the back row I found a seat on the

aisle and sat down. There was a seat between me and the most handsome black couple that you could ever imagine. Soon after I sat down, I looked over at them and saw that he had his hand cupping her breast and was playing with the nipple. He then placed his hand between her legs and started rubbing. Between the movie and them, I was getting very hot. Her dress was bunched up around her waist, and being only one seat away, I had a pretty good view of his fingers going in and out of her pussy. Conveniently, I had on a pair of shorts, and I pulled my seven inches out for display. The woman looked me right in the eye and gave me a big smile. Then pushed herself back in the seat to enjoy the manipulations that she was receiving. I couldn't stand it any longer and moved over to the seat right next to her.

When I did, they became timid and pulled back from their erotic playing. She hadn't pulled her dress back down, and I continued to play with my hard-on. She then whispered something to him, and he put his hand back down between her legs. As she spread her legs, they came over in my direction. With her dress up around her waist and me wearing shorts, I wanted so much to touch her bare leg next to mine. Finally I inched over enough to make it happen. We touched, and she pushed harder against me. Her leg was so smooth and felt so good. I couldn't believe this was happening to me. The guy she was with still had his hand going in and out of her pussy as fast as he could and she was in total bliss. I then reached over with my right hand and placed it on her leg. There was no resistance from either one of them as I continued to inch my hand closer to her pussy. Now my hand had finally made its way to that warm, wet destination. My hand rubbed right alongside the other guy's and we both gave her a really good workout.

He then removed his hand to let me continue on my own while he watched. Her pussy was so warm and wet and wonderful! As I massaged her clit it became so hard, I could hold it between my fingers, and she moved her head back and forth in pure excitement. After a while, I couldn't stand it any longer and needed some relief myself. I reached over with my free hand, and brought her hand around my hard, throbbing cock. Right away she started to masturbate me. She now had her hands full, with two cocks, his and mine. It didn't take too much time for me to erupt with a big load of come. We all seemed to come at about the same time. After things settled



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*Manufacturer's suggested retail price for Starion LS. Starion ES model shown, \$14,559. Actual prices set by dealers. Taxes, license, freight, options and other dealer charges extra. Make the Connection. Buckle Up.™

down, she pulled her dress down, and he zipped up his fly. I stood up as they slipped past me. Through all this, not a word was spoken between us, and I know I will never see them again.—*Name and address withheld*

SPACE-CAPADES

My unique experience occurred years ago, but because it was so unusual there was never anyone to discuss it with without my sounding like some sort of crackpot. For those readers who think that many of the letters written to "Forum" are fake, I am sure that those people will scoff at this one. But out of the many thousands of people who read this column, I am sure that there must be a few out there who have had a similar experience.

In December, an associate named Peter and I had set up camp in the Sierra Mountains. Early one morning we took our equipment and hiked up to the flats, leaving our two dogs, Brandy and Ralph, behind to watch over the camp. Just before we reached the ridge, we both heard a low-pitched hum coming from a nearby hill. As we walked over to investigate, a peculiar cylindrical object flew right over the hill and hovered no more than twenty yards in front of us. It was a small, metal-plated vehicle that looked as though no more than two people could fit inside it. I remember feeling my bones vibrating from the loud hum that was emitted by the

vehicle. At that moment I was thinking about all of those starry-night conversations I had had with Pete about which one of us would have the nerve to walk aboard a UFO if given the chance. Before then, I had always put on a macho-bravado act, saying how I would jump at the chance. Now I realized just how much of a coward I was.

Just when I began to turn and run, two horizontal panels separated on the small vehicle and a small ramp rolled down to the ground. Standing inside the vehicle, looking out at us while wagging their tails, were our two dogs, Brandy and Ralph. When they saw us, they scampered down the ramp and ran over to us. I now recall that when I saw the dogs, I was terrified at the realization that this thing had been to our camp already. Suddenly, without a word, Pete walked over to the vehicle and went up its ramp. The panels closed, the hum got extremely loud, and both Pete and the vehicle were gone.

I tried to coordinate my rubbery knees to start running, but just as I had turned toward camp, I saw three white-robed beings standing in front of me. I remember trying to scream but nothing came out of my mouth. All three of them were wearing white hoods, which made them look like monks.

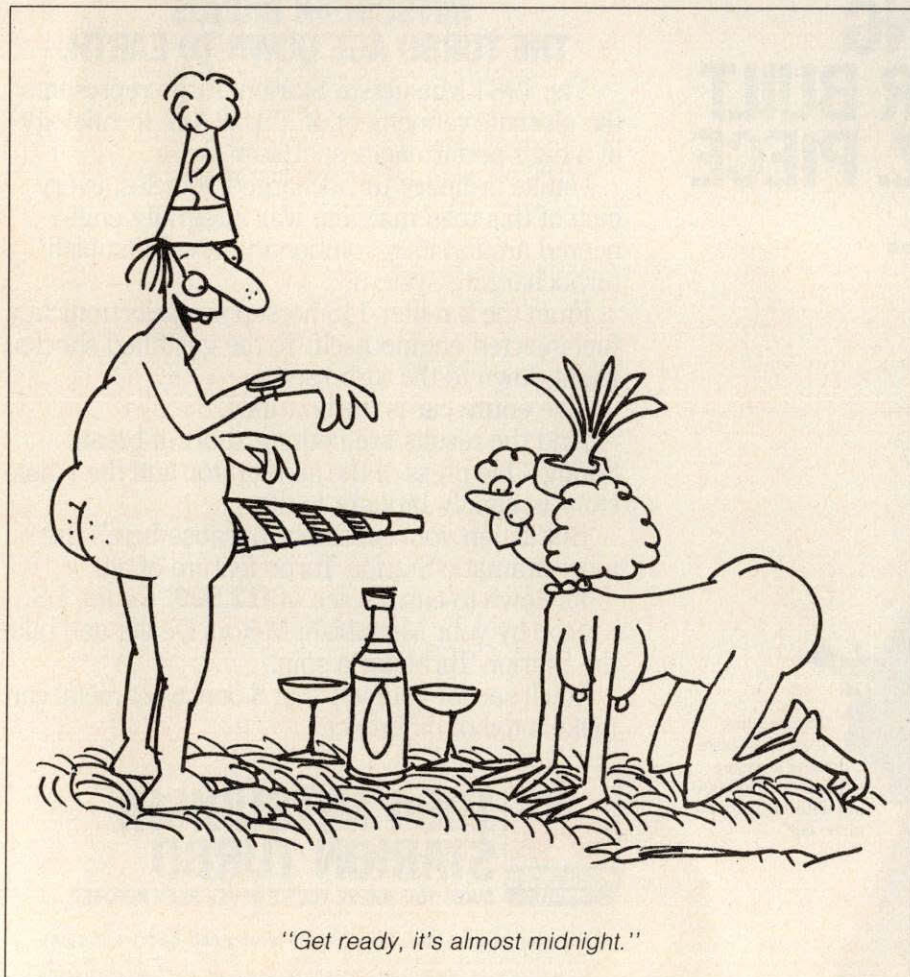
I recall looking at the being closest to me and seeing that its thin lips were upturned in a curt smile. Even though I saw

no one speak, I heard the word "relax." Through either coincidence or will, a warm chill suddenly ran through my body. I didn't feel threatened at all. Two of the beings had large, soft black eyes that looked very feminine. The white robes that they were wearing were of a thin satin material. As the sun was going down to their right, I remember seeing through their sheer robes small, thin-boned shoulders curving down to flat, nipples chests. Their foreheads were broad while (under their hoods) their heads were bald, reflecting a porcelain-white color. I can't really explain why, but I remember looking at them and thinking just how beautiful they were. Along with the warm shiver that I was experiencing, I remember feeling my cock starting to get hard and rub against my dirty blue jeans.

The three beings then sat down in a circle, and without hesitating I sat down with them. The two feminine ones reached up and slid back their hoods. I still can clearly visualize how their soft, bald white heads rolled down to their large black eyes. Just then, I remember wanting to whip out my hard cock and pump it.

The third, more masculine-looking being reached over and pulled down the others' robes. Their shoulders looked so small and soft. They had no breasts, but they had erect nipples that must have been an inch long and were surrounded by lovely areolas. The being closest to me held out its hand and as before, without seeing anyone speak, I heard the word "please." I instinctively reached over and touched its exposed knee. The moment my hand felt its porcelainlike soft skin, my balls constricted and my blood-swollen cock exploded with wad after wad of thick come. My body never stopped shaking as my cock continued to pump, even after the come was all ejaculated. When I lifted my hand off of its knee, the orgasm stopped. The two feminine beings quietly slipped out of their robes while I started to tear off my come-stained clothes. To this day, I can still visualize both of them sitting there, with their legs open wide, exposing the most beautiful, bald, white pussies that were dripping a thick, clear juice. They both had giant, erect clits that looked to be about the same size as a young boy's erect penis.

I leaned over to the closest being and began to lap up the clear juice on its bald pussy. It had a sweet, metallic taste. The second being then reached over and rolled me over on my back. This one quietly mounted my stone-hard cock while the first one sat on my face. They both started to thrust in a circular motion. I remember that the pussy that I was rubbing my face in started to make a sucking sound. Both of them started to rotate in a faster circle and I recall visualizing alternately rotating intergalactic nebulae. The thrusting became violent, my balls began to constrict right up inside my body, and my throbbing-hard cock prepared to pump the biggest wad that it had ever known.





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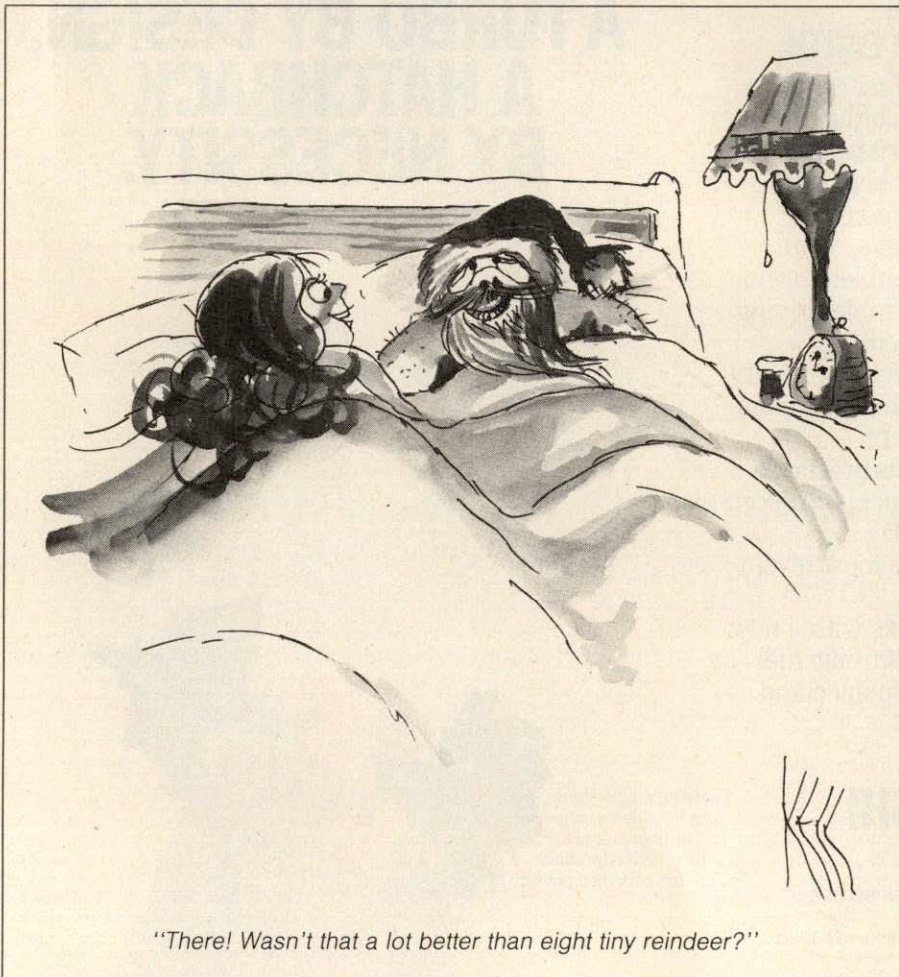
Just then, I heard a bloodcurdling, baboonlike scream. I remember looking up and seeing the third being standing over us naked. I had been so close to exploding my rocks off that I became confused. This being had a long, skinny erection. Its cock must have been the circumference of my index finger and about ten inches long. It threw the other two beings aside and rolled me back over onto my stomach. I looked back and saw it aiming its syringelike prick right at my ass hole. Then it hunched over my body and gripped the back of my neck with its teeth. With pinpoint accuracy it then crammed its prick up my ass hole. Frantically it started to butt-fuck me. As I think back, I don't recall being afraid or feeling any pain. I just felt rather humiliated. Just then—it couldn't have been more than three minutes—it got its rocks off. I felt like its prick was going to poke out of the tip of my cock. Whatever it was pumping me full of, it felt like a warm-water enema. It was then that I passed out.

The next thing I remember, I was walking back to camp with my clothes back on. I heard behind me the sound of footsteps. I turned around and saw my colleague, Pete, with our two dogs, Brandy and Ralph. I remember that he had this enormous grin on his face from ear to ear. To this day, I remember that we just looked at each other and realized that it would have been useless to say anything. And nothing

has been said by either of us ever since.—
Name and address withheld

FALSE ADVERTISING

Up and down and up and down moved my furiously pumping hand; the fingers tightly gripping my blood-engorged shaft. I looked down to stare at the swollen purpleness of my glans, the crack of my piss-hole opening and closing, smiling at me as I beat it into ecstasy. In front of me lay a sun-bronzed love goddess from a recent *Penthouse*, her body posed in a particularly alluring way, one finger pulling her labia open for all to see. The moist pinkness sent the deepest pleasure centers of my brain buzzing with activity. Once again, the familiar yet magical feeling of increasing tension exploding into orgasm overwhelmed me. I looked down again, and opened my eyes just in time to witness the initial splurt of creamy testicular juice jetting from my dick. Despite my momentary loss of control, I was surprised to find that I'd managed to land my wad dead center, all over the vagina of my *Penthouse* partner. Unquestionably, this ruined the page for any future observer—but then, orgasm is the most selfish moment one can experience. I closed the magazine, thus gluing together pages eighty-eight and eighty-nine forever, and ending yet another in a series of mid-evening stroke sessions. I felt relieved, and "Mr. Happy" shriveled from pure exhaustion.



After cleaning up and relaxing for a while, I pondered what to do next. Hmmm, I could go out to the neighborhood pub for a few cold ones and some casual chat with the locals. But there wasn't much chance to meet women there, so I opted for a dance club in the center of town.

Dressed smartly, with a very thin tie, I entered the club and surveyed the surroundings. Darkness alternated with the flash of strobes and the flicker of neon. Monster speakers blasted a pulsating rhythm that I could feel as well as hear. My body moved quite naturally onto the crowded dance floor. Slightly inhibited at first, I soon warmed and began to really move.

It was then that I noticed her. She was dressed (almost) in a skintight latex outfit, thrusting her pelvis to the beat, her breasts struggling to break free of their tenuous confinement. She was just one of many gorgeous women there, but she was watching me. Our eyes met and she gave me the hungriest, most inviting look I could imagine. We moved closer and danced together to the next few tunes. Finally, with sweat pouring off my brow, I pulled her off the dance floor and yelled that I wanted to buy her a drink.

We found two stools at the bar and ordered drinks. We had to almost shout to communicate, but I managed to learn that her name was Heather, she was a secretary, and was with her friend Sara, who was still dancing. She wasted no time in telling me that she was attracted to my "big bulge," and that she wanted to see how much of me she could stuff inside her mouth. I began to salivate at the thought, but then I remembered that it was the sock I had stuffed in my crotch that had caught her eye. Panic engulfed me as I pictured the potentially embarrassing scene that was bound to occur once she unzipped my pants.

"Is size really that important to you?" I managed to stammer out.

"You know it, lover," she said. "But from the looks of it, you don't have anything to worry about."

Then she suddenly reached out and grabbed my crotch. Her change of expression left no doubt that she was aware of my deception.

Just then her friend walked up and blurted out, "Hey, you found a hot one there, didn't you?"

"No! This faggot should be arrested for false advertising," and she explained my fake bulge.

"The nerve of some assholes. Let's go," Sara said with a look of pure disgust, and in an instant they were gone to hunt further in the neon jungle.

I can't actually remember leaving the club; such was my state of dazed humiliation. When I was back in my room, still blushing with embarrassment, my thoughts drifted back again to the sight of Heather's pert breasts bouncing to the beat, her hard nipples straining against her top. And that memory stiffened my pal,



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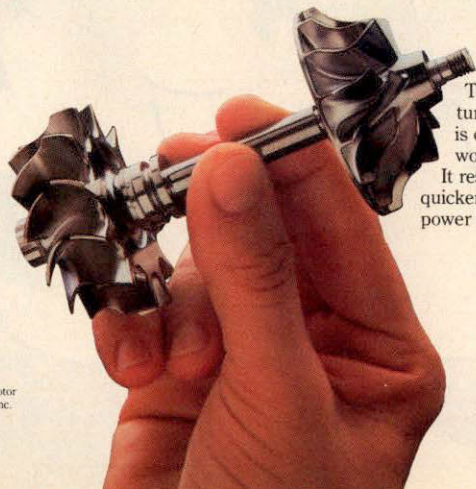
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small though he may be, so I pulled him out for a well-deserved stretch.—*Name and address withheld*

APPEALING SUGGESTION

After three years of fidelity to each other, Bob and I both came to the realization that the lust that had made the early part of our marriage exciting had somehow dissipated. After several long conversations on the subject, Bob revealed to me his fantasy of seeing me make love to another man. As we talked, my pussy moistened. And when he asked me my thoughts on his idea, I simply led his hand to my slit. "You're steaming!" he noted, amazed. "Your suggestion appeals to me," I returned, letting my juices emphasize the understatement.

That night we fucked magnificently. At Bob's urging, I told him I would do anything for him. I told him I would open my legs for any man he wanted, suck the cream from a stranger's prick, say filthy things to whomever he chose. As I sat astride his thighs, my cunt sucking on his manhood, he explained to me what he wanted.

The next afternoon, Bob sneaked quietly into the house through the garage. I saw him creep into the living room. I winked at him and returned to sucking Tony's long, slender dick. Tony is my boss. That day I let him know that I was interested in his advances. As we drove to my house, I

brought my legs up onto the car seat so that he could run his hand beneath my skirt. At his suggestion, I put a finger inside myself and let him suck the nectar I bathed it in. I was amazed at how hot I was.

We had been going at it for ten minutes when Bob arrived. My husband didn't know at the time that I had already had Tony inside of me. After arriving home, I steered Tony into the kitchen and hoisted myself onto the counter. I pulled my skirt up as far as I could, revealing my pussy, and brought my feet up and placed them on the counter, providing Tony with complete access.

"Come on," I begged him. He stripped in a flash.

"Slowly, lover," I urged as he slid himself into me. I lifted my rear from the counter, supporting my weight on my outstretched hands. "That's my boy," I said huskily. "I'm a good girl. Am I not a good girl?"

"You're a magnificent girl," he whispered.

At this we kissed deeply. Conscious of the time, I broke it off. Without a word, I slowly freed myself from his cock and guided him to a chair. The chair was positioned so that by kneeling in front of him I could look past his thigh and into the living room.

I had been leisurely mouthing him for a couple of minutes when my husband arrived. Now I cut loose. Locking my eyes

with my husband's, I ran Tony's prick all around my face. I could feel traces of his wetness on my cheeks and chin. I moaned when I saw our voyeur remove his clothes and begin pleasing himself. I sucked Tony deep into my mouth and gently rotated my head from side to side, pulling lovingly on his manhood. I noisily slurped him, bathing his cock and balls with my saliva.

When I looked up, I was stunned. My husband had crept to within a foot of the chair where I was servicing Tony, and he stood with his prick monstrously erect.

"Come here, darling," I said. This was not part of our plan, so Bob was as startled as my boss! "Relax, boys," I laughed. "I'm sure I can satisfy two as easily as one."

After only a few moments of awkwardness, I led both of them by the hand into the bedroom. I sat my husband down on the side of the bed, and, standing, slid into Tony's arms. We kissed wetly, as his hands wandered over my body. My erect nipples and glistening pussy were testimonies to my excitement.

I knelt before Tony and took his penis into my mouth. I raised my eyes to his, and the dreamy look he returned expressed his pleasure. I reached over to the bed and massaged my man's tool.

I then did something that appealed to me at that moment. I brought Bob's hand to my face and, testingly, led it nearer the area where Tony's cock disappeared into my mouth.

I was aware when the back of Bob's hand first brushed against the shaft, and neither of them reacted negatively so I became bolder. Soon I guided Bob's fingertips to Tony's rod just where it slid into my mouth. When my husband took willingly to my suggestion, I nearly came.

I let more and more of Tony's prick slip from between my lips until enough of it was exposed to allow my husband to wrap his hand entirely around it. The realization that my mate was priming this cock with come for his wife to feast on was maddeningly exciting.

My lips now covered only the head of Tony's dick. Bob knelt beside me and reached beneath my chin to caress Tony's balls. He masturbated Tony slowly, stretching the smooth skin tautly downward. With a groan, Tony spurted his come into my mouth while Bob milked him. The load was immense, but I was able to hold nearly all of it.

With the thick liquid seeping from the corners of my lips, I tossed my head back and gazed into Tony's watery eyes. I then kissed Bob and opened my lips just a crack, letting out small amounts of sperm, which my husband eagerly swallowed. I then opened my lips widely to let the come pour into his mouth. He gulped it down.

Since I began writing the last paragraph, my husband has been sucking on my pussy and stroking my nipples. I am flowing freely, and finishing this letter promises to be a struggle.—*Name and address withheld*



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PEER PRESSURE

I am a nineteen-year-old college student at a large Southern California university. I'm five feet seven inches tall, with blond hair, long legs, and large but firm breasts. I would like to tell you of something that happened to me last year that changed my life.

I transferred to another school in the middle of the year and moved into a studio apartment by myself. Soon after I moved in, I met Heidi, Sue, and Monica, who live in the apartment above me. Heidi is a petite brunette, with medium-size breasts and a soft voice. Sue is tall, with short, sandy-blond hair and long, athletic legs. Monica looks very much like me, only she is not quite as tall as I am.

At first I thought that transferring in the middle of the year would make it hard to find friends, but these girls treated me like a sister right from the start. I spent many evenings drinking wine and chatting with my new friends. One evening, after we had drunk several glasses of wine, the conversation turned to sex. Sue asked me if I had been fucked by many boys and I had to admit that I had been fucked only twice and that each time had been disappointing. "Certainly you masturbate, don't you?" she asked. I told her that I had never masturbated and that I thought it was disgusting. "Well, I love to masturbate," she said as she lifted up her short, white skirt and began running her fingers along

the edge of the fabric outside her pussy lips. She told me how good it felt to run her fingers all over her wet pussy and how great it felt to come.

I felt like running but I couldn't. My eyes were glued to her fingers which were now probing inside her panties. Sue removed her panties and lifted the dress over her head, freeing a pair of braless tits. Her breasts were very round and firm, bigger than mine, with swollen nipples that looked like strawberries. "Have you ever sucked a pussy before?" she demanded. "Of course not! I'm no lesbian." I replied indignantly.

She walked toward me. I stared at her pussy, the wetness glistening on her outer lips. I finally gathered the courage to run, but as I did, Heidi and Monica grabbed me. They were amazingly strong for girls. I struggled, but their firm grip held me standing motionless in the center of the living room. Sue walked to me, put her hands on the straps of my dress, and pulled them down. Then she ripped off my bra and panties. I felt so disgusting standing there naked in front of them, with Sue leering at my body. "You have nice tits," she said as she began sucking on my nipples. I begged her to stop, but she wouldn't. She sucked on my tits until the nipples were as hard and swollen as her own. She began sliding her way down my stomach, stopping to swirl her tongue in my belly button. My pussy was now drip-

ping wet, but I still tried to fight. "Please, please don't!" I begged. But as her tongue pressed against my clitoris, my breath quickened and my knees buckled. Heidi and Monica helped me to the floor as Sue continued to suck my pussy furiously. Monica tongued my nipples as Heidi kissed my face and neck. It felt strangely natural to kiss another girl. Soon I felt a burning heat in my pussy, building until the first waves of an explosive orgasm went through me. I bucked against Sue's face, begging her to "suck my pussy harder. Oh, yes, I love it!" I couldn't believe my ears.

After my first orgasm, Sue told me that from now on I was to be their sex slave. I would have to do as I was told, and that my body was free for their bidding. Monica left the room and came back with a gold collar that she put around my neck. I was so desperate for more sex that I readily agreed. Sue sat in a chair and said that my first duty was to eat her. I kneeled in front of her and spread her lips. She tasted funny at first, but soon I licked and sucked like a pro. As I lapped at Sue, I felt something pushing at my pussy and looked back to see Monica inserting an enormous dildo. It was really big, but still, it felt so good as she pushed it in and out. Soon Sue and I began shaking violently as we both had tremendous orgasms. I felt very proud that I had made her come.

We four made love the whole night, with me eating each of them at least twice. I've been their slave now for several months, and I love it. I've made it with many other girls and have even been fucked by four boys at once. I love what my mistresses make me do and wouldn't have it any other way.—Name and address withheld

THE RIDER

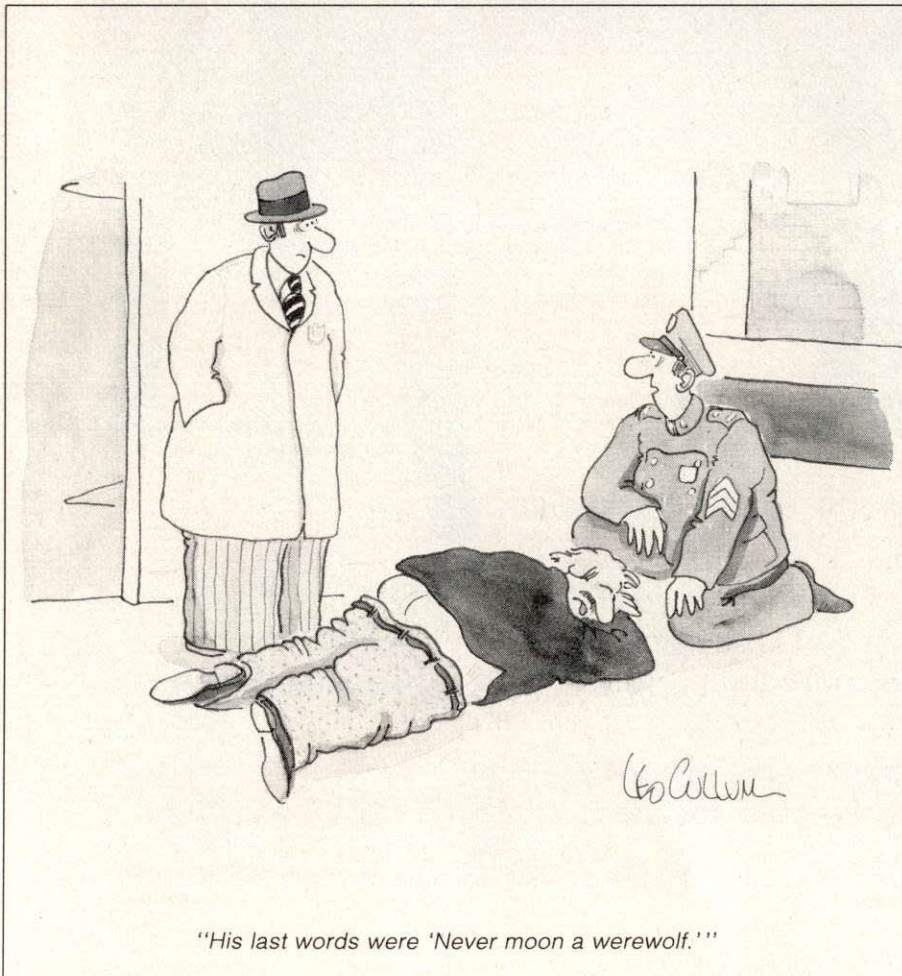
I have been a big fan of *Penthouse*, especially "Forum," for many years, and I would like to share with your readers my unbelievable experience.

About a month ago, I was driving home from my girlfriend's house.

I had been driving for about fifteen minutes, fantasizing while listening to Pat Benatar, when I stopped at a red light. It was then that the girl crossing the road in front of me caught my eye. She was absolutely stunning, the type of gorgeous female that all horny males dream about. She had long black hair, high cheekbones, an attractive nose, and soft, yet penetrating eyes. Furthermore, her figure was fantastic. Winding down my window, I gazed at her nipples and admired her long, luscious legs and her shapely hips. I told her that I wanted her to join me. She got in.

I was just about to make conversation, when she turned to me and slid closer. I suddenly felt a sharp, metallic point press into my ribs through my T-shirt. I smiled, thinking she was just fooling around with her keys, when I glanced down and noticed it was an eight-inch switchblade that she had jabbed into my side!

On a side street, she commanded me to



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IS PHYSICAL ATTRACTION BASED ON CHEMISTRY?

Scientists Answer

You've heard the expression, "there's chemistry between them", describe the response of a man and a woman to each other. Is it just an expression? Or can that physical attraction be scientifically calculated? A prominent group of scientists think the physical reaction that occurs between a man and woman can be chemically explained.

The Signals of Sexual Communication

Part of the hypothesis that physical attraction is based on science is the result of current studies, as well as a large body of already established and accepted data. It is a fact that insects, fish and mammals secrete chemical attractants just prior to mating. These attractants are called pheromones. The scientific community discusses pheromones as the language of smell, because pheromones actually serve as sexual communication between the male and female of any given specie.

Do Humans Have the Language of Smell?

A large group of respected scientists have been conducting studies for years to prove that humans also secrete pheromones. They believe that humans signal the opposite sex through the sense of smell. Many of these scientists contend that the evidence of human pheromones is conclusive. Others do not. This is the basis of the pheromone controversy. However, studies

are continuing to prove the existence of human pheromones beyond doubt.

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Andron. By Jōvan. Consider the evidence.

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pull over. I couldn't understand what she wanted. As the car rolled to a stop, she jammed the knife painfully into my ribs again and ordered me to get out.

I became further confused when she followed me out, stepping from the driver's side and still threatening me with the switchblade. She flicked up the lock to the back door and told me to open it and get in. What was this crazy, gorgeous fox doing?

She eased into the backseat after me and slammed the door shut, locking us in the darkness. My beautiful captor then jabbed the blade into my stomach and whispered, "Strip." Shocked but too dazed to refuse, I tugged awkwardly at my jeans and squeezed out of my shorts.

Before I took my T-shirt off, I felt the knife again and was instructed to lie back. To my surprise (and pleasure), the girl then eased out of her own clothes, revealing those delicious melon-size breasts, slipping out of her tight jeans to expose the magnificent downy triangle between her soft thighs. Despite my nervousness, I shuddered with anticipated pleasure.

"Eat my pussy!" she hissed, her huge globular tits jiggling as she menaced me with the knife. I buried my face into the velvety fur of her succulent cunt and found her moist lips, which I lapped at slowly with my probing tongue. I could feel my captor stiffen as I licked deeply into her, sucking at her vaginal lips and nibbling on her swelling clitoris. Her delectable pussy juices ran around my cheeks as I brought her to a shattering orgasm.

By now, my earlier arousal had become an excruciating agony and my cock was rock-hard. I felt the knife thrust into my chest and my seductress ordered me to lie back again. Before I realized what was happening, my luscious hitchhiker placed a firm hand on my shoulder and I felt her strong legs slide over my thighs. She took my stiff, aching shaft into her other hand and stabbed it into her wet, dripping pussy. I slid into her deep wetness, feeling the warmth of her belly and the dampness of her recent delight.

She immediately started off at a furious pace, her gorgeous hips pumping rapidly. I felt my engorged cock dig deeper into her tight cunt, slick with her lubricating love juices. Grabbing her hips and arching my back, I slammed into her, making her moan in a husky, almost animal-like voice. I groaned with her as we both came violently.

Suddenly, I realized that my insatiable captor wasn't finished. She lowered her head and surrounded my eager cock with her lips. I moaned as she lapped, licked, and sucked.

Before I could come back to earth, both lips and knife were abruptly removed, and I heard the gorgeous bitch whisper, "Fuck me, dog!" She leaned back into the seat, roughly tugging at the collar of my T-shirt, pulling me toward her spread legs. As I moved across to her, I realized I could smell a subtle, musky aroma from her de-



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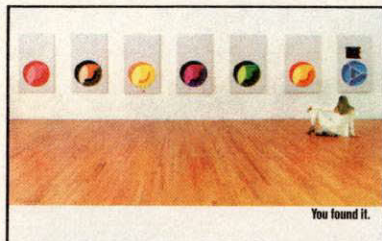
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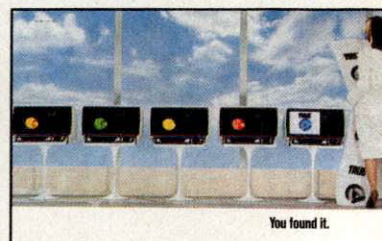
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I hope I find myself in Paris.



lightly hairy pussy. The next instant, I was deep within her tight snatch, pumping wildly. Moaning as she lolled her head back in ecstasy, I noticed my voluptuous hitchhiker had lowered the knife she had been brandishing the entire time. I rocked harder into her, riding her all the way. At one point, I pulled off my T-shirt, which aroused a momentary suspicious glance from my "rapist," but we were both too far gone for either of us to pull any tricks. I felt her huge tits crushed against my sweaty chest. Our naked bodies entwined tightly. We both came, moaning and clawing at each other in the darkness.

As fast as it started, our midnight session was over. Her knife now pocketed, she slipped calmly into her clothes as I struggled into mine, my head and cock still reeling. A few minutes later, the gorgeous girl was out of my car. She turned briefly and flashed me a seductive smile.

—Name and address withheld

NEW DISCOVERY

It all started several years ago, when I went out of town on a business trip without my wife. When I unpacked my suitcase in the motel room, I found that she had hidden between my underpants a pair of her silk-mesh panties, which I had always admired. They bore the faint scent of her perfume, and when I held them to my face, I became aroused. For some time, I had felt an urge to wear her undies, but I had never

had the chance before. I quickly stripped, stepped into the panties, and pulled them up to my waist. Looking at myself in the full-length mirror, I had an instant erection. After fondling my penis for a moment, I ejaculated a full load through the mesh.

Upon my return home, I surprised my wife by wearing the panties to bed, and experienced the same turn-on, a roaring hard-on. This was followed by a session of thrilling sex, only the first of many to follow. Whenever I was alone at home, I experimented by trying on various articles of her underwear; many fit quite well, especially the stretchy nylon items, and I was amazed at how they excited me. I had always envied women being able to wear such sensuous clothing, and now I was enjoying the same feeling firsthand. I became quite expert at rolling on a pair of stockings, attaching them to a garter belt, putting on a bra, slip, or nightgown, and walking in a pair of high-heeled shoes. This went on for several months, and I found that I was spending almost all of my time at home dressing up in various outfits and admiring myself in the mirror. I was amazed at how the shoes and stockings changed the appearance of my entire body; they made the feet appear shorter, the legs longer and shapelier, and the buttocks higher and firmer. Now I can understand that such clothing has improved the female form to such a degree.

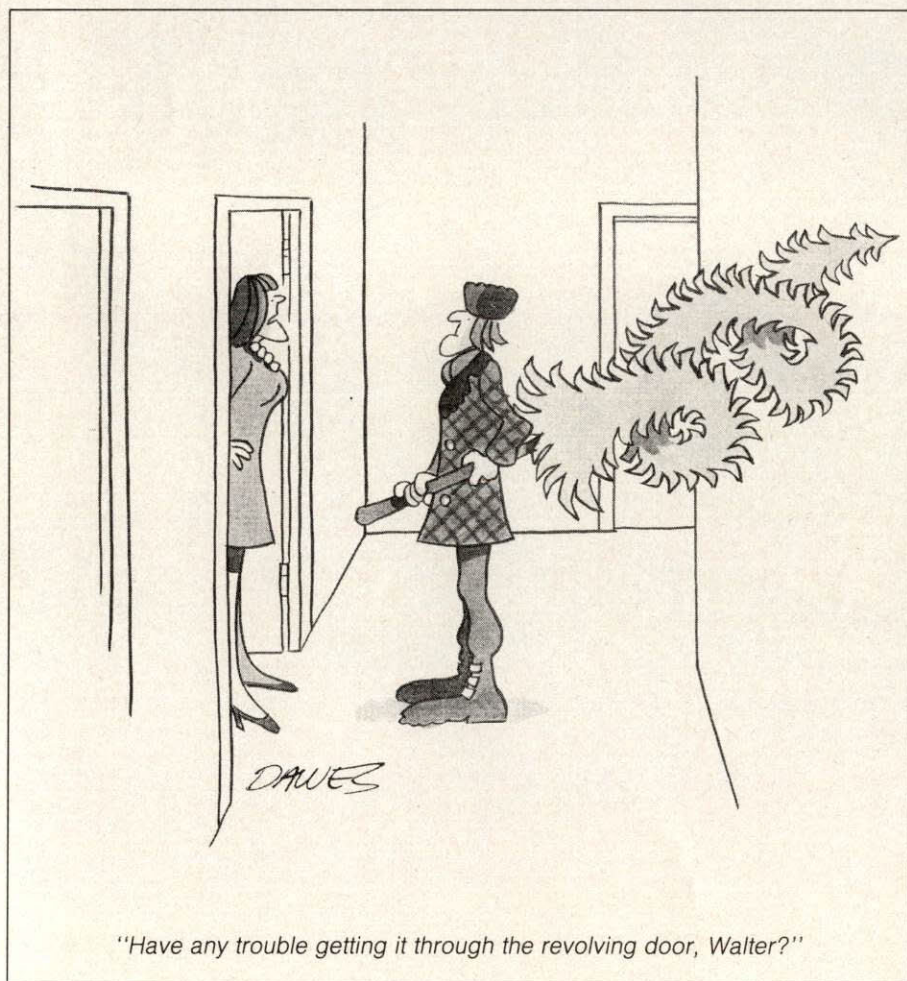
Finally, I got up enough nerve to test the

reaction of my wife to my new hobby. One evening, when she was out with the girls, I donned black strap sandals, sheer black nylons and garter belt, a lacy black bra, and bikini panties. I topped it all off with a sheer, long blue negligee, which really made me look tall and slim and completely feminine—except for my face. My wife was momentarily stunned when she entered the living room, where I was stretched out on the sofa. For an instant, she thought I was another woman. Well, to my immense relief, instead of being angry or shocked, she recovered nicely and expressed admiration for my new appearance. She seductively slid the negligee over my head and the panties down my silky legs, and we had another thrilling session right there on the sofa!

Although she doesn't really understand why her lingerie excites me so, she doesn't object if I wear it occasionally, and I think it sometimes turns *her* on too. In fact, when I admired a short nightgown with spaghetti straps, which was in a store window, she said nothing—but surprised me by presenting it to me on my next birthday, followed by similar gowns in different shades on our anniversary and on Father's Day, no less. These were followed at intervals by other items: a teddy, a braslip, bra-and-bikini sets in three colors, two baby-doll nighties, two long gowns, two garter belts in black and white, several pairs of stockings of different types and colors, two sheer negligees, and a pair of high-heeled strap sandals. All my own! My joy knows no bounds, and needless to say I spend very little time at home in my street clothes. I've also taken photos of my various outfits, which I enjoy looking over.

I've never had the desire to wear female outer clothing or to masquerade as a woman outside of my own home. I couldn't pass as a woman even if I wanted to. Other men, just starting out as cross-dressers, write of their difficulty in buying female clothing without embarrassment. Well, even five-and-tens and supermarkets carry bras, panties, stockings, etc., displayed on shelves and available to anyone: just take the packages up to the checkout counter. So there's no reason why any man cannot experiment with the plain, cheaper items at first, then graduate to shopping in the better stores for "gifts for his wife or girlfriend" once he has determined the correct sizes for himself.

I'd like to close by encouraging all men who have not tried cross-dressing to do so, and I also urge wives and lovers of men who show this inclination to go along with them. I'm confident that they'll both enjoy the experience and find that it adds a new dimension to lovemaking. Personally, I don't think there's any feeling that compares with the gentle tug of a garter belt on the tops of your stockings as you walk along, or the feel of your lover's fingers along your bra straps or your nylon-covered thighs as you orgasm together!—Name and address withheld.



"Have any trouble getting it through the revolving door, Walter?"

belt on the tops of your stockings as you walk along, or the feel of your lover's fingers along your bra straps or your nylon-covered thighs as you orgasm together!—*Name and address withheld.*

RUBBER LOVER

I was brought up on an isolated farm. The only females I saw were my sister and mother, because the school I went to was sex segregated and all the teachers were men. The corresponding girls' school, where my sister went, was on the other side of town. Since nobody lived within a mile of us, after school I associated with animals much more than with people. I loved to ride on the wagons that the farmers drove and watched with mounting interest when the drivers whipped the horses. I spent many hours waiting for this to happen and was filled with secret glee when it did. Once, I remember whipping a horse with the reins and seeing the imprint of the swat on his rump. I think I got my first erection then—at about age six or seven.

In my early teens, I developed what I now know is a rubber-leather fetish. I had quite an assortment of boots, coats, and whips which, when I went away to boarding school, were packed in my trunk. I had to pack the whips catty-corner, because they were so long they would get bent otherwise. I had a pair of knee-high rubber boots for work in the rain, black rubber hip boots for wading in streams, knee-high leather riding boots, riding breeches with leather knee patches, a long black rubber raincoat with a shoulder cape of lightweight rubber, and a pair of nice black rubber bib-style pants (no fly opening) with a matching hip-length black rubber jacket—and, of course, a long black whip for riding. Most of these items I ordered from catalogues, as we lived about four miles from town. I would often masturbate while looking at the drawings of each item shown in the catalogue. I always wanted to order one of the "jumbo whips" advertised, but never dared to. I only drooled over the pictures.

At boarding school, I took horseback riding as a sport for obvious personal reasons and found the hip and pelvic motion used while riding stimulating. I had heard that teenage girls masturbated while riding and that it was good for their future sex lives (or so the rumor went) but I had never heard what it did for boys. I soon found the hip motion, plus the pounding of my buttocks, the caressing of my inner thighs, and the massaging effect of the leather saddle on my cock and balls, irresistible. I used to cream in my jeans, to use a trite expression, at least once during each fast ride. I achieved greater excitement when wearing spurs on my riding boots, using my whip just prior to ejaculation, and, depending on the weather, wearing my leather or rubber boots and coat while riding.

I enjoyed horseback riding both at school and when on vacation at the farm. When nobody was around, especially on



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rainy days, I would whip myself, which stimulated me, then take out my cock and masturbate. Sometimes the skin of my penis was so sore from excessive friction that I would cup part of the skirt of my long raincoat in my hand, and, with the tips of my hip boots caressing my thighs and my flapping raincoat tickling my balls, I would slide cool, black rubber up and down my prick until I ejaculated all over my shiny-wet black rubber boots.

After graduation from school, I went to an all-male college and then into the service, where I traveled widely with the navy and visited some exotic ports. During this time, I did not have the opportunity to act out my fetishes too often, but I did get involved with girls. I had several love affairs (some platonic, some not), was engaged twice, and had a couple of mistresses. I had a mistress whom I used to punish mildly during our liaisons. Once she asked me if she could use it on me, but I refused, even though she was wearing boots.

Now I keep a lookout for women wearing boots. Recently, on a business trip to New Orleans, I saw a beautiful black girl walking in the French Quarter. She was wearing thigh-high leather boots. After making my interests known, I found out she was a prostitute. After agreeing on a price, we went to a nearby place where we could consummate the deal. Never having had a black girl before, I was quite apprehensive at first and too nervous to get an

erection. She pushed me back on the bed and encouraged me to relax. Then she undid my pants and proceeded to give me the most terrific blowjob I'd ever had. She alternately sucked and licked my swollen prickhead while masturbating the lower end of my rod with one hand and cupping and tickling my balls with the other. When I relaxed enough to really enjoy the feeling of those luscious lips and titillating fingers, I asked her if there were any whips handy. When she said no I asked her to position herself so that I could see her long legs sheathed in those beautiful, high, shining boots. She obligingly put her booted feet up over the bedstead (she had been kneeling between my knees) and then gave me the most terrific orgasm I'd ever had. I arched my back and screamed aloud and was shaken to the core when I shot into her moist mouth. I must have made quite a lot of noise, because when walking out later I noticed a number of (envious?) side glances and knowing smiles on the faces of people in the hallway.

Today I keep myself fit and healthy by riding horseback three times a week and often achieve an ejaculation while galloping. I have switched from an eastern to a western saddle because I find the higher pommel of the western rig better for massaging my cock and balls. I also find that riding uphill helps heighten this effect, because I lean forward and press my crotch against the pommel. I've found that I can

increase my excitement and pleasure by applying some cream to the end of my cock and rubbing some into my jockstrap before riding. This lubricant helps me come quicker and better. It takes only one swat of my whip to get things started. After my jock gets saturated with a mixture of come and cream, I sometimes achieve a second ejaculation during my ride. I find this method of release most satisfying, especially during wet, rainy weather when I wear my long yellow slicker, high black rubber boots, and spurs and carry a long, tapered, flexible riding whip. In fact, it's about the only sexual release I get. I am looking forward to my next trip to New Orleans. In the meantime, "the outside of a horse is good for the inside of a man," and I am going to keep reading *Penthouse*.—
Name and address withheld

ONE GOOD LICK

I have always loved Popsicles as a way of fighting off the Arizona heat. I've grown even fonder of them since I started loving John. Sweet John is one spendid example of man-flesh: tall and gorgeous, with a body and a rod I'll never stop craving. And he is truly the most wonderful person I've been fortunate enough to know: compassionate and loving. So often I find myself melting in his heated embraces, and on one particularly blistery day, I thought a Popsicle would offer a bit of cool. I selected the passion fruit-honeydew pop (it seemed an appropriate choice) and stood there by the fridge, watching spellbound as he tenderly unwrapped his icy confection. As he put it in his mouth, I could actually feel it melt, feel it oozing over his tongue as my own juices had done so many times before. (I knew very well how hot John's kisses could be.) He sucked on the frosty rod, and I imagined his mouth on my breasts—sucking, licking, teasing—sending shock thrills through me. I couldn't help but smile as my lover moved closer to me, and I prepared myself for one of our delirium kisses. We reached for each other and tenderly embraced, and I closed my eyes as his lips brushed against mine. Our kisses were at first fine and delicate as we began to explore our mouths. I found John's so cold and so wet that I needed to taste his sweetness for long moments. We kissed those satisfying kisses over and over, searching, sucking; and when I thought there could be no better, I was shaken by feeling the Popsicle gliding back and forth between the lips of my pussy. The sensation was like nothing I had ever known.

After a few languid strokes, my beautiful man gently warmed me with his glowing fingers, always careful to keep me just right. I remember riding with the feeling of John's hand between my legs when suddenly, unexpectedly, he slid the Popsicle deep inside me. I moaned softly as he turned the treat within, stroking and fondling till I ached for more. I leaned against the refrigerator door as he knelt in front of me, parted my cunt lips with his fingers,



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and thawed my icy clit with his fiery tongue. I swear, his mouth felt inhumanly hot! He licked my love button again and again with such grace and hungrily drank the cool juices that flowed freely inside me. My head was spinning . . . I begged John to fuck me. I screamed for him to come with me, and at once he stood up and shoved his beautiful rod deep within me. I dug my fingers into his body, clutching to bring all of him into me. I braced myself against the nearby wall and met his steady, forceful thrusts. My body rocked with waves and I held tightly onto my lover's body. I was almost spent, almost ready to hang drowsily on his strong shoulders when he began surging and driving into me in his characteristic jack-hammer fashion. I held onto the fridge and onto John and we fucked so hard, and so fast, and for so long. I remember whimpering uncontrollably as we came, listening to the cries of my man as his thunder rippled through our bodies. We clutched each other again as he finished us with those last powerful strokes, those ending drives that lead you off the highest peak. We embraced for an eternity, and when our breathing quieted down, we kissed again, licking the last bit of sweet from each other's lips.—*Name and address withheld*

BRING ME A DREAM

I want to relate an experience and offer a course of action for men whose wives or

girlfriends shun anal intercourse.

After six years of marriage, my wife, Beth, had never allowed me to butt-fuck her. She feared both the pain and taboo of the act. Her anal embargo, however, only stirred my desire to have her that way, until the thought became an obsession. I decided to devise a game plan, a slow, methodical sex schedule that climaxed—literally—on the night I unbuttoned her forbidden fanny.

I started six months ago by complimenting her on the shape and appeal of her hips and bottom. Within a month, my flatteries produced results: I observed her, on certain mornings, standing and turning at the dressing mirror, admiring the lines of her rump.

"I *do* have a nice butt," she declared one day, standing on tiptoe, flexing her cheeks.

"Yes," I said. "But you could use some new underpants."

Beth was used to wearing plain white cotton underwear that fully covered her buttocks and eclipsed her navel. Nevertheless, that night I bought several pairs of fancier ones, put them in her drawer, and mentioned this purchase at dinner. The next morning, she put on a pair of the new undies, examined herself in the mirror, and proceeded to remove the price tags from all the others. This signaled the achievement of my first goal: I had shown Beth the beauty of her ass and the plea-

sure derived from displaying it attractively. In short, she was "ass-conscious," and it didn't hurt a bit.

For the next few months, whenever I performed cunnilingus, I made a point of tongue-bathing her asshole. But when I finally tried to finger it, even lightly, she clenched her legs. This left me with the choice of either settling for cunnilingus or discovering a way to at least get a pinky up her ass. That sage advice, "Just sleep on it," provided the answer.

One night I awoke with a hard-on and found my left hand wedged firmly between Beth's legs. She was sound asleep, and her pussy was soaked. I figured we were having a kind of simultaneous wet dream. Somehow, my roaming hand had excited her clitoris in spite of her being asleep. This gave me an important edge: she was slick, ready, and dead to the world. With racing heart, I touched her clitoris and nearly swooned when I felt its hardness. Beth murmured, rolled over on her side, and brought one knee up to her chest. This made both her vagina and ass hole amply accessible.

Keeping my left hand in her vagina, I rose to my knees. I reached for the window-blinds opener and twirled it. Shafts of moonlight fell like pencils across her form. Her vagina was tropical, and she cooed complainingly whenever I nudged her clitoris. The more I did this, the more she opened her legs. Gently massaging her clitoris, I lowered my head and spat liberally into her ass hole. I spread the saliva around with my tongue. Beth's murmurings turned to moans as my left hand continued stroking. Still asleep, she arched her hips and began to move in tandem with my hand. The time was right to go for her ass.

Parting her buttocks with my right thumb and middle finger, I gently introduced my forefinger into her asshole. Her body twitched, but her annoyance passed, and she continued rocking with my clitoris strokes. I was so excited that sperm bubbles appeared on my cock. As she neared orgasm, her anus started to clutch and pull at my finger. This startled me. I was in to the last knuckle, and I could feel the serrated edge of her coccyx. I brought her to climax by rubbing her clitoris and not-so-gently finger-fucking her ass hole. Afterwards, I collapsed in a sweaty heap and jerked off in fewer than ten pulls. The next morning, Beth made no mention of the night. The second step of my plan was achieved: I had penetrated, albeit manually, her virgin butt.

Throughout the fifth and part of the sixth month, I contented myself with similar nocturnal adventures. I learned that I could manufacture "simultaneous wet dreams" by waiting for Beth to fall asleep. Then I would slather her up with saliva and go to work. I had to smile (and feel a little guilty) when she complained one day that neither of us had been very horny lately.

The final stage of my plan, of course, was to butt-fuck Beth with my penis, but



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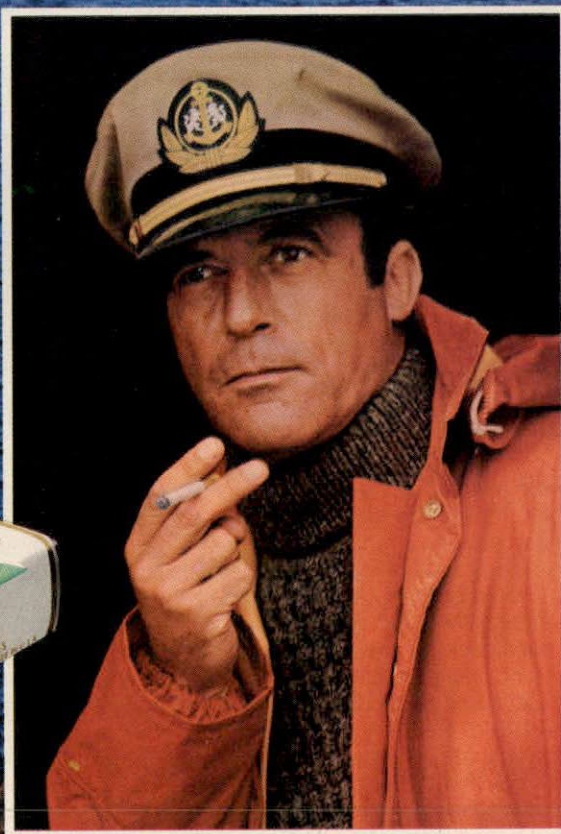


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lows with her fists. She hoisted her ass so high in the air I had to rise from my knees to stay inside her. In that posture, half-standing, I could bring my entire weight to bear on her butt. Her anus clutched wildly at my penis, chunking it down, down, down like a car jack. She cried hysterically when I drove the full measure of my cock into her burning, outraged ass. In the seconds prior to filling her rectum with come, I felt, for a moment, like a god of myth, a Hercules of the heavens, ramming his pecker into the fiery loins of some Pegasus, some winged and wild, creamy-assed beast of the night. What a feeling to come in the ass of the woman you love!

Her fanny buzzed for three days. We put cream on it. In the week or more since it's healed, we've had anal intercourse three times. None has been as violent as the first; none probably ever will be. My wife prefers it up her ass gently, and she's already learning to finger and tongue my hole when she blows or fucks or masturbates me.

I should note that Beth's ass hole has not usurped the star-status of her vagina. The two are simply co-stars, sharing the same pleasure stage (from separate corridors). She is grateful for our discovery of her new orifice. For you fellows who dream of ass-fucking, a simple plan, a measure of patience, and a dose of luck from the sandman could well make your honey want it too.—Name and address withheld

A REAL SPINNER

I am a late-night female disc jockey at my college radio station. My show is on Wednesday nights from 11 P.M. until I shut down the station. It was the usual boring summer-school show—hardly anybody takes summer classes. Nobody had called in any requests, so I started to play some exotic tunes. Then this guy called. I had spoken to him once or twice before but always on the phone, never in person. He expressed an interest in what I was playing, so I invited him over.

He arrived with a bottle of wine and some herb. A while later, we really began to get loose. He excused himself and went to pick out some albums from the record library. I noticed that he took a long time and, much to my surprise, when he returned he was wearing only an album cover. My juices started to flow when I saw his tan, muscular torso, but the biggest surprise was what was behind the album cover that he nonchalantly handed me.

He walked over to me, untied my bikini top and started to caress and suckle my tits like a newborn baby. He teased my nipples erect with his agonizingly slow-moving, hot tongue. I needed no prompting to wiggle out of my shorts. He immediately knelt down on the floor and started to eat my bountiful box, which was dripping with my love honey. I could hold back no longer—I just had to taste his huge, beautiful cock. We fell to the floor into my favorite position, sixty-nine. I

only if she was wide-awake. This last step would prove tricky, for though her body had grown accustomed (and even fond, I think) of having as many as four fingers in her ass, her brain would probably still oppose the idea—especially if the invader were not fingers but a cock. On the twentieth night of the sixth month, Beth went shopping. When she came home, loaded with bundles, and told me how much she'd spent, I decided that she deserved a spanking. I strode her into the bedroom, sat on the edge of the bed, lowered her pants and panties, bent her over my lap, and slapped her buttocks hard. Feeling aggressive, I decided to take a risk and allow my free hand to explore her ass-crack. When my fingers touched her ass hole, I noticed her head tilt quizzically to the side, as if she were feeling something strangely familiar and yet not unpleasant. Taking heart, I leaned over and drooled into her crack. Still swatting her, I rimmed her asshole with my finger, and, to my delight, felt it being invited in. I quit the spanking, naturally.

In seconds I had Beth on all fours on the bed. With my finger still on her ass hole, I began to rub her vagina and clitoris. Her response encouraged me. She parted her knees as best she could to allow more access to both her pussy and butt. She groaned as I eased the tip of my finger into her raised ass. Her clitoris stiffened in my other hand as she began to approach or-

gasm. I put in a second finger. Instinctively, she reached back to remove them, but I brushed away her hand and started earnestly to finger-fuck her. Her cries became too irregular to suggest that I was hurting her. My moment of truth had come.

I left her in the doggie position as I quickly threw off my clothes. Then I got behind her and resumed stroking her clitoris. Next, to my great satisfaction, I heard her whisper, "My butt, my butt..." She wanted a finger up her ass! Unbeknownst to Beth, however, her fanny was about to meet a new friend. I brought my penis up to her ass hole. Her orgasm, drawing dangerously near, prompted me to slow down on her clitoris. Still kneading it, though, I pushed the tip of my dick against her ass hole. At a quarter-inch, she groaned. At half an inch, she grunted. When the entire head popped in, she cried out sharply and began gulping for breaths. I took her mind off her ass by getting aggressive again with her clitoris, and soon her groans and grunting turned to long, shrill sighs. Sensing her impending orgasm, I shoved my cock in deeper. Her sighs rose to a wail, but just for a moment. Then I began to fuck her, thrusting deeper and deeper in until half my cock was buried. When I plunged to the fifth inch, Beth bellowed and I began to really pound her ass and stroke her clitoris savagely. She began to scream.

Beth's orgasm was excruciating: she bucked and shrieked and punched the pil-



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just slightly ahead of our time.

sucked his hot, throbbing cock for what seemed like hours of heavenly pleasure until his sweet cream spurted into my eager mouth. He took me to crest after crest of incredible ecstasy by probing my engorged clit with his never-tiring tongue, but he still wouldn't fuck me.

Instead, he started teasing me all over with his tongue. I couldn't do much more than scream with pleasure, because he was holding me down. Then he very slowly started to enter me, but I put a quick end to that. I grabbed his ass and arched my back up to meet him. Just as I started to orgasm for what seemed like the millionth time, I looked up to see my boyfriend leering at the two of us. When we stopped, he smiled and started to unbutton his shirt. He quickly stripped down to his incredible hard-on, which was throbbing to the beat of the music. He greeted my new friend (introduced later as Don) with a laugh and said, "So, is she all I said she was?" Don readily agreed.

At this point, I realized that the record had been skipping for at least an hour, so I shut down the station and we made our own music for a while. As Don fucked me, I lapped my boyfriend's throbbing love pole. We continued exploring all possibilities until we were exhausted. Since then, the three of us have gotten together for more late-night action (in and out of the radio station) and the future looks promising.—Name and address withheld

PANTY RAID

I am a horny male, and my sister, Brenda, is a sophomore at a girls' boarding school in Virginia. She has told me things about her hall monitor, Miss Emily. It seems that Miss Emily has forbidden the girls to sleep in the nude, preferring that they wear nightgowns and at least one pair of panties.

After lights out, Miss Emily goes around to all the rooms and conducts a personal inspection. All the girls must lie on their stomachs in bed as she reaches her hand under the covers to feel for a nylon-covered ass. If she feels a naked bottom, she turns the lights on in the room and spansks the girl on her bare tush in front of her roommates.

Brenda told me that some girls would deliberately get into bed naked just to get a spanking. We were discussing how I could possibly observe this behavior for myself, and being a prankish pair, we decided that I should go up to visit her. So, last weekend, I drove up.

On Saturday afternoons you are allowed to visit in the dorms, so I simply went in, made sure no one saw me, and hotfooted it for Brenda's room. I later had to get in the closet when Miss Emily came around to announce that visiting hours were over. One of Brenda's two roommates, Ellen, was away, and our plan was for me to occupy her bed. Brenda's other roommate, Debbie, turned off the light so

we could get our clothes off, and just as I was getting into bed I felt an arm brush against me. "Here," Brenda said, "put these on, or you'll get a spanking." I could tell from the sound of her voice that she was grinning. Her hand held out a pair of silky nylon panties. She helped me put them on, and I got into bed and lay down on my stomach just as the bell rang for lights-out. I heard a little hiss, and a cool damp spray of perfume descended on me. "Ellen's," was all Brenda said. She yanked the cover over my head.

Brenda and Debbie were snickering between themselves, no doubt at the idea of me wearing panties. We lay there in the dark, and my heart was thumping. I could hear Miss Emily's footsteps coming closer down the hallway, although she lingered for long minutes in some rooms. Then the moment arrived. The door opened and Miss Emily came in. "All ready, girls?" she asked. "Yes, Miss Emily," Brenda answered. Miss Emily stepped lightly across the room to Brenda's bed. She reached under the sheet and felt her ass. I heard her murmuring her approval. "Very nice, Brenda. Good-night."

She then moved across the room to Debbie's bed. I heard the rustle of sheets as she searched for Debbie's tush, and then there was the sound of an indrawn breath. More sheets rustled and all I could hear was a soft slurping noise and Debbie moaning quietly. I kept totally silent, enthralled by the activity going on so close to me. I wondered quickly about Brenda, whether she had ever received Emily's favors. The moaning peaked in intensity and trailed off, and I heard Miss Emily get up. "Very nice, Deb, very nice." She whispered, but loudly enough so that we could hear her. "I liked that. Oh, yes, it was delicious. Sleep well now, sweetie."

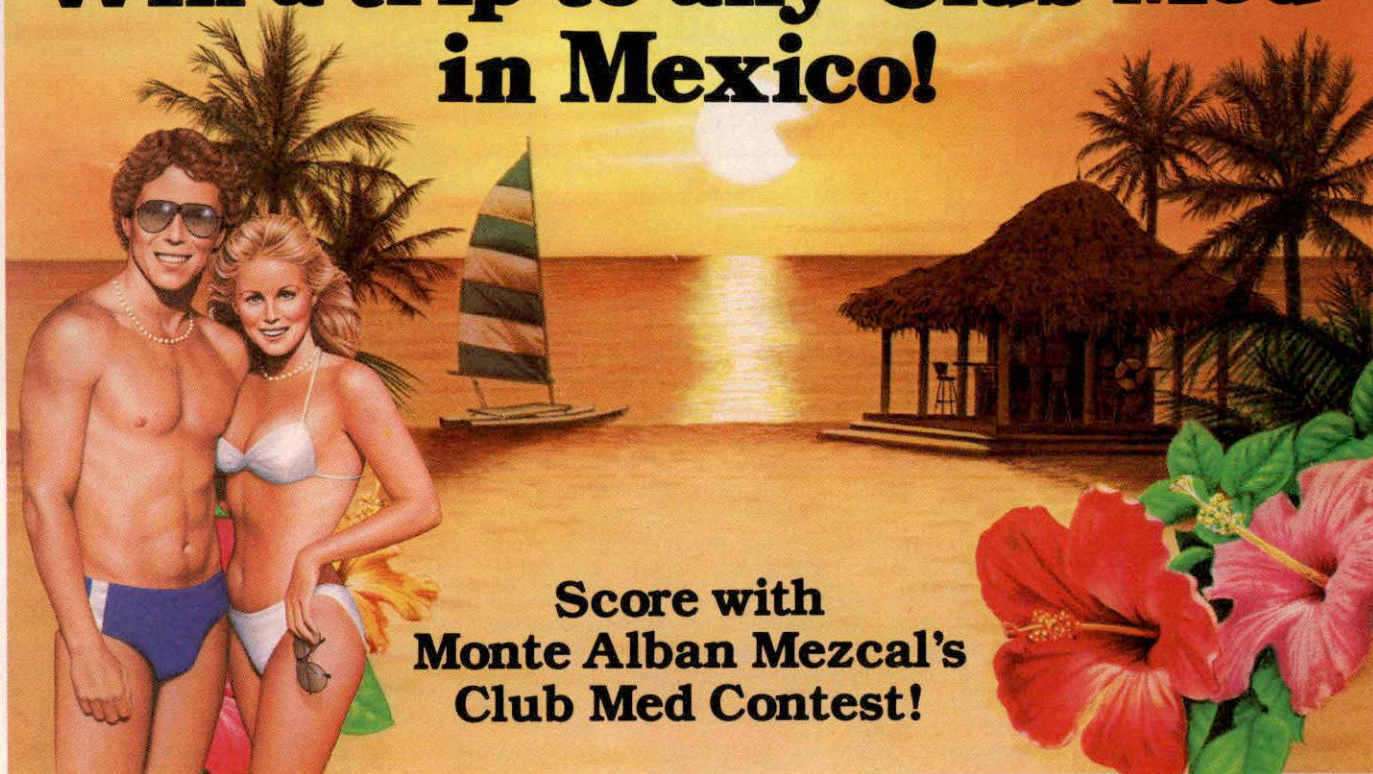
I tensed as I heard her approach my bed. "And now, Ellen," she said as she drew closer. "I thought you were still home, but you must have come back. I can smell you—oh my, yes!" I felt the covers being drawn aside, and a groping hand touched my ass, lightly resting on my panty-clad butt. So it was true, I thought. She began exploring, which made me extremely nervous. She ran her hands farther and farther down the backs of my almost hairless legs, and her touch had a questioning feel to it. "Ellen," she said, "You naughty girl, what have you been doing to yourself? You're so muscular."

Her hand wandered asswards again, and this time, slipped under my panties and caressed my buns. Suddenly, with a lightning-quick move, she reached between my legs and grabbed my cock, which became erect in a flash in her hand. "Aha!" she said, "Oh, you bad, bad girls! You oughtn't try to fool me, you know." She withdrew her hand from my cock and, getting up from the bed, snapped on a light. "So you're Ellen, eh?" she said sweetly. She stepped over to Ellen's bureau and brought out a blue lace-trimmed bra, which she held out to me. "Why don't



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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

SZULC ON EL SALVADOR

Mr. Szulc, in his article "El Salvador is Spanish for Vietnam" (September 1983), has given an excellent description of the current problems in El Salvador and has made the point clear that the crises that we observe in Central America are best seen in the light of their roots—basic social and economic ills. There is no question, however, that the Communists have an interest in "fishing in these troubled waters."

While Szulc is correct that all of the fault for the growing U.S. involvement should not be placed at Reagan's doorstep alone, he has failed to develop more fully the thought that the roots of the current mess go back to days of Eisenhower, Kennedy, and Johnson. Following the 1965 intervention in the Dominican Republic, U.S. policy in the Caribbean and certainly Central America was shaped by an argument advanced by Secretary of State Rusk. Rusk argued that any revolution in the area favors the Communists, that the Communists are part of an international network, and thus that U.S. intervention is necessary in order to preserve self-determination. As a result, the U.S. Latin American policy over the past twenty years (at least, as it has been applied to Central America and the Caribbean) has been one that has been coolly correct in dealing with right-wing dictators but has left to the United States the option to intervene when an internal situation is perceived as being against U.S. national security. The El Salvador crisis must be viewed as part of the linkage of Nicaragua, Cuba, and the Soviet Union and understood as a perennial threat to U.S. national security. Thus, the framework of present U.S. policy should be viewed as originating not, as Szulc says near the end of his article, in the Carter administration but at least as far back as the early years of the Johnson administration.

U.S. policy-makers might do well to reflect that El Salvador is not for us "to lose," and neither is it in our "backyard." We went through that over thirty years ago with the China question and should have learned something from that experience.

In closing, I would like to make clear that these comments reflect my own attitudes and beliefs and in no way should be construed as a position of this organization.—*Daniel J. Muga, President, Association of Teachers of Latin American Studies*

WHAT TURNS MEN ON

I would like to share with you and your readers my appreciation and joy for the

overwhelming, enthusiastic response to my survey, "What Turns Men On?"—in your October 1983 issue.

The replies were not only numerous but also included several pages of detailed information on the subject, which I found very helpful and interesting. As a matter of fact, some answers were real eye-openers! I was very impressed by the openness and honesty of the answers, and a third of the replies did not come anonymously but with name and address.

A great interest was expressed in the results of this survey, and many respondents have asked when they will be available. As these answers, among others, are the subject of my next book, I want to assure your readers that they will be the first to find out—even before the publication of the book—sometime before the middle of 1984.

Until then, let me thank your readers again for their participation and advice. It will certainly help to open the lines of communication between the sexes.—*Brigitte Nioche*

SHE SHALL RETURN

Lisa Schultz, featured on your September 1983 cover, is a fox. Damn, what a gorgeous body! How about a pictorial on this extra-special lady. Or, if she won't do a layout, how about a front-view, outtake shot from the cover shooting. Please, Lisa!—*Stan Thesing, Cincinnati, Ohio*

The cover of your September 1983 issue featured Lisa Schultz. Has she been featured in a centerfold or other pictorial spread? If she has, please tell me the date of the issue she was in. If she hasn't, do you have plans for a future spread for her?—*P.P., Boulder, Colo.*

The future is now! Miss Schultz is our December 1983 Pet of the Month and her pictorial begins on page 91.—The Editors

STIRRED BY SILLER

The last few issues have shown *Penthouse* for what it is: probably the most courageous magazine published today. After eight years of involvement with the men's movement—two of them as editor of Men International's newsletter—I can testify to the media's hysterical, almost vituperative prejudice against men's issues and those issues surrounding family stability.

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Attention To Detail

Owners also take great pleasure in ESCORT's look and feel. Its extruded aluminum housing has the right heft. The visor clip is a rugged combination of Lexan and spring steel. The volume control is as silky as that of an exotic stereo. We even add a small photoelectric sensor (you can see it next to the red power-on indicator). It senses the ambient lighting in the car and adjusts

the brightness of the alert light to suit. These are just a few of the many details that make ESCORT unique.

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spread notice. There is little doubt in my mind that the increase in violence toward women is a reaction to their idealization and to the favoritism shown them by the media and the law in combination with the harsh, ugly realities of antimale sexism practiced by these institutions.

Thanks to *Penthouse* for having the guts to deal with these matters—*David C. Morrow, Corpus Christi, Tex.*

Yours used to be the only men's magazine a liberated male could leave about his house without embarrassment. You offered me a chance to admire attractive women and enjoy your "Forum" section without outraging my sensibilities. You were wonderfully free of the ugly, sexist stereotyping that has always marked *Playboy* and were obviously worlds apart from the rest of your competition.

Then you included the Sidney Siller "Advise & Dissent" in May 1983. Fair enough. He has the right to offer his blathering nonsense, and you included a well-written reply in a subsequent "Feedback."

Now you have decided to offer a monthly Sidney Siller column. Your inclusion of such a column reflects an editorial decision I cannot accept. As an ardent believer in equal rights for all persons, I cannot stomach a monthly column telling me women have gone too far, men have the right to rape their wives, or any like nonsense.

I am sorry to give up purchasing your magazine. I have enjoyed it for over ten years. However, I cannot offer my patronage to any publication that supports discrimination, be it racial, ethnic, sexual, or whatever.—*Gale Price, Nutter Fort, W. Va.*

I applaud your decision to include Sidney Siller's "Men's Rights" column as a regular feature in your magazine. The presence of such a column in a national magazine is long overdue.

As men increasingly become the victims of sexual discrimination, the need for a general consciousness-raising becomes more acute. It is evident that the women's movement does not support equality between the sexes, and if men are to maintain their rights, they must be willing to fight for them.

The first step is to make men more aware of the problem. I hope that Mr. Siller's column will help to accomplish this.—*Roy L. Barnes, Pasadena, Tex.*

FROM DOWN UNDER

Congratulations! Your layout (September 1983) of Sarah Greaves was fantastic! I'm writing for my whole company in navy boot camp. Sarah's edible thighs and wild hair have really brightened our stay at boot camp.

More, please. She's too sexy to hide. Thanks!—*Name withheld*

The true dream of all United States Navy sailors is to get aboard a ship that stops for



liberty in Australia. The attraction is the beautiful women of Australia. I have not yet had that privilege. So could you please run another photograph of Sarah Greaves? All of us sailors really look forward to the day when we pull into port in her homeland.—*Ward Quayle, Lakehurst, N.J.*

All hands on deck for another view (above) of our saucy Aussie!—The Editors

MALCOLM FORBES

So nice to find in your September issue a worthwhile interview with Malcolm Forbes, who is not a heavy drug user, a murderer, an apologist for communism, etc.

Forbes is what an American can be and is. So, I suppose you'll get all kinds of crazy letters to the editor about the article, saying he isn't for the poor people, the Third World, the lezzies and male homos, the druggies, etc.

Pay no attention to them: they are as chaff before a high wind.—*Ernest A. Hall, Butterfield, Minn.*

Malcolm Forbes should more than just "imagine" poverty; he should try to live on \$200 a week while raising four kids. Let's see how optimistic "The Happy Capitalist" would feel then—that is, if he didn't fall asleep from exhaustion and hard work after a long day of "manual labor." And since when is programming computers like "writing Shakespeare"? The first is only a skill and the second is an act of genius, yet Mr. Forbes puts them together as if they are related acts. Mr. Forbes's comments on the economy and the creative process are more than contradictory; they tickle the asinine.

If Mr. Forbes's type of thinking is the modern, antinegativistic, capitalist optimism that will guide future policy, economic as well as foreign, then I think we on

the bottom had better roll up our pants and wear bigger hats, because the crap is really going to get thick.—*Mathew Somers, Tucson, Ariz.*

PET RAVES

Your September 1983 pictorials were fantastic. I liked the fashion layout with "Boom Boom" Mancini and one of your beautiful ladies. The "caretaker" pictorial was stimulating. Your Pet of the Year play-off got my cock pulsing. Sarah Greaves turned me on with her nice tan body, long sexy legs, and gorgeous face.

Your September Pet of the Month, Rachel Wesley, made me buy your wonderful magazine. I just loved her wearing that see-through white underwear. And the picture of her pulling that underwear into her crotch was very sexy.

Her centerfold picture is one of the sexiest I've ever seen in any men's magazine. Keep those sexy pictures coming, and I—and I'm sure millions of other men—will keep buying your magazine. It's hot!—*G.H., Rochester, N.Y.*

Congratulations, *Penthouse*, on your September issue!

Your Pet of the Month is by far the best I've seen in your magazine. Besides Rachel Wesley's being a sizzling example of a beautiful woman, the pictures of her really did her justice.

I don't know about the rest of your readers, but I truly enjoy the sight of a beautiful woman with her legs spread for a clear view of a wide-open pussy and ass. Your centerfold shot is the best one ever!

If you make full-length, leggy beaver shots a standard part of your pictorials with your always beautiful pets, I'll definitely become a subscriber to your magazine—*Name withheld*

Rachel Wesley is really something! Photographs like those of her are the reason I buy *Penthouse*. To me, the sexiest shots possible include the girl's vulva and anus. With Rachel Wesley, you had it all *Penthouse*!—*Joe Foster, Atlanta, Ga.*

WIESENTHAL'S MISSION

After reading the article and interview with Mr. Simon Wiesenthal in your October issue of *Penthouse*, I must say it astounds me how the world at large expends such an abundance of time, money, and other resources attempting to track down and capture these people for events that occurred forty-odd years ago. True, the deaths of hundreds of thousands of Jewish people was an atrocious act, but this took place during a war in which the leaders of Germany believed that these people were their enemies. Since when has it become a world crime to kill or capture your foes during time of war?

If we as people are bent on making everyone pay for past injustices, why not begin with how the American Indians were slain and placed on reservations, where some remain to this day? Let's persecute

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the heirs of all the slave owners who so treacherously kidnapped millions of my people and after a hundred years still hold them enslaved.

What of the atrocities that occurred in Vietnam during the fifties and sixties, when thousands of innocent men, women, and children were slaughtered in the name of "war for democracy"?

When we speak of mass genocide, we must not merely view the past but also open our eyes to the present. Aren't birth control, drugs, and prisons a form of mass genocide directed at the people of the lower economical scale here in America?

In essence, I find that Mr. Wiesenthal and others like him, now that they have obtained financial, political, and economical power, are using it to pursue a personal vendetta.

America should be the last country to point a finger when it concerns acts of terror, for this nation is founded on violence. It has never been a question of should we (America) use force or not, but rather "how much" force—W. Avery-Bey, Marquette, Mich.

FUN AND GAMES

As an avid sports fan and reporter of same, I found Scot Morris's September "Games" feature to be quite interesting. However, there was one omission that I, and surely several other readers, noticed. Scot claims there are five duplications in

nicknames (or names) of pro sports teams, but there are actually six as of right now. In the NBA, you have the Kansas City Kings, along with the NHL's Los Angeles Kings. In time, there could be a seventh duplication. Jacksonville's new team in the USFL is named the Bulls, which is the same nickname as Chicago's NBA entry.

Along the same subject of duplications, here's one I thought up for Scot and the readers: what is the nickname most widely used by colleges, as cited in Ray Franks's book *What's in a Nickname?*, but that no pro team uses—unless the USFL picks it up as a late entry. A hint: a now defunct pro basketball team had the nickname, and one of its players is now one of the most successful coaches in the NBA.

Answer: the Cougars. Billy Cunningham once played for the Carolina Cougars in the ABA and then took over as the coach of the current NBA champs, the Philadelphia 76ers. Chicago also laid claim to the nickname: with the defunct Chicago Cougars of the World Hockey Association—Michael D. Lee, Des Moines, Iowa

Scot Morris replies:

Yes, I slipped up in forgetting the Kings. Also, on the "ESSLESS" question, which asked for team names that don't end in s, I purposely left out the USFL (which includes the Denver Gold and the Chicago Blitz) and the indoor and outdoor soccer leagues, which have several essless

teams each. Next month, we'll have a special quiz for jocks: know your balls.

THE PROBLEM WITH NANCY

I was stunned by "Love Me, Kill Me," Deborah Spungen's account, in your October 1983 issue, of the tragic demise of her daughter Nancy.

What Mrs. Spungen's article actually explores is why the Sex Pistols did not make it in Peoria and her grief over a daughter who died young. Having suffered such a loss myself, I can well understand that the facts of a precious relationship do not necessarily become clear to those who cannot forget.

Mrs. Spungen maintains that Nancy had always, even as a child, been disturbed. That she had received psychiatric treatment and had been a resident of a mental institution I do not dispute. That Nancy had been a heroin addict and that her relationship with Sid Vicious was stormy, if not totally lunatic, I can also accept. But I wonder if a teenage girl can alone be held responsible for her actions. It would also seem, from this account, that Nancy was extremely bright and might someday have sorted things out for herself. But, again, I wonder if parents who describe themselves as "walking on eggs" in Nancy's presence cannot themselves be said to have at the very least badly presupposed her. Had my own parents, whom I dearly love, been like that to

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me, I wonder if I would not have behaved as Nancy Spungen did.

While I sympathize with Mrs. Spungen, I cannot believe that this piece is at all dispassionate. Rather, what I see printed is one version of events written by a mother who was very much a part of the syndrome that led to her daughter's death.—
Rob Schoenbaum, New York, N.Y.

LEGACY OF PAIN

As a disabled veteran of World War II, I feel qualified to comment on "Legacy of Pain," by Harrison E. Salisbury, in your September 1983 issue.

With all due respect for the hardships suffered by combat veterans of 'Nam, as well as those of all other wars, it sounds a little as if 'Nam vets cry too much.

When they went, whether as draftees or volunteers, they were obligated to serve for one year, no more. That seems to me to be a reasonable policy.

When we went over in World War II, we had to realize that we were there for the duration or until one of two things was to happen to us: death or injury. It would have given us a very positive feeling if we had had only one year to spend in combat.

Since that wasn't the case, I feel my comrades-in-arms didn't cry so much about our lot in life at that time.

When one is in combat, everyone else but his buddies is out of it. But it does no good to envy the ones who dodge combat duty, or who are lucky, like me. One must live with what happens to himself.—
William S. Crain, West Germany

"Legacy of Pain" was an excellent article on the Vietnam War and its aftermath.

As one who spent a year in 'Nam as a medical corpsman with the marines, I can say he points out a lot of truths that I have encountered myself.

Salisbury states in reference to President Reagan that the president "hadn't been able to take the time to go to the dedication of the Vietnam War Memorial, in November 1982, or to attend the ceremonies at the National Cathedral, where the list of the 57,000 dead was read by candlelight."

Salisbury is informing us that the dedication of this monument, which represents over 57,000 war fatalities (not to mention over 300,000 wounded and 150,000-plus permanently maimed), was of such little consequence to the president that he simply, for whatever reason, chose not to go!

As General Sherman stated so long ago, "War is hell." What he didn't tell us was that coming home can be a real bitch, too.—
Craig Hamilton, Spokane, Wash.

BOLSCHWING'S LEGACY

I would like to comment on one of your fine articles, "Not Just Another Nazi," by Christopher Simpson, in your August edition. When Klaus Barbie was arrested and returned to France several months ago, this issue was more or less "renewed," and when it was, it disturbed a lot of peo-

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ple. For many, this was their first real exposure to the problem, but for many others it rekindled too many memories that they had hoped were buried forever. I'm glad to see that your magazine won't let this important issue die. I'm grateful, for everyone has to be made aware of what happened. Only by remembering can we avoid having another Hitler do this thing to the world. We just cannot ignore it, or wish it away. It happened, and it will always haunt us. This blemish will always be on our history.

Everyone has to know that men like von Bolschwing and Barbie were actually hired after the war by the American and British governments to "combat the Communist threat" to the Western world. But did the end justify the means? The hell it did. With millions of needy people without even a roof over their heads or enough to eat, and a poor future ahead of them, these governments give security, money, and jobs to butchers.

Everyone has to know about the crimes that these men committed—that they slaughtered and massacred millions of innocent people, and caused inestimable suffering and damage. And for what reasons? Simply because those people were not pure Germans.

So when Barbie and von Bolschwing start moaning "I'm an old man and I just want to be left alone," we should all tell them: Go to hell!

All their victims just wanted to be "left alone" also. Millions have paid for the crimes of these men, which have not gone away with time. The real criminals should begin to pay.—*Darrien Thomeus, Alberta, Canada*

Christopher Simpson's article was very revealing and parallels Klaus Barbie's exposure as a war criminal.

It is inexcusable that the CIA thought fit to employ and protect people of von Bolschwing's stature. It is an insult not only to all soldiers who fought and died in World War II but also to all the dead and the survivors of the Nazi Holocaust.

My wife and I lost half of our family; I lost my parents. And here is a man who was permitted to live for another thirty-six years, with the help of U.S.-government agencies. Where is justice? Was it so expedient for the CIA to use mass murderers for their operations, instead of bringing them to justice? I cannot see it that way.

Every American and Allied member of the armed forces who fought in World War II and gave up so much of his or her freedom and material goods must feel betrayed by these revelations. Indeed, they must wonder what they were fighting for. As for myself, a former German national, a victim of Nazi persecution, and now a citizen of the United States, I am not bitter anymore about what happened so many years ago. However, I believe in swift jus-

tice, regardless of the circumstances.—*Gerald Kroto, Roanoke, Va.*

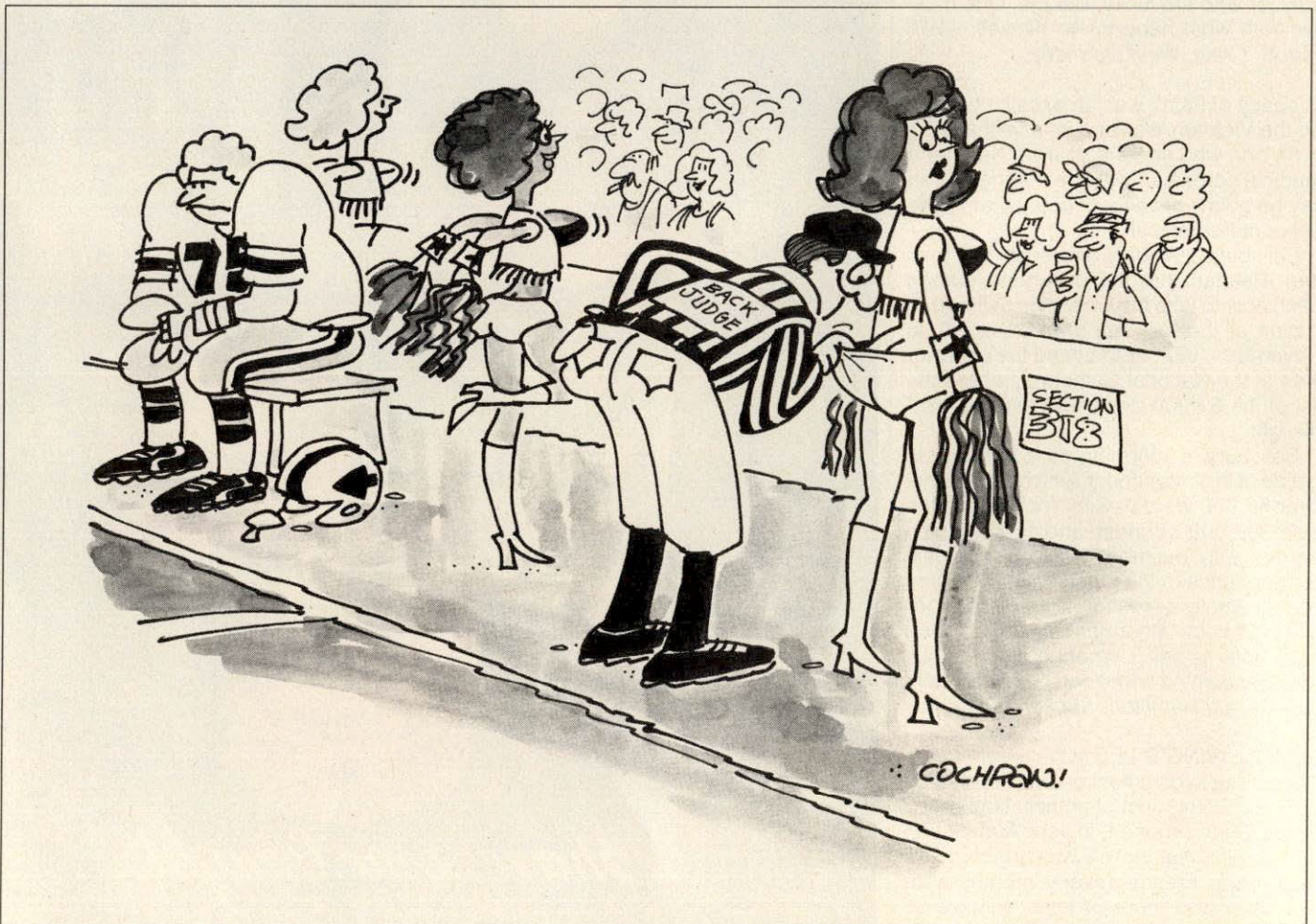
Concerning Christopher Simpson's article "Not Just Another Nazi." In the course of human events, it often becomes necessary to utilize a criminal's knowledge or ability. No amount of wishful thinking on our part will change this. Therefore, a just society should adopt a consistent policy toward this type of criminal. I suggest:

1. An initial attempt should be made to gauge the criminal's crime. Does the value of the contribution outweigh the society's need for justice?

2. The service should be performed under conditions that are commensurate with the criminal's offence. (He should not be given high pay and privileges, but rather provide service under conditions similar to internment.)

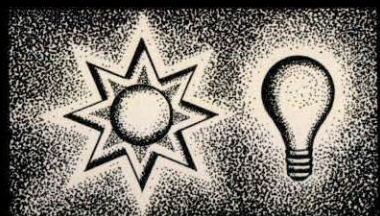
3. After the performed service, the criminal should stand trial in a court of his peers. The value and merit of his services can then be taken into consideration.

All persons should have the right to a speedy and just trial. This basic right is in fact guaranteed in the United States. Bolschwing should have had the choice of a speedy trial or service in the CIA. He should not have been provided with high pay and privileges afforded to few. His flight to the United States should have been a flight to justice.—*Carl E. Dickey, Aurora, Ill.* 



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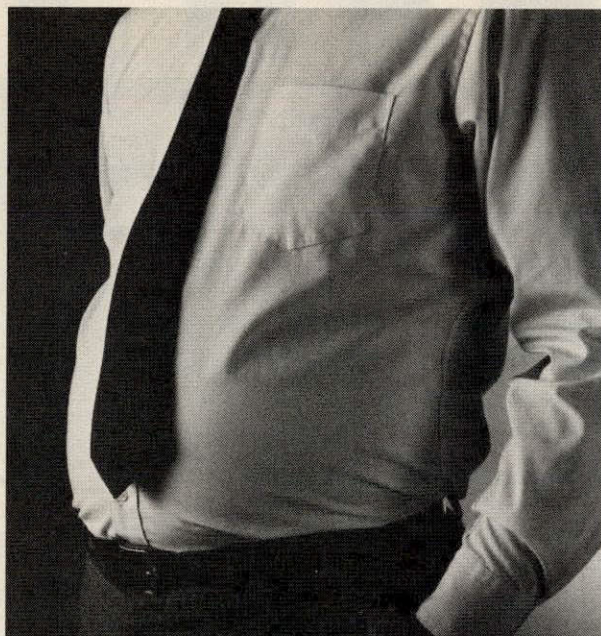


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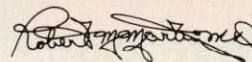
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MEN'S RIGHTS

● If you have an unreasonable spouse who wants to impoverish you or punish you through the children, my advice is: don't fear the litigation. ●

At Christmas and Chanukah, when sentiment governs everything imaginable, many divorced American fathers are alone and in despair. These men are not able to see their children during the holidays, because courts almost invariably favor women in the specifics of visitation rights, and this includes holidays. Women may complain that men fall behind in their child-support payments, but men have an equally valid complaint.

Visitation rights, i.e., court permission to see one's own flesh and blood, are difficult to enforce. More often than not, access to the children becomes a weapon placed in the hands of women by the courts. As an attorney, I have been privy to numerous instances of fathers' suffering the indignity of having their children suddenly made unavailable to them at the appointed time. They hear fabricated excuses by the mother—"the child has no clothes," "the child is ill," "you're behind in the support." In extreme cases, men are forced to bring with them visitation orders and be accompanied by law-enforcement officers.

These same fathers suffer in other ways. They are often afforded the "privilege" of standing at the rear of the school auditorium on graduation day. They are allowed to watch a First Communion or a bar mitzvah from the wings. Many men travel long distances at great expense to share brief holiday visits with their children in restaurants, motels, or parked cars.

Legal remedies to violations of visitation rights are a lot harder to achieve than those for lapsed support payments. Court dates are set well in the future, and when the court hearings take place, women usually receive only a judicial slap on the wrist. Nonetheless, I maintain that when visitation is wrongfully denied by a vindictive mother, men must press their legal rights. You should keep a diary and record all the events pertaining to interference with your visitation. (Many states have empowered courts to suspend support when it is proven that the mother has unilaterally prevented the father from visiting his child, and willful interference with visitation may be grounds for custodial modification.) You should *not* unilaterally withhold support because of a denial of visitation. If your child-support

payments are in arrears, you will find yourself standing in a court of law before a judge.

When there is willful interference with visitation rights, a father should promptly institute a proceeding requesting relief. A number of proceedings may be necessary. The courts are reluctant to grant contempt citations against a mother, or to suspend support, or to modify custody on the first petition. Build your record by documenting instances of interference, and make sure that on various occasions you obtain independent corroboration by eyewitnesses as to what is said and done.

Whenever considering or agreeing to a visitation schedule during a divorce and/or custody proceeding, you should make absolutely certain that you detail the schedule in precise terms. Make certain that these terms encompass the time you want with the children as they grow older. Bear in mind that you will want to be able to speak to them frequently on the telephone and that they should be permitted to call you. Spell this out. Also, consider geography as a critical factor in your right to visit. Try to get the court to prescribe how far your former spouse can move from your former residence.

Visitation is at best a consolation prize awarded to men. In most cases, men lose custody in a divorce action, and a man's primary function then becomes not the active rearing of his children but rather their financial support. He walks out of court a father in name only.

(In the 1980s, with more women, especially mothers of young children, entering the work force, and despite widespread acceptance that child rearing can be accomplished equally well by men and women, most judges continue to grant custody to the mother. Reinforcing judges' decisions in this regard is the outmoded psychiatric and psychological testimony of so-called experts, who are clearly biased toward women. The father is at the mercy of overburdened judges unable to make decisions in a satisfactory manner.)

What all this demands is the need for a ground-swell movement by men who have been prevented from visiting on a regular basis with their children. And not only for the fathers' sake—for the children's too. ○

BY SIDNEY SILLER



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LETTER OF THE MONTH

I'm considered a very attractive forty-one-year-old woman. For many years now I've enjoyed a wonderful marriage with what I felt was a satisfactory sex life. Recently, however, I engaged in a sexual encounter that has left me in a state of heightened sexual awareness, so that now I am climbing the walls in a constant state of horniness. Let me describe the details of the incident as they occurred so that you can understand what has driven me to this feeling.

One night a couple of months ago, my husband and I had an unusually nasty argument just as he was leaving on a business trip. Emotionally distraught, I sought comfort from Don, a mutual friend who was living by himself after a divorce. We talked and talked, and soon we lost track of time. There was a terrible storm outside, which increased to an intensity where it became necessary for me to remain the night. After Don and I had taken leisurely showers, we returned to the living room for nightcaps, dressed in bathrobes. Somehow the conversation turned to sex and that, combined with the drinks, made me feel quite uninhibited and horny. Don's sensitivity had attracted me to him like no other man I'd met since my husband. All of a sudden, I knew what was going to happen.

Instinctively, I allowed my robe to open just enough to expose the enticing fullness of my voluptuous breasts, giving a glimpse of my already stiff, dark nipples. The effect was immediate. Don's mouth fell open, his eyes flickered with open lust. However, the sexual reaction I find the most thrilling is when a man's penis grows rapidly tumescent. I was eagerly anticipating this when, through the slit in his robe, there appeared a bright rod of flesh so enormous that I froze in disbelief. It didn't just "grow"; it swelled to



such an incredible size that it didn't seem to belong to him.

I twisted my shoulders back, causing my breasts to sway. That movement incited Don to plunge his head between them. His face was buried in my shuddering flesh, and although I couldn't see it, I could feel his mouth sucking madly at my stiffened nipples. I was so aroused that I temporarily forgot about that huge cock of his—until he turned me over onto my back, straddled my stomach, and plopped that bright, moist tube between my tits. At this close range, it seemed much larger than before and as he thrust back and forth, the bulging, blood-filled glans seemed to swell even more as a silky pre-come fluid trickled out from the foreskin.

My mouth involuntarily opened as if destined to take it in, but before I knew it Don had moved down my body and placed his exploring lips right on my cunt. This was all new to me. My swollen pussy lips were virgin meat to a man's mouth. It felt like sparks were flying each time his tongue touched my clitoris. With each flick of his tongue, I flung my hips as hard as I could against his face, "pumping" his mouth in rapid strokes.

I had an uncontrollable craving to fuck him, but before I had a chance to tell him Don had moved up and hung that huge shaft right over my face. It was as if I were looking at any other man's cock through a magnifying glass. I reached up, grabbed it, and started to stuff the huge bulbous cockhead into my mouth. The stiffness of the muscle was so imposing that I felt dominated by it. My tongue couldn't get enough of the silky texture of the bloated glans. Could I be so degenerate as to be wantonly sucking for the taste of semen? And yet I was going crazy at the sight of the smooth foreskin slipping back off the cockhead and the blood-filled glans popping out. Sensing that it was close to blowing its

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wad, I clamped my lips around it and sucked with a powerful frenzy to get it to release its boiling contents. Suddenly, Don started to yell in supreme ecstasy, and the warm sweetness of jism flooded into my mouth. I had never seen a man get so much pleasure from any sexual act by me. As for myself, I had exploded into such a magnificent orgasm that my entire body shook.

In my feverish delirium, I pleaded with Don to let me fuck that giant muscle. He brought the monstrous head down to my swollen pussy lips, and they seemed to open of their own volition. As Don slowly maneuvered the oversize head into my soaking lips, I was consumed in a swoon of lust. During the process, his cock got fully stimulated and reached its magnificent, maximum magnitude. My pussy lips were gradually being stretched way beyond normal capacity and I felt pain, but at the same time another gorgeous feeling engulfed me. As he continued those long, hard thrusts, I hungrily responded by arching my back and slamming my body into his, pumping insatiably, faster and faster into delirium. I was overcome with sex-crazed madness and didn't ever want to stop fucking and fucking and fucking.

I have not returned to normal since that fantastic night. I find myself constantly fantasizing about men's cocks. I love my husband very much, so my relationship with Don will always be clandestine. I'm sure Dick would be devastated if he ever knew the truth. Also, because of our prominence in the community, I am unable to fulfill all of my sexual desires locally, so I am thinking about taking a trip to some strange place and sucking and fucking myself silly with anyone I can find, and maybe with a whole gang of men. Will a trip like that satisfy me and make me settle down, or will it just intensify my desire and make me worse?—E.C.

Lucky you, to have encountered a man who is so well endowed and full of fire that he can answer your sexual fantasies! As you are still in love with your own husband and the other man only fulfills your sexual desires, I suggest you go on with your illicit affair, but only in such a way that nobody will find out. If you want a whole gang of men with large, thick cocks at once, you are best off booking a flight to one of the Caribbean islands, where the local inhabitants are known not only to be larger than average but also to have voracious appetites for sex. There you can really go wild, as many women have done before. Most of them fly there when they are uptight or concerned about their reputation in their own hometown. As soon as they find some sexy native approaching them, they let it all hang out. You can even register at the hotel—incognito if you're concerned that someone will find you out—or escape with a beautiful man on a fishing boat to an even smaller island, where you can make love out in the open.

A sexcapade in an island paradise

might satisfy your cravings. The native men, the sun, the ocean. Then you can go home and play the good wife and mother again.

WHAT I DID FOR LOVE

The fact that most of your letters are from younger women makes it seem as if those of us in our thirties and forties aren't interested in sex or have no sexual problems of our own. I am a forty-year-old divorcee who leads an active sexual life. I have worked hard to keep myself firm and attractive and have a good body, which I love to show off in skintight jeans. I am open to new men and new sexual experiences. My problem is that I wear dentures.

I had all my teeth pulled when I was only thirty-five. My husband encouraged me to have it done because he thought it would be sexy. Now he's gone and I'm a toothless forty-year-old.

Just once, I'd like a man to accept me the way I really am—no dentures, just my willing lips and slick gums. I'd like to feel a man's tongue on my naked gums. I'd like to take his penis into my mouth and use my gums to massage the hell out of it. I'd like to have a man stay overnight in my bed even after I take my plates out for the night and have him still want to make love to me in the morning. Once I actually tried this. I was going out with a younger man and purchased an expensive new negligee, put on new makeup, and got a haircut. My girlfriend came over and had me take out my dentures, and we then went to work on my makeup to see if I could be made at least presentable without teeth. When we were done, I thought I was one sexy, toothless lady. My lover took one look at my toothless mouth and burst out laughing. I cried for a week, Xaviera!

There must be some men out there who'd appreciate a good set of gums. I know other women must wear dentures. How do they handle their sex lives? My husband thought that getting my teeth pulled would be sexy. Aren't there any other men out there who find dentures a turn on?—J.B.

What a pity you and your husband split up. From what you say, he was the only one who really got turned on by your toothlessness. There is no man in the world for whom I would ever have my teeth pulled.

You are definitely *not* the only woman in the world with dentures, and all those other women go on living and loving. A male friend of mine told me that one night he went into a bar and got a bit drunk, and a pretty girl came over and sat on the barstool next to him. She smiled at him and they struck up a conversation. After a few more drinks she said, "I really like you. Have you ever had a gum-job?"

My friend just about choked on his drink and said, "No."

"Well," the girl said, "would you like to have a gum-job? You see, I have false teeth and I have been told I give the best blowjob in town because I have no teeth to



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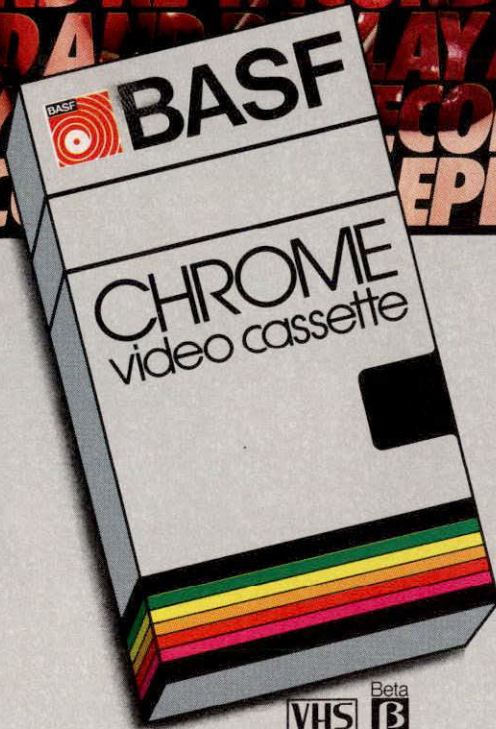
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To cut a long story short, they had a fantastic night in the sack and he raved about the fantastic gum-job she gave him. Really one helluva massage. He never really saw her without her teeth, as she only removed them after she lowered the lights. He was lying down, his hands behind his head, while she bent over him and sucked him off like there was no tomorrow. He woke up after she was dressed and already had her teeth in. I asked him, "What about kissing a toothless lady?" and he said that might be more than he could stand. However, as a second thought he said that if the woman he was with was a super-nice lady, he would have no objections.

I also know of two particular lesbians, one of whom has dentures. The one with dentures is the frivolous, unfaithful type. One day the two of them were about to go to a big carnival party. That day, however, they had a row. So what did the faithful, toothsome one do to spoil her girlfriend's evening? She hid her girlfriend's dentures! Panic broke out and the toothless girl was too embarrassed to go out, so she was forced to spend the night at home in front of the television set (the carnival parade was being televised).

So you see, you just have to try your luck and see what a man says when you look your sexiest and offer him a splendid gum-job. Don't start kissing him without dentures. If you really want to kiss him, you could stick your tongue inside his mouth. But when he pushes into yours, just let him go in a little and then stick yours back into his.

I'm told that there now exist in Holland dentures that can be left permanently in the mouth. I do not know if it is on the world market yet, but consult your dentist.

ONCE IN A BLUE MOON

My problem is not unique, but it does involve an interesting twist that will make you deliberate for a while before rendering your advice.

I am male, thirty-one years old, and good-looking, and I have been married for nine years. My wife is really a fox, even at thirty-one. With her cute little-girl face, she easily passes for nineteen. She has a flawless body, with perky tits and a nice round ass. The mere thought of her tight little snatch makes my balls flex, even after nine years of marriage.

I absolutely love to make love to my wife. I always remove her clothing with painstaking attention to details. As I remove her blouse, I release her swollen breasts from her bra and inch her tight-fitting jeans down her long, smooth legs. I thrive on massaging her luscious rear end as I suck her silver-dollar-size nipples and then run my tongue down her chest toward her stomach and hips and slowly begin nibbling at her thighs. Next, I roll her onto her stomach so I can stroke her fleecy black hair while I kiss and suck her lovely, round buns. I raise her to her knees so that I can gently part her legs and begin

to probe her snatch with my tongue. She moans in sexual suspense and begs me to continue.

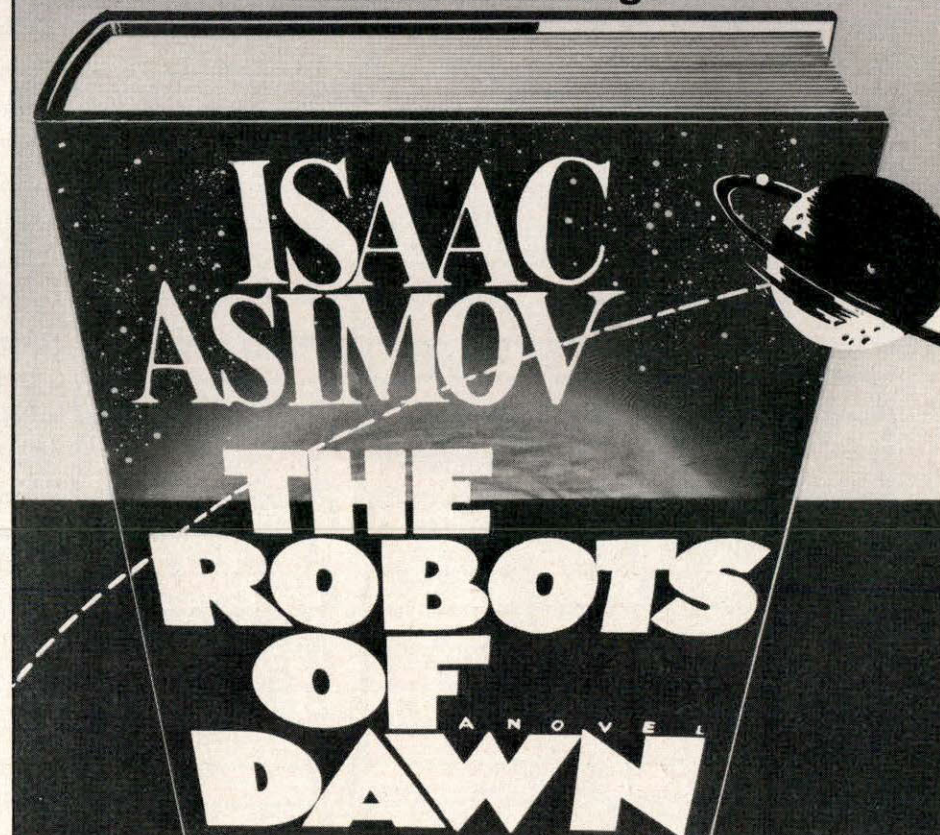
Again, my tongue encircles her now rock-hard clit and I begin to suck gently as my massaging hands work their way across her now engorged tits. I tug firmly on her hanging breasts as I plunge my tongue deep into her juicy, hot love hole. She instinctively reaches for my stiffened balls and kneads them with her fingers. Then she dips her head toward my sperm-oozing penis. Teasingly, I pull away once again, and she moans for more.

I am as sexually aroused as she when I am able to stimulate her so completely. I time my withdrawals to prevent her from coming until she is writhing for more excitement. Again and again, my tongue licks her pussy, then plunges into her vagina while I massage her breasts. I don't

want to cause her undue agony, so now I pull her tightly against me as I suck a bit harder at her clit and squeeze her tits rhythmically with one hand while my other hand slides its way down to her ass crack. This is what really drives her insane: with my middle finger, I begin to enter her tight little ass hole. My tongue begins a fast-paced stroke as my other hand milks her breast. When all three of these stimulating movements hit their peak, she loses all control of her body. She grabs frantically for my throbbing penis and somehow manages to deep-throat me seconds before she falls into orgasmic oblivion. This is really her way of rewarding me for a job well done.

But I really do not need to be rewarded. My reward comes as I feel her thrashing about the bed moaning and groaning in a pulsating orgasm.

New in his landmark Robot series... the master's first novel since Foundation's Edge!



Can a robot be jealous of a human being? Can a human fall in love with a robot? On Aurora, anything might happen—because sex and love aren't linked, as they occasionally are on Earth. Or so it first appears...

A puzzling case of "roboticide" takes interplanetary detective Elijah Baley—and you—on a mind-stretching journey into time and space that recalls the Asimov classics, *The Caves of Steel* and *The Naked Sun*.

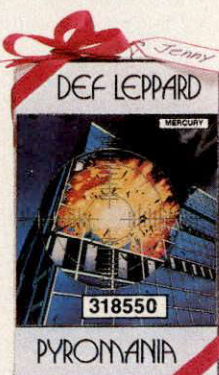
IMMEDIATE NATIONWIDE BESTSELLER

DOUBLEDAY

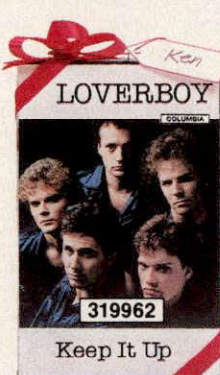
11 CHRISTMAS PRESENTS



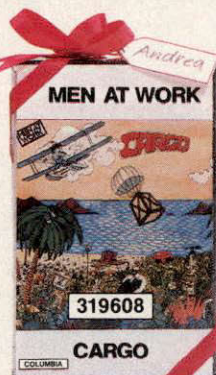
"Visionary...bracing!"—*Billboard*. Top 10 title hit; *Modern Love*; etc.



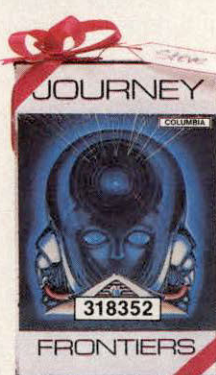
Top 10 album! Hit Photograph; *Rock Of Ages*; Too Late For Love; others.



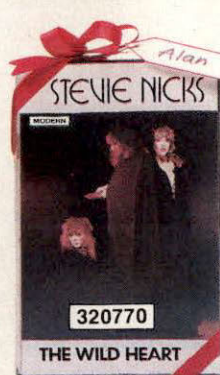
Hot Girls In Love; Passion Pit; Queen Of The Broken Hearts; many more.



"Energy...crisp!"—*Cash Box*. Top 10 Overkill; Dr. Heckyll & Mr. Jive; etc.



"Heavy rock!"—*Cash Box*. Top 10 album! Top 10 hit Separate Ways (*Worlds Apart*).



Hit *Stand Back*; *I Will Run To You* (with Tom Petty); *Nightbird*; etc.

321067	THE CHARLIE DANIELS BAND • A DECADE OF HITS
320309	A Flock Of Seagulls LISTEN
321406	Barbra Streisand GUILTY
321315	Gordon Lightfoot SALUTE
320143	EDDIE GRANT KILLER ON THE RAMPAGE
318188	MICKEY GILLEY BIGGEST HITS
318154	DURAN DURAN RIO
318097*	BILL COSBY HIMSELF
318048	GREATEST HITS OUTLAWS
318030	RAY PARKER, JR. GREATEST HITS
317776	SUPERTRAMP "...famous last words..."
317768	EAGLES GREATEST HITS • VOLUME 2
317164	LINDA RONSTADT GET CLOSER
316992	LIONEL RICHIE
316901	CONWAY TWITTY CONWAY'S 21 CLASSICS VOL. 1
316877	RUSH SIGNALS
316893	GEORGE JONES AND MERLE HAGGARD A TASTE OF YESTERDAY'S WINE
316331	RICKY SCAGGS HIGWAYS AND HEART THROBS
316257	AN EVENING WITH ROGER WILLIAMS
315796	BOB JAMES HANDS DOWN
315705	GLENN FREY NO FUN ALOUD
315671	CHICAGO 16
315788	JUDAS PRIEST SCREAMING FOR VENGEANCE
315762	JOE JACKSON NIGHT AND DAY
315713	KENNY ROGERS LOVE WILL TURN YOU AROUND
315580	STATLER BROTHERS THE LEGEND GOES ON
312686	FRANK SINATRA She Shot Me Down
312389	AC/DC → THOSE ABOUT TO ROCK WE SALUTE YOU
311720	PIRATOTTI PREMIERS LARRY AND ANITA LA SCALA ORCH. ARABDO
318741	STYX KILROY WAS HERE
319566	AL JARREAU JARREAU

321109	AMERICA YOUR MOVE
320408*	ORIGINAL SOUND TRACK SUPERMAN III MAROON ARTISTS
320135	PATRICK SIMMONS ARCADE
319681	THE STEVE MILLER BAND LIVE
318709	ERIC CLAPTON MONEY AND COCAINETS
318055	FOREIGNER RECORDS
317156	EDDIE RABBITT RADIO ROMANCE
316869	ADAM ANT FRIEND OR FOE
317149	DAN FOGELBERG GREATEST HITS
316323	Bruce Springsteen NEBRASKA
316315	NEIL DIAMOND HEARTLIGHT
313734	WILLIE NELSON ALWAYS ON MY MIND
314047	ASIA
314344	Melissa Manchester HEY RICKY
310029	AL CAIOLA SOFT GUITARS
309534	RONNIE ALDRICH ONE FINE DAY
309427	AIR SUPPLY THE ONE THAT YOU LOVE
309039*	AEROBIC DANCING (INSTRUCTIONAL)
308692	Barbara Mandrell LOVE IS FAIR
308148	ROSANNE CASH Seven Year Ache
307710	* 38 SPECIAL WILD-EYED SOUTHERN BOYS
306589	LINDA RONSTADT GREATEST HITS, VOL. 1
306571	BOZ SCAGGS GREATEST HITS
306563	Barry Manilow BARRY
305250	Lacy J. Dalton HARD TIMES
306365	FRANK SINATRA OLIVE EYES IS BACK
307843	JAMES TAYLOR Dad Loves His Work
307835	RITA COOLIDGE GREATEST HITS
307868	WILLIE NELSON SOMEWHERE OVER THE RAINBOW
318733	MELISSA MANCHESTER'S GREATEST HITS
319574	JOAN RIVERS WHAT RECCOMENDS A SEMI-LEGEND MOODY

321042	KANSAS Drastic Measures
320390	GEORGE BENSON IN YOUR EYES
320085	JOHN WILLIAMS THE GUITAR IS THE SONG
319624	ZZ TOP ELIMINATOR
316414	THE WHO IT'S HARD
316224*	EDDIE MURPHY
316208	DAVID FRIZZELL THE FARMER'S WIFE THE GUITAR IS THE SONG
316653	LARRY GATLIN & THE GATLIN BROS. BAND SURE FEELS LIKE LOVE
321398	Barbra Streisand WET
316646	JANIE FRICKE IT AIN'T EASY
307918*	JIM CROCE Down The Highway
304196	Charlie Daniels Band FULL MOON
301515	BILLY JOEL GLASS HOUSES
301473	CHRISTOPHER CROSS
294744	Charlie Daniels Band Million Mile Reflections
292912	THE BEST OF BARBARA MANDELL
291302	JAMES TAYLOR'S GREATEST HITS
187088	BARBRA STREISAND'S GREATEST HITS
290155	THE MARSHALL TUCKER BAND GREATEST HITS
317453	APRIL WINE POWER PLAY
317404	BILLY SQUIER DON'T SAY NO
316663	ROBERT PLANT Pictures At Eleven
315226	THE CLASH COMBAT ROCK
219477	SIMON & GARFUNKEL'S GREATEST HITS
314005	The Human League DARE
278648	Captain & Tennille's Greatest Hits
236885	CARPENTERS The Singles 1969-1973
138008	CHUCK BERRY'S GOLDEN HITS
317560	DEVO OH NO! IT'S DEVO
318717	PETER NERO Peter Goes Pop
319319	MICKEY GILLEY Fool For Your Love

321034	ELECTRIC LIGHT SECRET MESSAGES
320366	CONWAY TWITTY Lost In The Feeling
319988*	BOB JAMES THE GENIE
319590	MARTY ROBBINS SOME MEMORIES JUST WON'T DIE
316661*	ORIGINAL BROADWAY CAST NINE
321380	Barbra Streisand's Greatest Hits, Vol. II
316372	DON HENLEY I Can't Stand Still
312967	TERRI GIBBS I'M A LADY
313049	Barbra Streisand MEMORIES
313197	SHEENA EASTON YOU COULD HAVE BEEN WITH ME
301358	The Very Best Of FRANKIE VALLI
287003	EAGLES 1971-1975 Their Greatest Hits
286914	FLEETWOOD MAC RUMOURS
286740	LINDA RONSTADT'S GREATEST HITS
260638	CHICAGO IX CHICAGO'S GREATEST HITS
283887	WILLIE NELSON STARDUST
318600	RIC OCASIO BEATITUDE
317461	MISSING PERSONS SPRING SESSION M
317982	THE BEST OF LIONA BOYD
317990	MERLE HAGGARD & WILLIE NELSON PUNCHING AND LEFTY
SELECTIONS WITH TWO NUMBERS ARE 2-RECORD SETS OR DOUBLE-LENGTH TAPES. AND COUNT AS TWO SELECTIONS—WRITE EACH NUMBER IN A SEPARATE BOX.	
321026	The Doobie Brothers 391029 FAREWELL TOUR
319996	25 #1 HITS FROM 399998 25 YEARS
317859	ABBA* The Singles, The 397851 FIRST TEN YEARS
317552	OSZY OSBOURNE 397554 Speak Of The Devil
314294	JANE FONDA'S 394296* WORKOUT RECORD
312892	THE GEORGE BENSON 392894 COLLECTION
311001	WILLIE NELSON'S 391003 GREATEST HITS
310219	390211 JOHNNY MATTHIS SILVER ANNIVERSARY ALBUM
303339	Great American 393330 Rock & Roll Revival
289959	STEELY DAN 399556 GREATEST HITS

320796	TALKING HEADS Speaking In Tongues
313981	ALDO NOVA
319970*	THE ISLEY BROS. Between The Sheets
313502	KENNY ROGERS Share Your Love
313445	JOHN LENNON YOKO ONO DOUBLE FANTASY
313304	FERRANTE & TEICHER GOLDEN PIANO HITS
313239	KENNY ROGERS & DOTIE WEST CLASSICS
312801	JOAN JETT & THE BLACKHEARTS I LOVE ROCK 'N ROLL
311084	AL JARREAU BREAKIN' AWAY
310508	Barbara Mandrell LOOKING BACK
310235	The Oak Ridge Boys GREATEST HITS
310094	OAK RIDGE BOYS FANCY FREE
310953	EDDIE RABBITT STEP BY STEP
310482	STEVIE NICKS BELLA DONNA
316620	LUTHER WANDROS FOREVER FOR ALWAYS, FOR LOVE
319061	AFTER THE FIRE AFT
249813	BURT BACHARACH'S GREATEST HITS
318592	NEIL YOUNG TRANS
321372	Barbra Streisand SONGBIRD
318022	Grover Washington, Jr. THE BEST IS YET TO COME
320705	BOB SEGER & THE SILVER BULLET BAND LIVE BULLET
318584	398586 MARIANNE ORCH. DREAM PIECES
318147	398149 GEORGE JONES ANNIVERSARY—TEN YEARS OF HITS
317131	KRIS, WILLIE, DOLLY & BRENDA THE WINNING HAND
315283	395285 GENESIS Three Sides Live
313650	393652 SIMON & GARFUNKEL THE CONCERT IN CENTRAL PARK
313221	393223 SHIRLEY BASSEY GREATEST HITS
313735	LENA HORNE THE LADY AND HER MUSIC
302265	392266 FRANK SINATRA TRILOGY: PAST, PRESENT & FUTURE
288670	398677 BARRY MANILOW GREATEST HITS

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#1 hits *The Girl Is Mine* (with Paul McCartney); *Billie Jean* and *Beat It*; etc.

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Making Love Out Of Nothing At All; *Lost In Love*; *Sweet Dreams*; etc.

Top 10 hit *Every Breath You Take*; *Wrapped Around Your Finger*; etc.

"Vital!"—Billboard. Hit *Tell Her About It*; *The Longest Time*; etc.

- 320782 QUARTERFLASH Take Another Picture
- 320291 WYNTON MARSALIS THINK OF ONE
- 319939 ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK YOU AND YOUR LOVER
- 313692* BARBARA ANN AUER Advanced Aerobic Dancing, Vol. Two
- 313635 OAK RIDGE BOYS BOBBIE SUE
- 313536 JUDY COLLINS Times Of Our Lives
- 311340 BILLY JOEL Songs In The Attic
- 311662 BARBARA MANRELL LIVE
- 310748 RICKY SCAGGS WAITIN' FOR THE SUN
- 310367 ZZ TOP EL LOCO
- 317750 BARRY MANLOW Here Comes The Night
- 318675 PLACIDO DOMINGO My Life For A Song
- 318634 WEATHER REPORT PROCESSION
- 318626 WILLIE NELSON TOUGHER THAN LEATHER
- 318618 MOLLY HATCHET No Guts...No Glory
- 318386 MARTY ROBBINS BIGGEST HITS
- 318303 CULTURE CLUB KISSING TO BE CLEVER
- 318287 COLLECTOR'S RECORDS OF THE 30'S & 40'S
- 317933 CRYSTAL GAYLE TRUE LOVE
- 317917 PHIL COLLINS HELLO, I MUST BE GOING
- 317867 Christopher Cross ANOTHER PAGE
- 317800 LITTLE RIVER BAND GREATEST HITS
- 315275 SURVIVOR Eye Of The Tiger
- 314443 NEIL DIAMOND 12 GREATEST HITS
- 314708 JOHN COUGAR AMERICAN FOOL
- 313817 Charlie Daniels Band WINDOWS
- 314351 JOHNNY MATHEIS FRIENDS IN LOVE
- 314419 HERB ALPERT FANDANGO
- 314393 38 SPECIAL Special Forces
- 315176 TOTO TOTO IV
- 315135 ORIGINAL BROADWAY CAST DREAMGIRLS
- 313700 KENNY ROGERS GREATEST HITS
- 315010 AIR SUPPLY Now And Forever
- 319301 GEORGE JONES SHINE ON

- 320713 BOB SEGER & THE SILVER BULLET BAND NIGHT MOVES
- 320754 JOHNNY LEE HEY BARTENDER
- 319921 EARL KLUGH LOW RIDE
- 316133 LUCY J. DALTON 16TH AVENUE
- 316034 MEN AT WORK Business As Usual
- 315853 Marshall Tucker Band TUCKERIZED
- 315895 STRAY CATS Built For Speed
- 315812 CHUCK MANGIONE LOVE NOTES
- 318063 LEE RITENOUR RIT/2
- 318881 LAURA BRANIGAN BRANIGAN 2
- 319293 CARLOS SANTANA HAVANA MOON

- 320572 THE KINKS State of Confusion
- 320275 Greg Kihn Band KIHNSPIRACY
- 319780 VIC DAMONE Over The Rainbow
- 316430 MICHAEL McDONALD WHAT IT TAKES
- 315655 FLEETWOOD MAC MIRAGE
- 315648 GO-GO'S VACATION
- 315515 ROSANNE CASH SOMEWHERE IN THE STARS
- 315382 REO SPEEDWAGON GOOD TROUBLE
- 317586 PAT BENATAR GET NERVOUS
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Write in numbers
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Send my selections in this type of recording (check one only):

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(But I am always free to choose from any category)

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☐ Country ☐ Jazz

☐ Mr.

☐ Mrs.

☐ Miss

Print First Name Initial Last Name

Address Apt.

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Do You Have A Telephone? (Check one) ☐ Yes ☐ No 210/\$84

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64Q/BJ 64R/AF
64S/ZE 64T/ZF

My problem is that I don't get to do this very often. In fact, we average only one lovemaking session a month. My wife is a career girl, and I respect that. However, she is overworked and almost always tired and gets horny only once a month.

In the meantime, I get so horny I nearly go bananas. I love my wife, but she is satisfied with quality as opposed to quantity. I want quality and quantity. I have tried to discuss this problem with her, and she suggests that I go out and spread the wealth around. She often tells me I would be a great gigolo.

Due to the nature of my work, I know very few women. But I usually have a tremendous urge to grab any good-looker I see. There's one particular woman here in town that has given me the impression that she is interested in my body, and I think I'd like to have a good time with her so long as there are no strings attached. But I'm not sure how to approach her. Do you have any advice?—R.H.S.

If you can't persuade your wife to deliver the goods on a more generous basis, then I suggest you follow her advice. Go out there and get it! Grab that good-looking honey. I'm sure that, from the way you describe your lovemaking technique, you will have no problems.

Remember, you only live once, or—to quote an old Spanish proverb, referring to conjugal relations—"Once a day is pure

fantasy. Once a week is very healthy. Once a month is a sign of old age."

FLASH DANCER

I'm a twenty-one-year-old female who is as foxy as any of the models in your centerfolds and even foxier than most of them. I'm the kind of girl men dream about while jerking off or fucking their wives. It's kind of fun turning guys on all the time and watching them squirm. And I do more than my fair share. I have a beautiful body, so why not use it?

I make my living using my body in a sexual way, and I love it. I've worked as an erotic dancer in clubs in Texas for several years. It's fun watching men watching me, licking their lips, stuffing cash into my G-string. I made over \$1,000 one night on that alone. The guys would follow me from stage to stage, their bulges begging for relief.

Before I started dancing, I worked at a massage parlor. Many guys would squirt as soon as I touched their cocks. Even the ones I masturbated begged for more after their first orgasm. I had to leave. They just got too emotionally involved. Before that, I worked at a modeling studio where I would pose naked and the guys would jerk off while looking at me.

But mostly I just love showing off my body. At the clubs, guys really get turned on watching me gyrate onstage, putting my pussy inches from their faces. The

massage parlor gave me a sense of power—massaging guys' cocks to orgasm, spreading my pussy for them or inserting a finger. I can turn any man on or, for that matter, any woman.

And that's what I want to do, to help those less fortunate than me. I will do anything to help a man get off on me if I can find a situation to do so. Do you know of anything I might have missed? Of course, there's always nude modeling for a magazine, such as Penthouse, but then I wouldn't get to see the effect I'm having on the readers. Any suggestions of your own would be extremely helpful.—K.M.

It sounds as though you believe that the only form of power you have lies in your body. The fact that you are scared to have sex for money because you are afraid of catching one of the diseases that are going around shows that you use your brains as well as your body.

Have you ever thought of acting in porno movies? A good friend of mine has produced hundreds of them. He frequently meets the actresses he uses through ads, and often they are merely frustrated and bored housewives with sexually dull husbands. In this manner, the women earn some extra money and usually have a lot of good sex with handsome studs. For this kind of work, however, you will have to be more active and actually participate in the sex act.

A more passive way of making money with your body is to model for a porno painter's studio, where men of all ages go to paint anything they want on your body and then take Polaroid pictures (so they can later jerk off to them).

You could also become a sex therapist in an old-age home. Think of the happiness you could give to people in their last years of life! Some senile men are still highly sexed. At least you wouldn't have to worry about diseases. When the men are that old, they're usually herpes resistant.

FEAR OF TRYING

I hope you can help me with my problem, Xaviera. I'm a twenty-year-old male college student who is still a virgin, and it's really starting to get to me. My sisters tell me I'm good-looking, and their friends think so, too. I've had plenty of dates, but because of my lack of experience I'm always very nervous when I'm out on one. In fact, I think I'm always a little nervous around all women. Every time I try to get myself to make a move on a girl, I back down. I think it boils down to the fact that I'm afraid of being rejected. I fear that if the girl decides that she wants to make love to me, she'll change her mind halfway through because I'm not satisfying her.

So you see I'm in a real predicament. I always fantasize about making love to a girl, about taking her in my arms and just holding her and kissing her all over and making passionate love to her all night. They are great fantasies, but I'm afraid they're all I have. Every time I take out a

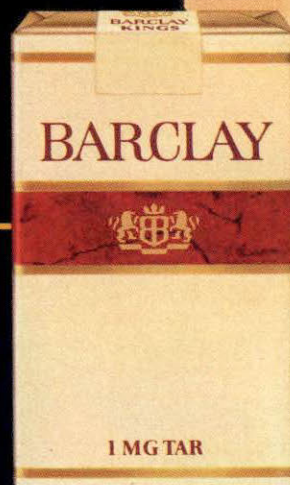


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cigarette by a recognized method used by B&W
and supported by independent laboratories.

A man in a dark tuxedo with a white shirt and bow tie is shown from the chest up. He is holding a lit cigarette in his right hand, which is raised towards his face. He has a serious expression. The background is a warm, golden light, possibly from a window. In the bottom right corner, there is a pack of Barclay cigarettes.

The pleasure is back.
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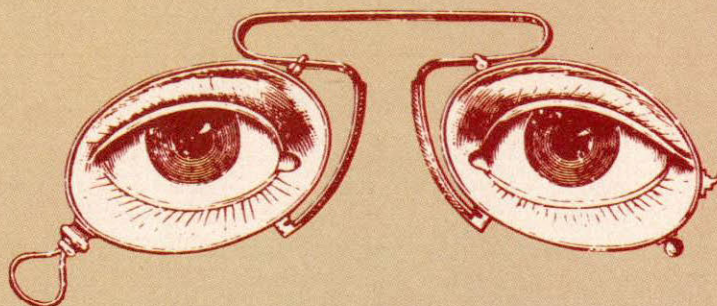
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Canadian MacNaughton.
Because 'tis the season
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VIEW FROM THE TOP

OPEN ALL-DAY CHRISTMAS

BY EMILY PRAGER

Well, it's Christmas 1983, and it's been quite a year. We've seen the birth of the particle-beam accelerator, the dawn of death sex, and the nationwide age-grapple of mid-life Aquarians whose hopes have been dashed that they'd die before thirty. Or even forty. It's been heavy. When Pete Townshend says he's too old for rock 'n' roll, you know times have changed. Rudolf Nureyev, in a magazine interview, claims men are superior to women. He says they do everything better. Yeah. Especially butt-fucking, Rudy. Anyway, it's been a year of emotional upheaval, of running scared. The loss of innocence has been accomplished. Sentimentality has gone the way of sugarplum fairies, peace on earth, and goodwill toward men. Interested in this New Wave of Nihilism, we sent our roving reporter, a guy we hired solely for the length of his inseam and the pulp of his lips, out on the street to ask people where they intend to spend this Christmas Day.

(Our reporter pauses to look at himself in a store window, on lower Broadway. He is joined there by a sexy-looking, pouty-mouthed young woman with eyes like studs and a black Mohawk hairdo. They shape their hair together before he asks his first question.)

R.R.: Excuse me. Where do you plan to spend Christmas Day?

Punkette: Take a walk! I don't believe in that shit.

R.R.: [Our reporter is shocked. His heart is as soft as a floppy disk.]

Well, what do you believe in then?

Punkette: Constant stimulation, instant gratification, and crank calls.

R.R.: Okay. But you're gonna spend Christmas Day somewhere.

Punkette: At Tower Records.

R.R.: Tower Records is open on Christmas? What about your family?

Punkette: Yeah, 365 days a year, and fuck my family. What can they do for me in this world? Nurture me? [She laughs sarcastically and then a sweet smile comes over her face.] Tower Records is the best. It's space age. Metal and chrome. They got every record known to man, video monitors hanging from the ceiling, the best computer system in the U.S.A. I intend to get real stoned, sit in one of those audiovisual booths, and blast my mind out. Maybe I can reach the star of Bethlehem if the weather's clear. My favorite tape is *Flashdance*.

RR: [Feels as sorry for her as he

can, which isn't much. But he tries.] You'll be alone? No boyfriend?

Punkette: Sure. I got a boyfriend. But he's got an old lady who's served six doing his laundry. He tells me he doesn't see her but it's bullshit. But, hey, that's the best part. There's a phone right outside Tower. I'll just go on out and call her, make her feel shitty, like I feel. Sometimes I just call and hang up when she answers. I love it.

R.R.: [Pompously.] Jealousy is an extremely destructive emotion.

Punkette: Hey, tell it to Johnny Ramone, okay?

R.R.: If he's got one other girlfriend, he's got more.

Punkette: So what? Triangles turn me on. Octagons make me cream.

R.R.: How can you stand the lies? And on Christmas yet?

Punkette: Lies? Where you been, man? Lies are the new truth. [She saunters off, down Broadway, very pissed.]

(Our reporter sneaks into a head shop, where he purchases a few nitrous caps and some new balloons. As he leaves, he runs into an air force captain and a marine, whom, with what slim sense of duty he has left, he decides to interview.) R.R.: You guys on leave?

A.F.: Yeah, just for a couple of days. I'm an AWAC pilot.

R.R.: Where do you plan to spend Christmas this year?

A.F.: There's a little café in Ndjamena, Chad, where I can get pigeon with almonds, mint tea, and enough hash to keep me pondering the

Virgin Birth forever. Or I may be in the Sudan. It's so hot there you gotta wear gloves to fool with the radar. Hey, they say the first Christmas was in the desert! It's biblical.

Marine: I'll be in the deadly Druze, man, where it's so boring even the gulls doze off in flight. But I got a buddy in the Coral Sea. He's bummed all the time because the reefs are dying. I couldn't take that. But what I'm gonna do on Christmas is send out thirty Redeye heat-seeking missiles and see if they can't lead me to the warmest woman in the world.

A.F.: I met the warmest woman in the world once.

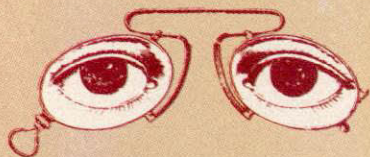
R.R.: What happened?

A.F.: [Uncomfortable.] I don't know. She made me sweat.

(The guys laugh, shove our reporter out of their way, and go into the head shop to buy beer cans with false bottoms.) O+



S. DUROY-RAPHO/BLACK STAR



SCENES

RIDE 'EM COWBOY

They say every sport has its groupies: full-bodied beneficiaries of the sexual revolution who chase after race-car drivers, tackle fullbacks, or impale themselves on the gold-medal bodies of Olympic champions. But set against the funky low-paying rodeo world of dust and cow dung, groupies seem incongruous rhinestones in the rough. Dolled up in spandex jeans and Neiman-Marcus makeup and heels as high as Spindletop, they appear at every rodeo, including the Rodeo Superstars Championship, recently held in Fort Worth. Sipping Sunkist sodas and devouring corn dogs, they patiently wait in the coliseum hallways hoping to ambush their idols, those daredevil riders who get off work for the night only after some aggravated beast has treated them to a drubbing in dirt.

Lily Hanks is a leggy, slim-boned filly in snug black jeans, leopard top, and fuchsia bandana, which is draped just above generous scoops of creamy vanilla cleavage. That, plus a silky mane of black hair and great-big-blue-plate-special eyes are sure to rustle up a cowboy's appetite. Lily admits she's a groupie but makes one fine distinction: "Some girls just throw their wool all over the place but I only go out with one rodeo star at a time."

After five years following the rodeo, this veteran of twenty-one casually offers a thumbnail sketch of your typical broncobusters: "They're old-fashioned, macho he-men who tend to act real cocky and confident. But it's really just an act, y' see. They're basically pretty insecure, or else they wouldn't risk their necks just for the chance to show off." She adds that they have "this funny dual thing about women. When their buddies are around, they're cool and gruff and standoffish. But the minute you're alone with them they get all sweet

and even kind of moon-eyed."

"They're also a pain in the ass," pipes in Linda, a gamine-faced blonde with an unfortunate permanent. "They always need money, they always want you to do their laundry, they're always calling up from some seedy motel in the middle of the night and asking you to come over on two seconds' notice." Lily disagrees, explaining that this very neediness is part of their appeal. "It brings out my maternal instinct," she says, looking anything but.

Still, we press: "Okay, but what's in it for you." These girls aren't exactly Mother Teresas.

Lily thinks about this. "Well, the main thing is most of 'em are pretty

great in the sack. They're wiry and athletic and strong, and it seems like they can go forever without getting tired. Plus, their egos are geared to competing and winning, so they're determined to be the best lover you've ever had." Giggles of assent all around. "We like to joke that maybe real men don't eat quiche but real cowboys do eat pussy. So, naturally," grins Lily, "I just lie back and love it, letting them prove themselves and all." A short brunette lets out a squeal of delight, then claps her manicured hand over her mouth.

Still, Lily concedes, there's a down side. A cowboy isn't someone to count on. "They act like the heroes in old Westerns, with their

'don't fence me in' song. Love and women and closeness really scares them; it's a threat to their whole way of life. Sometimes they've broken my heart, but at least they're a challenge. And if one ever falls for me despite it all, I'll know I've nabbed him for good."

Rodeo groupies love breaking rules, but they're no exception to the rule that everybody loves a winner. The guy with the highest score that night will also score the most—assuming his lungs hold out. In general, bull riders and broncobusters are the groupie favorites. "Gawd, when they come out of that arena all banged up and sweaty and smelling like the animals, it makes me horny as hell. And they're ready to go, too—I think 'cause of all that adrenaline."

Cowboys, of course, have other vices. The companies sponsoring this rodeo—Stroh's beer and Skoal tobacco—thrive on the fact that cowboys love to chew tobacco and guzzle six-packs. And though some of them also smoke grass, only the big shots snort coke. It's simply too expensive for the little guy.

According to Lily and her peers, cowboys are simple God-and-country types, raised on the Bible and the belt. Though they frequently indulge in threesomes (two guys, one doll) and sometimes treat themselves to a friendly gang-bang with an especially accommodating fan, they do it in a wild, drunken stupor and won't admit to such sins the following morning. "Sometimes the girls are kinky, too, though," Linda allows. "They'll ask the cowboy to keep on his boots and spurs. Then next day they'll show off their cuts and bruises to the girls that didn't get laid." Oh, kind of a black-and-blue badge of courage? one asks. The pretty girls look blank, then nod politely. —Kathy Lowry



Broncobusters: risking their necks for the chance to show off.

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COMPUTERS

VICARIOUS THRILLS

The adventures we used to find at the movies are now available to us at home—and we can be the instigators of our fantasies, instead of mere observers. Computer- and video-game designers are coming up with games that resemble realistic situations more closely than do any of the plethora of aim-and-shoot games.

Operation Whirlwind (Broderbund) is a computer war game, for Atari computers, that is ideal for all closet General Pattons. The player commands tank platoons, an infantry, an engineers' company, and an artillery battalion. The mission is to seize an enemy-occupied city a distance away. Operation Whirlwind tests both the player's skill as a military strategist and his or her manual dexterity.

The introductory sequence is right out of a Hollywood movie. The screen is pitch-black. A tank starts rumbling as the field of vision gradually widens. An enemy tank approaches from the left. It stops, its engine idling. There are turret noises and swivel sounds as the enemy tank takes aim and prepares to fire. Suddenly the screen bursts into a huge, noisy explosion and the game begins.

The battleground is immense and colorful, with green fields, forests, roads, rivers, and a city rising in the distance.

The player's forces are represented on the battle map by black-on-white symbols. The enemy army, including its armor, infantry, and artillery units, is represented by white-on-black symbols. The enemy also has mine fields hidden in strategic locations.

The force of each unit is ingeniously designated by its own "strength bar," a horizontal band across its lower edge. The bar shortens when the unit is hit and its firepower and advancement capability decrease.

All unit locations are shown on the battlefield and can be moved to strategic locations. But some units travel faster than others. A mobile reconnaissance unit, for example, moves much faster than an infantry unit. The distance covered will also vary according to the terrain: tanks cannot enter deep woods, advances cannot be made across mine fields or destroyed bridges, and crossing streams is not always easy.

When the player moves his units, they draw enemy fire that sounds pretty convincing. He may

choose either to do battle or to "dig in" to recoup lost strength. When he's ready for combat, the engineers' company can be directed to rebuild blown bridges, tanks can be instructed to overrun targets, and units can close in and assault enemy forces.

Finally, the enemy-occupied city comes into full view. But the battle is far from over. All enemy forces nearby must be destroyed in order to enter the town, and enemy counterattacks must be withstood to achieve the final victory. The computer evaluates the player's battle performance and assigns him a rating, the worst being "Questionable Victory"; the best is "Breakthrough."

Operation Whirlwind has four difficulty levels, allowing the player to improve gradually his battlefield ability.

The talented Broderbund designers have done a brilliant job in creating computerized armchair warfare. I seriously doubt that many of the Pentagon's war games are much more complex or realistic.

If your Spitfire is in the shop, **Enduro** (Activision) will keep your driving skill in shape for those tricky roads along the Riviera. En-

duro is a driving-game cartridge for the Atari VCS and rivals any arcade driving game because it adds weather conditions, time of day, and varied terrain to complicate and simulate a day-long car trip.

Enduro has been one of the most popular video cartridges for months, replacing older driving games, whose designs were drab and unimaginative. Enduro is fun to play because the car handles realistically and the graphics are incredible. The player moves the joystick left or right to steer his little roadster, and pulls back to brake. The fire button is the accelerator.

The player navigates his auto down a winding road, passing other cars as he progresses. The game starts at dawn. It's dark out, but the rising sun is reflected by the hills in the background, which become a bright orange. The sky becomes bluer as daylight approaches. Suddenly, everything turns white and the player is plunged into a snow-covered scenario. The sound of the car engine realistically becomes muffled, and the steering is less responsive as the roadster negotiates the icy road.

The highway dries as the sun starts to go down, banding the horizon with purple, orange, and pink. When night falls only tail-lights are visible and driving becomes really treacherous as a thick fog rolls in. The screen turns totally gray and oncoming headlights appear from nowhere.

The player must pass 200 cars on the first day and 300 on each succeeding day. There's an odometer at the bottom of the screen, counting the number of miles traveled, and a second meter indicating the number of cars that must be passed before the day ends.

I would be very surprised if another driving-game cartridge were to come along that topped Enduro. The mileage on this one should be phenomenal.—Ken Uston



Operation Whirlwind: a computer war game that is ideal for all closet General Pattons.

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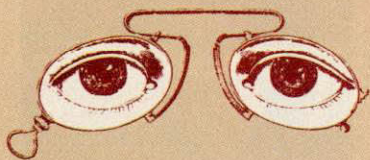
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FILMS

EFT FACE

There's a passage just before what should be the moral crisis of Roger Spottiswoode's *Under Fire* when Nick Nolte, as the photojournalist Russell Price, pauses to look around. He is in Nicaragua, in 1979, recording the downfall of the dictator Somoza. Price has been led deep into the jungle, to the stronghold of a legendary Sandinista leader, "Rafael." The trip has been a shocker, and he faces the ethical challenge of his working life. But he takes a moment in the early morning to survey Rafael's camp. Two old men argue, joke, drink wine from a goatskin, a woman prepares tortillas, young children laugh. Price smiles. And thus he shows that he will sell out to the good guys in an act that ought to signal tragic failure but instead certifies one stage in his political conversion: the beginning of his ideological success.

I hate that passage in this fast-paced, cleverly plotted, well-acted, utterly specious movie. I hate its manipulative dishonesty (you won't see Somoza's bullies drink wine, bake tortillas, have children). And I hate the fact that it helps rob

an event that in the hands of a true storyteller—say, a Joseph Conrad—might have generated some personal meaning. But in *Under Fire*, personality collapses before ideology, and any revolutionary Nicaraguan can put down any American just on the grounds of guilty nationality.

Under Fire starts out looking almost as good as the action film *Who'll Stop the Rain* (with which some of the present talent had connections) or the 1980 sleeper *The Dogs of War*. But it quickly chooses sides—to become an approving account of how foreign correspondents turn into something more wonderful: political propagandists. And though it serves up a measure of romantic melodrama, when, at the end, beautiful reporter Claire Stryder (Joanna Cassidy) walks toward the camera with Nick Nolte on one hand and a (tactfully furled) Sandinista flag in the other, you can't help but get the larger picture.

Sidney Lumet's *Daniel* is a bleak, relentless, mostly close adaptation of E. L. Doctorow's *The Book of Daniel*, itself based on the Julius and Ethel Rosenberg spy trial and

execution of the early 1950s. The movie, like the novel, is not about the Rosenbergs; it's about a couple like the Rosenbergs—and their children, who survive them and bring the narrative into being. *Daniel* surely sympathizes with the human situation of its committed American Communists. But it doesn't assign guilt or innocence or begin to detail the crime for which Paul and Rochelle Isaacson (Mandy Patinkin and Lindsay Crouse) are convicted. In part, it is that very uncertainty that, fifteen years after their parents' deaths, drives young Susan Isaacson (Amanda Plummer) to passive suicide and moves her brother, Daniel (Timothy Hutton), to attempt his own unscientific investigation.

Daniel's search, a mystery story, lies at the center of the movie—and ties it loosely to some other recent Lumet, namely, *Prince of the City* and *The Verdict*. But we follow Daniel himself, as child and adult, through several time frames in a movie that runs, never consecutively, from the 1930s into the 1960s. So his search is always being objectified by what we see of the events, and the whole film takes on a narrative efficiency that

may sometimes belie its ambivalent, emotionally charged tone.

Daniel has been faulted for coldness in not taking sides or actively supporting a cause. I don't find it cold. The sides it might take are by now—at least in political content—historical curiosities. Of the Isaacson's beliefs, nothing viable remains. But of their humane passion, a good deal does. And that is their legacy to their bitter, generous, arrogant, deeply confused son. The film really centers on them, their milieu: the party rallies and summer camps of the 1930s, the Paul Robeson concerts of the 1940s, the claustrophobic family life of the then mostly Jewish South Bronx, the devastating pain of a family reunion in Sing Sing prison's death row.

Sidney Lumet makes movies fast and economically, and *Daniel* suffers from some irresolutions that may have less to do with intention than with flaws in the production. The upbeat ending, especially—occurring during the 1967 march on the Pentagon—seems a cop-out, more or less forcing Daniel to repeat his parents' actions rather than lay them to rest in understanding them. *Daniel* tries for that understanding—by way of a series of reconciliations—but doesn't achieve it.

The film does better in its portraits, and in some of its performances—always a Lumet specialty. I like Edward Asner as Jacob Ascher, the old lawyer who unsuccessfully defends the Isaacsons. John Rubinstein brings great dignity to his playing of the children's foster father, a role for which he is easily ten years too young. But as the tough, compassionate, tragic Rochelle, Lindsay Crouse gives the performance of the movie, and of her career—precise, intense, with nothing wasted on feeling that doesn't grow from the character and the lines.—Roger Greenspun



A family under siege in *Daniel*: sympathizing with committed American communists.

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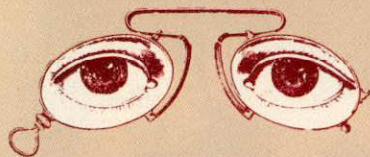
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SOUNDS

SOUND ADVICE

To be in love with the risk, the mayhem, the sheer sexy perversity of rock 'n' roll is to be in love with the Killer, Jerry Lee Lewis. Back in the late 1950s and early 1960s, Lewis cussed and drank and strutted through the recording of 200-odd songs for Sun records, the pioneering rockabilly label. These recordings are his definitive body of work—later imitated, even by the Killer himself, but never equaled. It stands to reason, then, that a collection including every one of these Lewis classics would be definitive in itself, the perfect definition-in-action of what rock 'n' roll is all about. It stands to reason that such a collection would make the ideal Christmas-stocking stuffer for the rocker who has *almost* everything.

Jerry Lee Lewis: *The Sun Years*, a twelve-record boxed set issued earlier this year by England's Charly records and available through specialty stores here as an import, is everything it ought to be and more. There are 209 tracks, including startling early versions of "Great Balls of Fire" and "Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On." There are rock and rhythm-and-blues songs, juiced-up pre-rock standard tunes, honky-tonk drinking songs, filthy double entendre blues, hymns and spirituals—all the rich musical Americana that Lewis blended in his mad mental Cuisinart to come up with kick-ass rock 'n' roll, as we now know it. It may take some looking to turn up this prize, but it'll be well worth the effort. A suggestion: you can order it through Down Home Music, 10341 San Pablo Avenue, El Cerrito, Calif. 94530. The folks there will happily discuss price and shipping and take credit-card orders over the phone: (415) 525-1494.

If you're shopping on a somewhat more modest scale, try to ascertain whether the object of your

affection owns the year's definitive rock albums or has been content to listen to the radio for the hit singles that have been culled from them. We're talking about albums like ***Synchronicity*** (A&M), by the Police, which is considerably bolder and grittier than the "Every Breath You Take" single; David Bowie's ***Let's Dance*** (EMI America), with the shimmering "China Girl" and the cinematic "Ricochet"; the Talking Heads' thoughtful, danceable, and thoroughly captivating ***Speaking in Tongues*** (Sire), which also comes in a more



Jerry Lee Lewis: rich Americana.

expensive edition with elaborate cover art (plastic moving parts and all) by Robert Rauschenberg; and Jackson Browne's ***Lawyers in Love*** (Elektra), which has a lot more going for it than the ominous drolleries of its title tune.

Several of the year's most energizing rock and pop albums eluded widespread notice. Any rock fan who ever loved a mid-1960s sub-Stones-garage-band album or single will be delighted by the Fleshtones' ***Hexbreaker*** (I.R.S.), an ecstasy of cheap portable organ, twangy surf-psychedelic guitar, and raving beer-bust vocals that actually has smarts, too. On ***I'll Rise Again*** (Myrrh), Al Green surpasses his earlier gospel albums and transforms spiritual music into sultry, sexy soul music on a par with his great early work. And speaking of spirit, the year's most haunting, otherworldly, unforgettable reggae albums both came from the reclusive genius Augustus Pablo, who emerged from Jamaica's hill country and his ganja-cloud meditations to deliver ***Earth Rightful Ruler*** (Shannachie) and ***King David's Melody*** (Alligator).

If you're shopping for someone

who relates both to rock's electric energy and to the freedoms of improvisation, you can't go wrong with Herbie Hancock's ***Future Shock*** (Columbia), a streetwise space odyssey with the latest electronic and dance rhythms and Hancock's most absorbing electric music since his ***Headhunters*** album, a decade ago. Trumpeter Lester Bowie leavens his jazz with down-home blues, gospel, and soul music on the two-record set ***All the Magic!*** (ECM). And ***Just the Facts and Pass the Bucket*** (About Time) finally captures the hottest big-little band (and the only seven-piece sextet) in contemporary jazz doing exactly what it does best—the melding of New Orleans moans, Kansas City blues riffing, and post-Coltrane free expression into one sturdy, irresistible musical hybrid.

For the most adventurous listener on your list, ***Hearing Solar Winds***, by David Hykes, and the Harmonic Choir (on Ocora, a French import) offers a shimmering, mysterious, ear-opening, and potentially mind-expanding experience. Hykes, a new-music composer and vocalist, learned from Mongolian nomads and Tibetan monks how to sing up to three notes at once, how to sing a deep bass note simultaneously with a moving melody higher up, and other astonishing, little-known voice techniques. He taught his big bag of tricks to an ensemble of vocalists, the Harmonic Choir, and recorded this first album in a thirteenth-century French monastery, where the stone walls reverberated the group's sounds. What does it sound like, exactly? As an early European explorer in West Africa remarked on first hearing the native music, it sounds "like wind through the trees in heaven." You can find ***Hearing Solar Winds*** in the new-music sections of import stores. Good hunting!—Robert Palmer



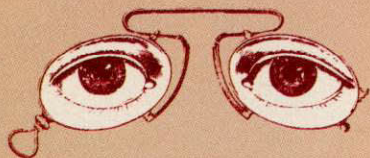
Herbie Hancock scores with *Future Shock*, a streetwise space odyssey.

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WORDS

BOOK BOOKS

Books of photographs present a paradox: they tend to be overlooked. Despite the workmanship and technology that go into producing masterwork editions, photographic volumes continue to escape the popular attention given to other, more obvious best-sellers, even though they are often as entertaining.

Pictures as published works offer a wellspring of engrossing stories. They reveal perceptible insights about geography, history, human nature, and, ultimately, ourselves. Eve Arnold has been assembling remarkable collections of photographs for well over thirty years. Her previous book, *In China*, portrayed the exotic traditions of a country caught in a time warp between antiquity and the modern world. This time out, she's chosen an equally disparate landscape: the United States.

Arnold's *In America* (Knopf) is as disturbing as it is beautiful to look at. Through a sequence of 166 pictures, she contrasts the country, the people, and their customs with a kind of schizophrenic splendor: the industrial wasteland and lush, rolling countrysides, inordinate wealth and squalor, the fantasizers and the fanatics, the spiritual and the spiritually bankrupt. No twist, however ironical, escapes her reflective eye. Yet, there's a crosscurrent of pride that underscores Arnold's photo-essay on America, an acute awareness of a heritage that is rich in texture and character while bringing definition to a multifaceted culture.

Precisely the same theme—the cultural melting pot—is reprised in Ken Heyman's *The World's Family* (Putnam's), an homage d'artiste that was inspired by Edward Steichen's *The Family of Man*. Heyman's camera focuses on men, women, and children "seen in the mirror of the eighties."

They're depicted here celebrating life in a cavalcade of environments (Heyman traveled the globe for this collection). Yet, behind the visual liveliness he captures a discernible emotional fatigue redolent of today's teeming burdens.

Ernst Haas, one of our preeminent color photographers, has updated his outstanding version of *The Creation* (Viking), first published in 1971. Enhanced thanks to new printing plates that render the pictures even more dramatic than those in previous editions, Haas's book explores the events of the story of Genesis with breathtaking imagination. The outcome is dazzling in every respect, from the awakening of nature to the origins of animal life.

More sobering but equally evocative is Rodney Smith's *In the Land of Light: Israel, A Portrait of Its People* (Houghton Mifflin). Smith, an American who was the first photographer invited to the Middle East as a guest of the Jerusalem Foundation, portrays the Holy City as "a home for the family of man." The faces of the people he photographed personify the transience of their lives and the unending fear that accompanies it.

"There is a sadness in this land," he says, "visible in almost every face," and, indeed, Smith captures that troubled spirit, though along with it he manages to unmask their steadfast "ability to preserve and flourish."

For pure fun, there's *Photographs* (Pantheon), by Annie Leibovitz, a rogues' gallery of portraits that originally appeared in *Rolling Stone*. Leibovitz's specialty is celebrities, and in that milieu she is perhaps the most consistently interesting portraitist working today. She doubles as a

choreographer, placing her famous subjects in poses and settings that plumb the most guarded reaches of their personalities. She's captured Linda Ronstadt spread-eagle in a flimsy negligee, Keith Richards swathed in a mysterious black headdress, a startlingly Christlike Mick Jagger, and a sweetly childish Bob Dylan. Though Leibovitz's first assignment was to photograph the elusive John Lennon, a more representative portrait of the late Beatle is conveyed in *John Lennon: Summer of 1980* (Perigee), by Yoko Ono in collaboration with eight well-known photographers. Yoko's running commentary typically oversentimentalizes, but the pictures themselves offer a relaxed, unassuming tribute to a man otherwise obscured by fame.

The same can be said of Richard Schickel's *Cary Grant: A Celebration* (Little, Brown), which sheds a new light on the man behind the carefully contrived screen image. Schickel sees Grant as an enigmatic American institution who has "become a grey ghost, a blur on the paparazzi's lenses." Through his compelling journalism, Schickel nonetheless manages to convey an extraordinarily personal sense of the actor as a man, and with the text there is a trove of revealing, behind-the-scenes photographs.

The fun continues with *Girlie Magazines* (Harmony), by Mark Gabor, a tantalizing pictorial of erotica culled from the pages of *Esquire*, *Police Gazette*, and, of course, *Penthouse*, among others. The artwork—more than 300 photographs and drawings—showcases a harem of gorgeous men and women in a variety of provocative poses. The pictures are coupled with Gabor's informative history, and all in all the book presents a concise overview of just how far—and how much—we've come.—Bob Spitz



Ernst Haas's *Genesis*: breathtaking



A Ken Heyman portrait: man as seen in the mirror of the eighties.

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"I don't know why you insist on coming down the chimney."



The story of a
media saint, who, in real life,
was all too human.

NO ONE KILLED KAREN SILKWOOD

BY WILLIAM TUCKER

On the night of November 13, 1974, a twenty-eight-year-old lab worker named Karen Silkwood set out on a thirty-five-mile drive south from Crescent, Okla., to Oklahoma City to meet David Burnham, a reporter with the *New York Times*. It is widely speculated that she was carrying documents that would have embarrassed her employer, the Kerr-McGee Nuclear Corporation, with regard to safety conditions and quality control at its Cimarron Plutonium Recycling Facility, in Crescent. She had driven only a few miles, however, when her car veered off the road's left-hand shoulder, ran down a narrow gully, and flew out over a concrete wing wall on one side of a stream that meandered under the highway. She hit the opposite wing wall at about 45 miles per hour and died instantly.

Her death has given birth to a legend—the story of a young woman who was among the first people to recognize the dangers of a plutonium economy and who died trying to tell the world about it. Her death and the events leading up to it have inspired a thousand rumors, suspicions, and conspiracy theories. If you ask virtu-

ally any person in the country with a working knowledge of the Silkwood case "What happened to Karen Silkwood?" he or she will answer: "She's the woman who was employed by a nuclear-power company, and who was run off the road when she was about to reveal all her startling information."

The story of Karen Silkwood's death has become a small industry. Three books have been written about it. Two of them—*Who Killed Karen Silkwood?*, by Howard Kohn, and *The Killing of Karen Silkwood*, by Richard Rashke, claim to be factual. The third, *A Short Life*, by Thomas B. Allen, is pseudonymous fiction.

All these efforts will be eclipsed shortly by ABC Motion Pictures' *Silkwood*, due out in December. It promises to be a blockbuster. Meryl Streep plays Karen. Cher plays a composite of Karen's friends and co-workers. Kurt Russell plays Karen's boyfriend, Drew Stephens. Mike Nichols directed the film, and Nora Ephron co-wrote the script.

The Karen Silkwood story, as it has been written so far, is essentially the product of the tireless efforts of people who insist on seeing *organized*

evil where only cross-purposes, general disorder, and coincidence of events are present. In Howard Kohn's book, for example, not a telephone goes out of order, not a stranger passes by without another mystery being added to the overall conspiracy. It is little wonder that Kohn theorizes that Karen Silkwood had discovered a plutonium-smuggling ring that might have been spiriting the Bomb to Iran or some other Third World country and that her "murder" has been covered up by the FBI and the CIA.

In 1979, Karen Silkwood's estate sued Kerr-McGee for \$10.5 million for physical damages and mental anguish suffered by Karen in a series of mysterious incidents during the last two weeks of her life. Karen was exposed to plutonium several times—the final incident taking place in her apartment. The jury was convinced that there was enough doubt that Karen had deliberately contaminated herself to award her the \$10.5 million, plus \$5,000 for damages to property in her apartment. Thus Karen Silkwood was "vindicated" in the courts. Kerr-McGee appealed the decision to the U.S. Court of Appeals, which can-

PAINTING BY ALEX GNIDZIEJKO

celebrated the award by ruling that her contamination was a work-related injury and was thus covered by workmen's compensation insurance. It also ruled that the Atomic Energy Act preempted any state authority in the awarding of damages relating to the use of nuclear materials. Only the \$5,000 for property damages was allowed to stand. The Silkwood estate is appealing this decision to the U.S. Supreme Court.

But no matter what the Supreme Court decides, the Karen Silkwood story has taken on greater proportions. For millions of people, Karen Silkwood has come to represent a paragon of virtue and selflessness and, at the same time, a victim of established power. Squadrons of antinuclear activists, the women's movement, and labor-student coalitions have adopted her as someone worthy of sainthood. They have portrayed her as Little Red Riding Hood—who in this case was devoured by the big, bad wolf, Kerr-McGee—a "poor, bewildered girl who didn't know what was happening to her," as one of her estate's attorneys said at the trial.

Such is the effect of the media. The real Karen Silkwood was flesh and blood, somewhat less saintly than her image, a young woman tarnished by the complexities of life. But perhaps when all the circumstances are considered and the facts disentangled from the myths, she will prove a heroine nonetheless.

Karen Silkwood was a twenty-six-year-old mother of three when she left Texas, in 1972, and moved to Oklahoma, where she took a job as a lab technician at Kerr-McGee's Cimarron Facility. Here plutonium was being processed and put into fuel rods destined for the Fast Flux Test Facility (FFTF), in Hanford, Wash., one of the country's first breeder reactors.

The eldest of three girls born to Bill Silkwood, a house painter, and Merle Silkwood, a bank officer, Karen had spent most of her life in small Texas towns. Born in Longview and raised in Nederland, halfway between Port Arthur and Beaumont, she had studied chemistry in high school and won a women's club scholarship to Lamar University, in Beaumont. In 1966, after one year studying medical technology, she quit school to elope with her summer boyfriend, Bill Meadows, whom she had met while vacationing at her grandmother's farm, in Longview. They settled in Longview, and by the time Karen was twenty-three she had three children.

Then her marriage began to sour. Bill spent money lavishly and ended up bankrupt. He had an affair with another woman, and later married her; he then wanted custody of his children. Karen resisted at first but finally realized she couldn't support them. She left late one night in August 1972—never to return. She saw her children only five or six times during the rest of her life.

Shortly after starting at Kerr-McGee, Karen took up with Drew Stephens, five

years her junior and the son of a Kerr-McGee executive. He, too, was rebounding from an unsuccessful marriage. Stephens was also riding in the wake of the hippie era as it swept through the rural outposts of Oklahoma. Karen and Drew shared an apartment, water-skied, and raced cars and dirt bikes together (Karen won trophies as an amateur driver); she also developed a reputation around the lab for experimentation in drugs and sex. "They stood out in a crowd," said Jon Harrison, a former lab worker who is still a good friend of Drew's and who served as a technical adviser for the movie *Silkwood*.

For Karen, the most distinguishing feature of her experience at Kerr-McGee was her running battle with authority. She was, as a former high-school teacher later put it, "a very nice person who always wanted to be right about everything." There was hardly a laboratory procedure—nearly all of which were set up for safety and securi-

●

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an apartment, water-skied, and
raced cars and dirt bikes
together, and she developed
a reputation around the
lab for experimentation—
in drugs and sex.

●

ty purposes—to which she did not take exception. Plutonium is, after all, one of the most dangerous elements ever known to man. Its alpha radiation is actually harmless to the outside of the skin, where the thin layer of dead cells is enough to protect the body from any damage. (The radiation is so weak that it can barely penetrate a thin piece of paper.) But when it is inhaled, it becomes a time bomb of deadly particles, shooting off a constant barrage of radiation "bullets" into the soft, unprotected tissue of the lungs. An amount the size of a grain of pollen is enough to ensure your getting lung cancer.

The Cimarron facility was a kind of space-age compression chamber, complete with air locks and radiation monitors at every turn. The plutonium was generally handled in airtight glove boxes. The production and lab workers wore surgical smocks, caps, and gloves and were supposed to monitor themselves for stray bits of plutonium every time they left a room. Air-sampling monitors covered with filter paper constantly screened the air at breathing level. Whenever a "loss of containment" occurred, technicians and production workers had to don uncomfort-

able respirators, sometimes for weeks at a time, to continue working.

In this gloomy, regimented environment, Karen rebelled against almost everything. In fact, she carried on a constant campaign against the strict procedures of the lab. At a point near the entrance to the plant, for example, a guard was assigned to pat people down for weapons or stolen plutonium, in accordance with federal regulations. Karen was among those who objected the loudest to this procedure. She claimed that the female guard who searched her was too rough.

Karen didn't like the surgical caps and constantly left strands of her hair exposed, increasing the chances of picking up stray bits of plutonium. She also objected to taking off her street clothes in order to put on a protective smock. At one point, she retaliated by taking off her underwear as well and walking around essentially naked in the light, loose-fitting garment. "It caused a big sensation in the lunchroom," said health and safety manager Wayne Norwood, who became a key figure in the case. "She was the kind of person who always wanted to be the center of attention."

After a year or so at Kerr-McGee, things began to fall apart in Karen's personal life. Drew wanted out—he said he felt stifled and definitely wasn't interested in marriage. Karen moved. She and Drew remained friends, however, and saw each other frequently. Several months later, in November 1973, Karen called Connie Edwards, a friend at the lab, and told her she had just swallowed a bunch of pills in an attempt to commit suicide. Connie rushed over and found Karen in a stupor on the couch. She wanted to take Karen to a hospital, but Karen refused. So Connie applied some fundamental first aid. She made Karen vomit, walked her around for a long while, then took her home and put her to bed. On Jon Harrison's advice, Karen began seeing a psychological counselor. She also started getting prescriptions for Quaaludes and various other drugs, saying that she couldn't sleep. She claimed to have lost several prescriptions, and she also got cross-prescriptions from other doctors.

During the summer of 1974, Karen's appearance gave her co-workers cause for concern, and after work on October 16, 1974, another lab worker, Evelyn Emerich, confronted Karen at the Hub Cafe, which is in the center of Crescent, about three miles north of the plant. "She looked like death," Emerich later told the FBI. "She was pale, she was moving slowly, and her speech was very slurred. I had seen her looking this way for several weeks." Emerich, appalled that Karen was intending to drive home, put her up for the night at her house, in Crescent.

But for a few months prior to the night she spent at Evelyn Emerich's house, Karen had been trying to pull herself together by becoming politically active. She had been one of a few dozen members of the

Pall Mall A Step Ahead

Step up in taste,
step down in tar

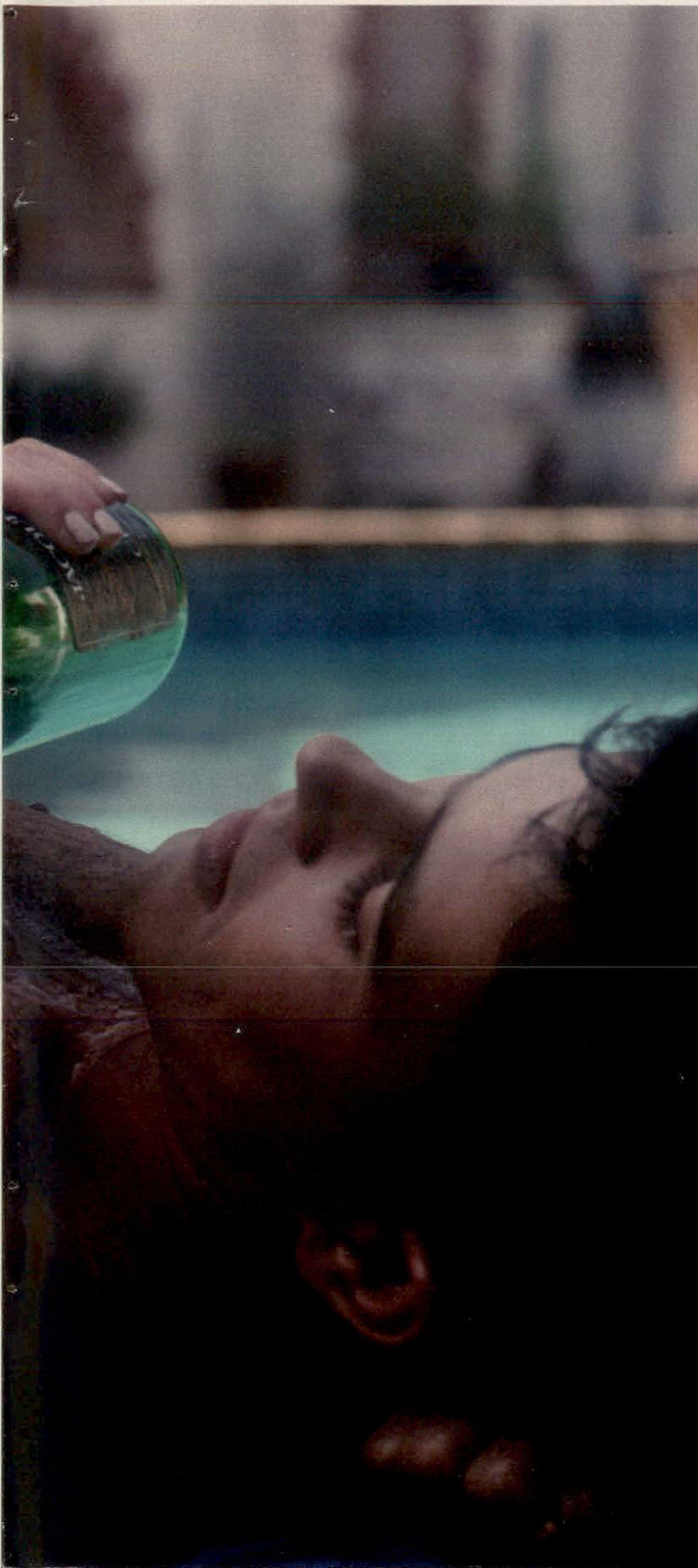


9mg tar
0.8mg. nic.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '83.





Like their passion,
the champagne kept flowing.
Silently, she invited
her resourceful young lover
to taste the
fruits of his labor.

IT WAS A VERY GOOD YEAR

PRODUCED AND
PHOTOGRAPHED BY
EARL MILLER

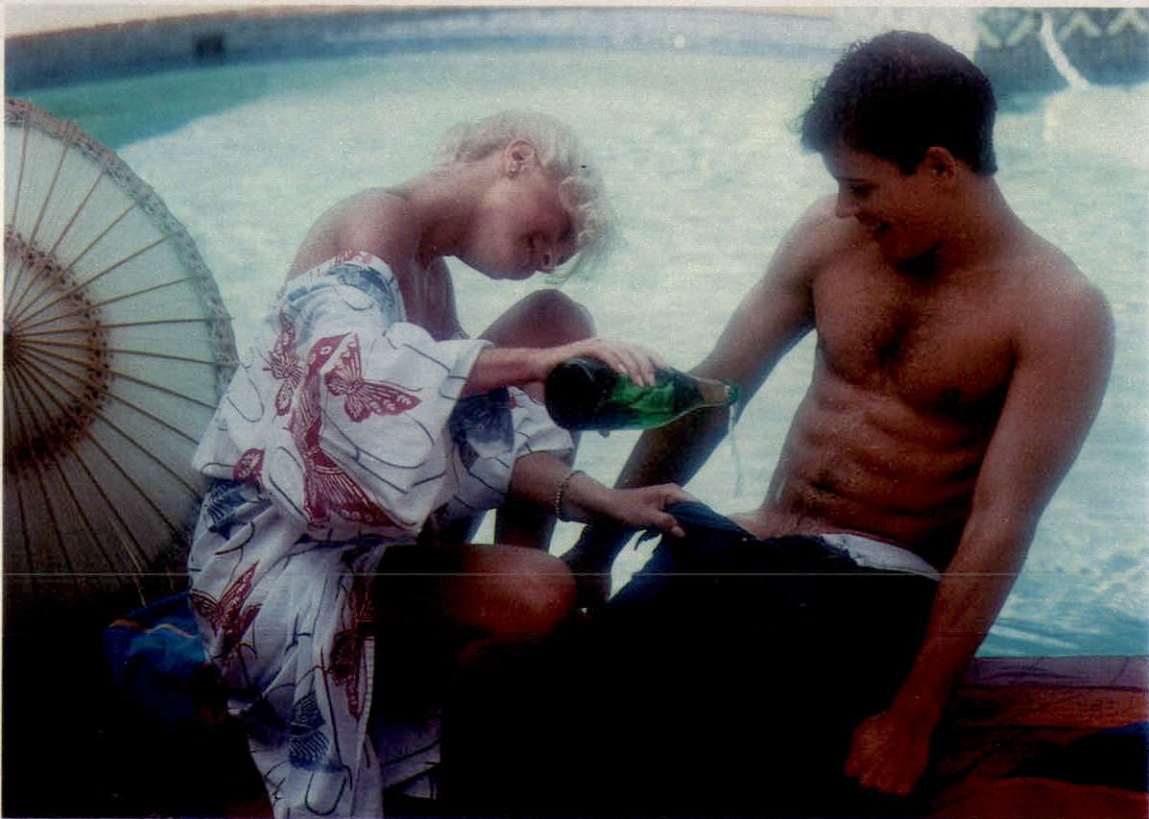
From time to time, she'd watched him peddle down her street, a handsome young man/boy on the move. Strong thighs pumping, muscular arms straining taut, clear eyes fixed firmly ahead. He'd seen her, too—several times, golden and glistening, rising from her pool like a mermaid. Body white and firm-fleshed, fair of face and hair. Basically his kind of fantasy lady, but only a fantasy, of course; she was older, settled, wealthy. And he—well, just a young delivery boy working his way through college. But one day it happened—she ordered a case of champagne, and she wanted it fast. She sounded out of breath, a woman in need...



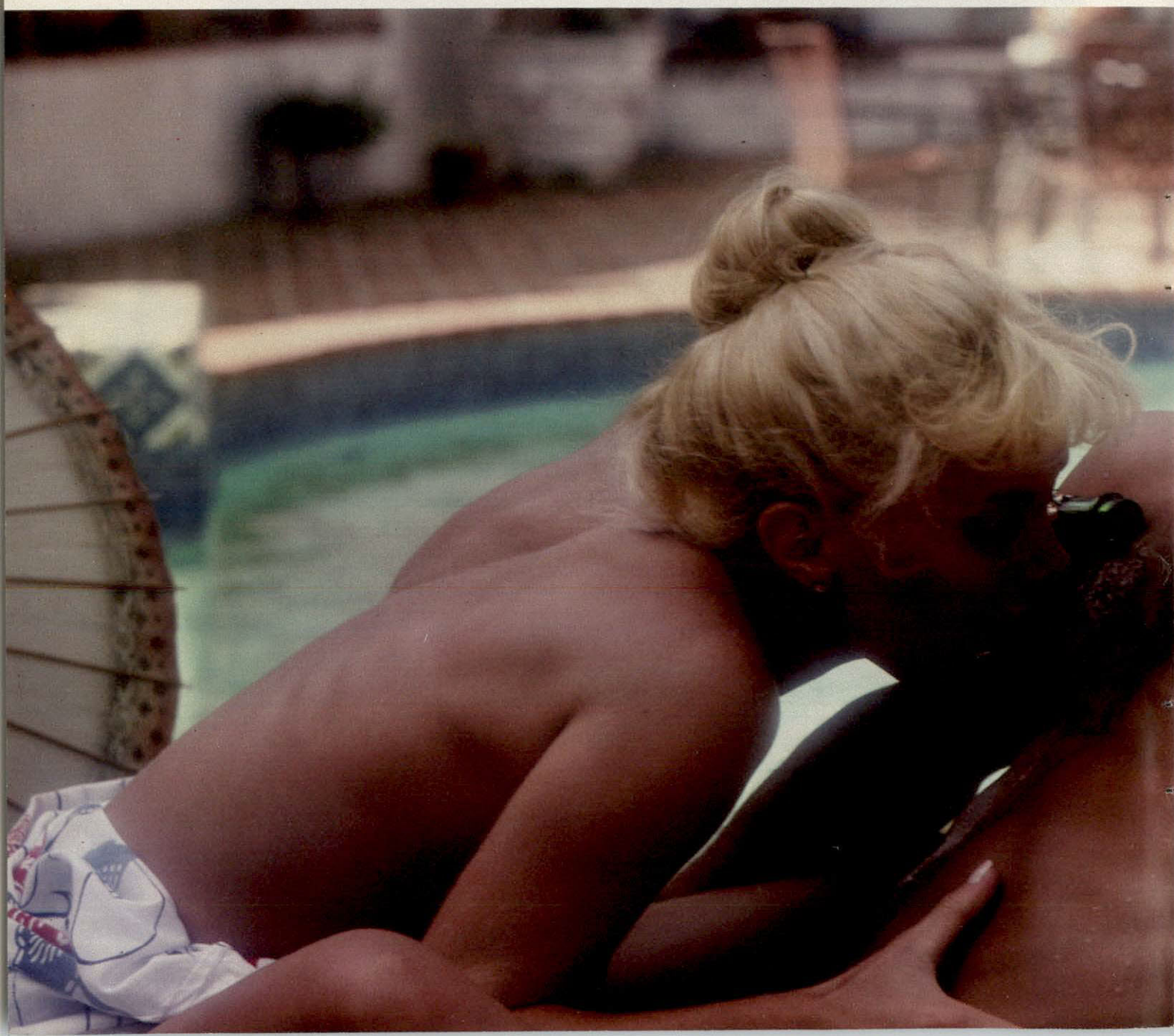
The lady didn't need to ask twice. With the fervor of a man of the cloth, the inspired errand boy praised the Lord and answered the call.

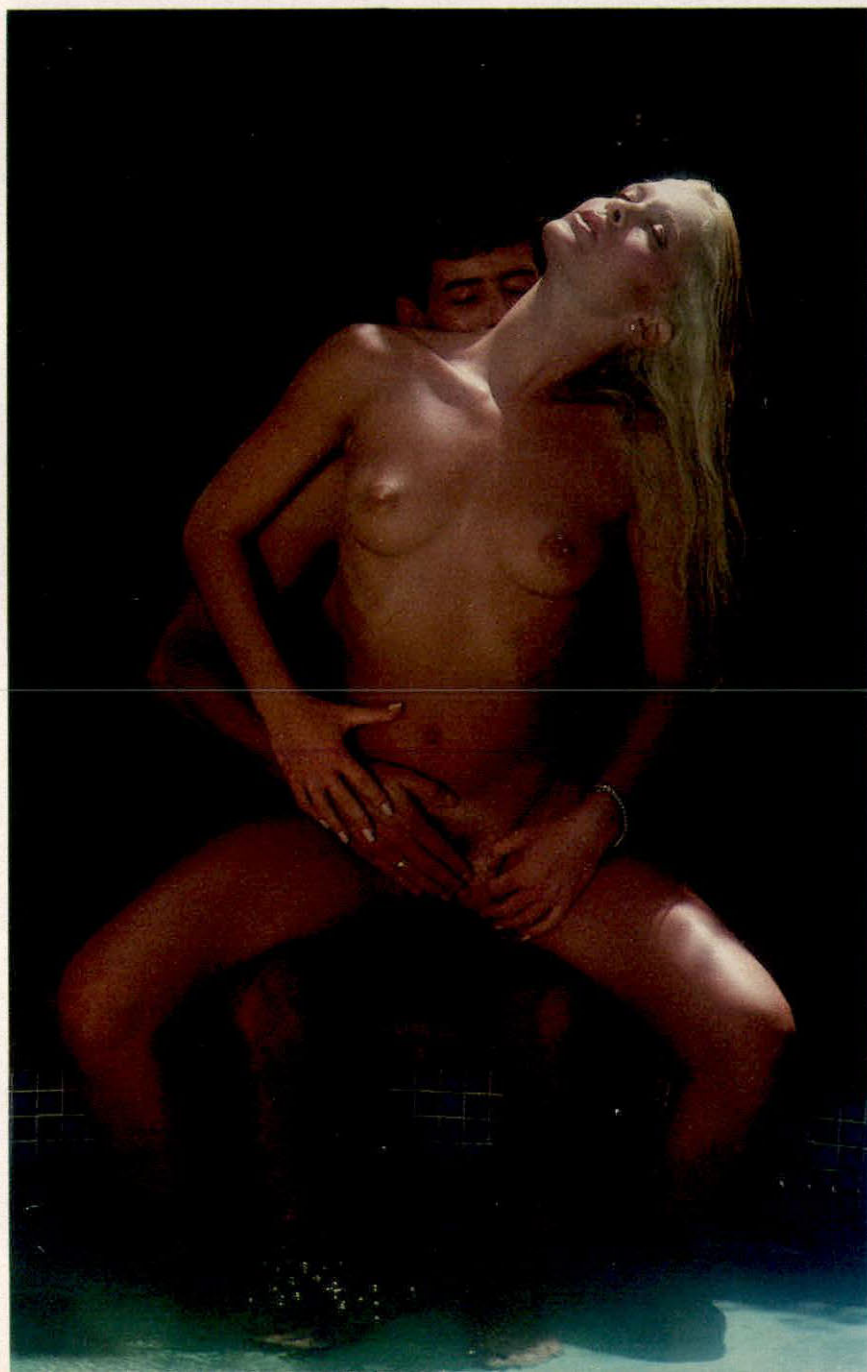


Screeching to a halt at her house, he saw, he knew, he had anticipated that under her raised robe she was there to greet him in the flesh.



"Let's pour the champagne," she whispered, stroking the lush chest of the boy she'd soon make a man. He obeyed eagerly, leaning backward in a state of near collapse, then sitting boldly upright to do his duties...





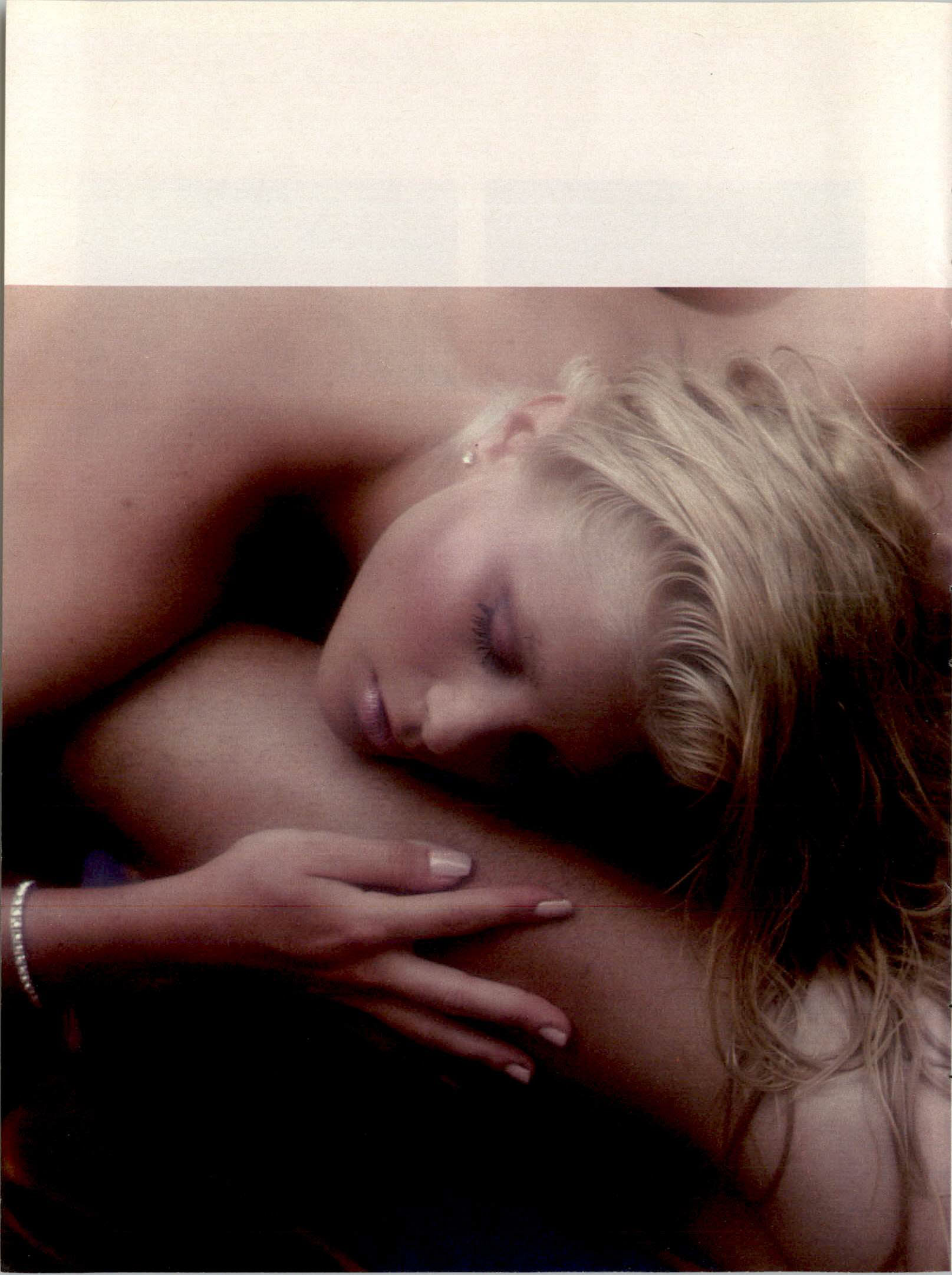


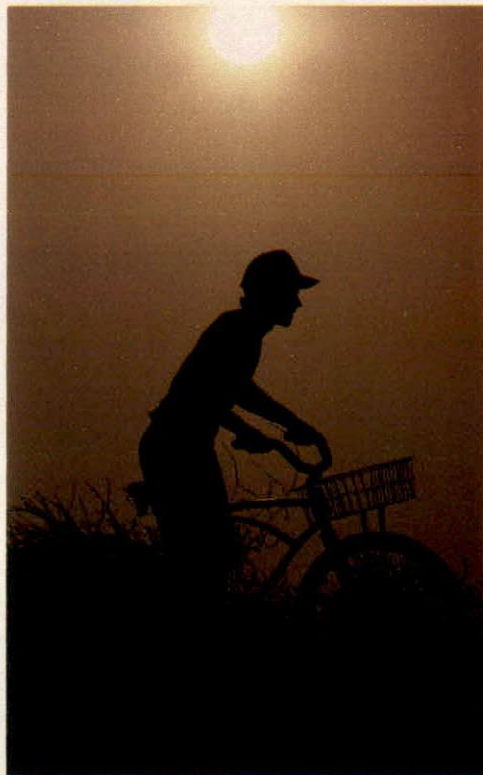


Like their passion, the champagne kept flowing. With a flourish, he anointed his mistress with the finest bottle. (In keeping with the vintage, he, too, was having a very good year.)



Silently, with her eyes, she invited her resourceful lover to reap his reward, taste the fruits of his labor. He found her to be charming, rich and fullbodied, though not the slightest bit dry.

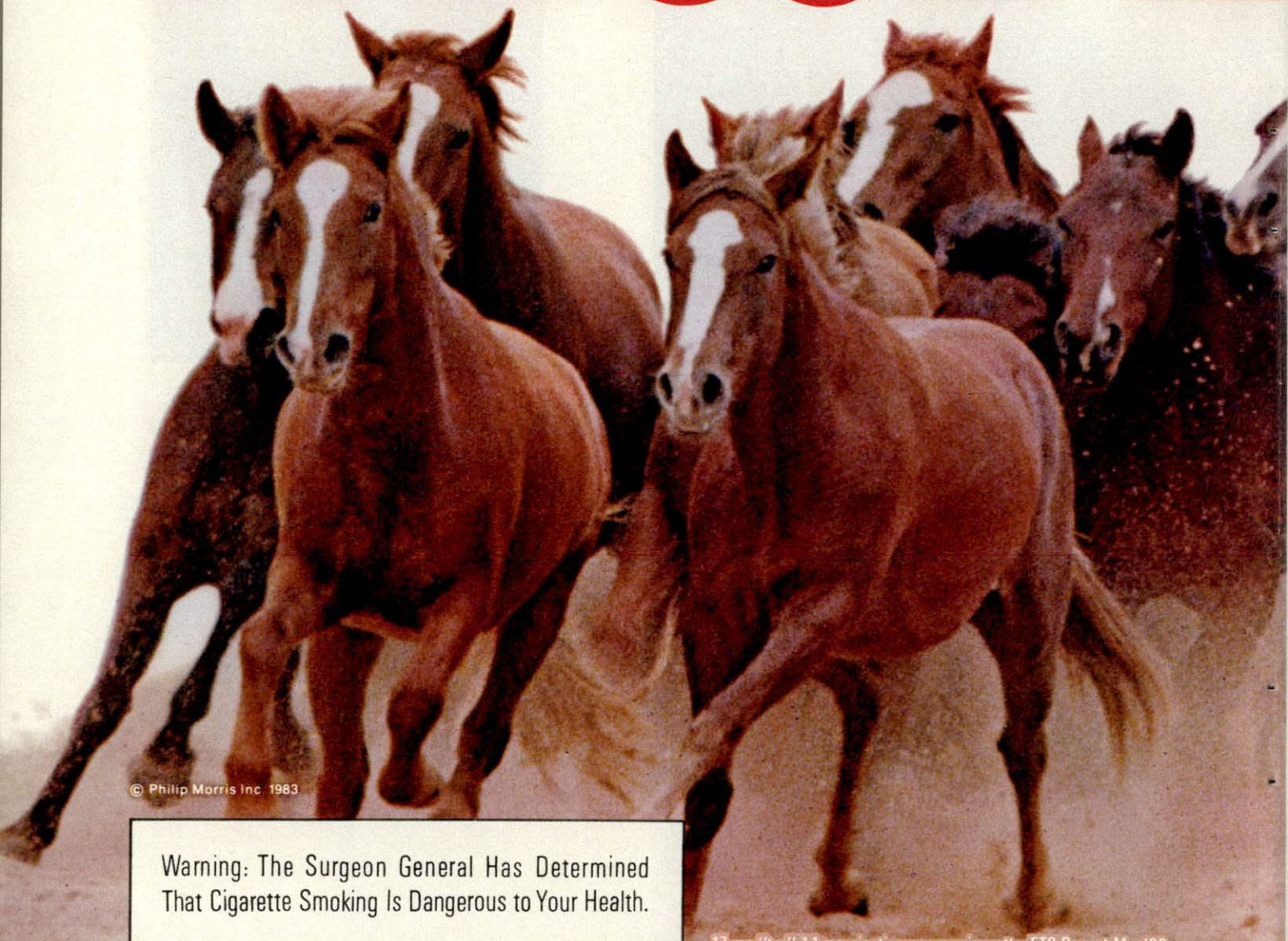




As the hours sped by, the errand boy knew he'd be fired for his truant behavior. But the future, he sensed, was secure. Surely, the way to succeed in business is to give it all you've got...service with a smile, as they say!



Marl

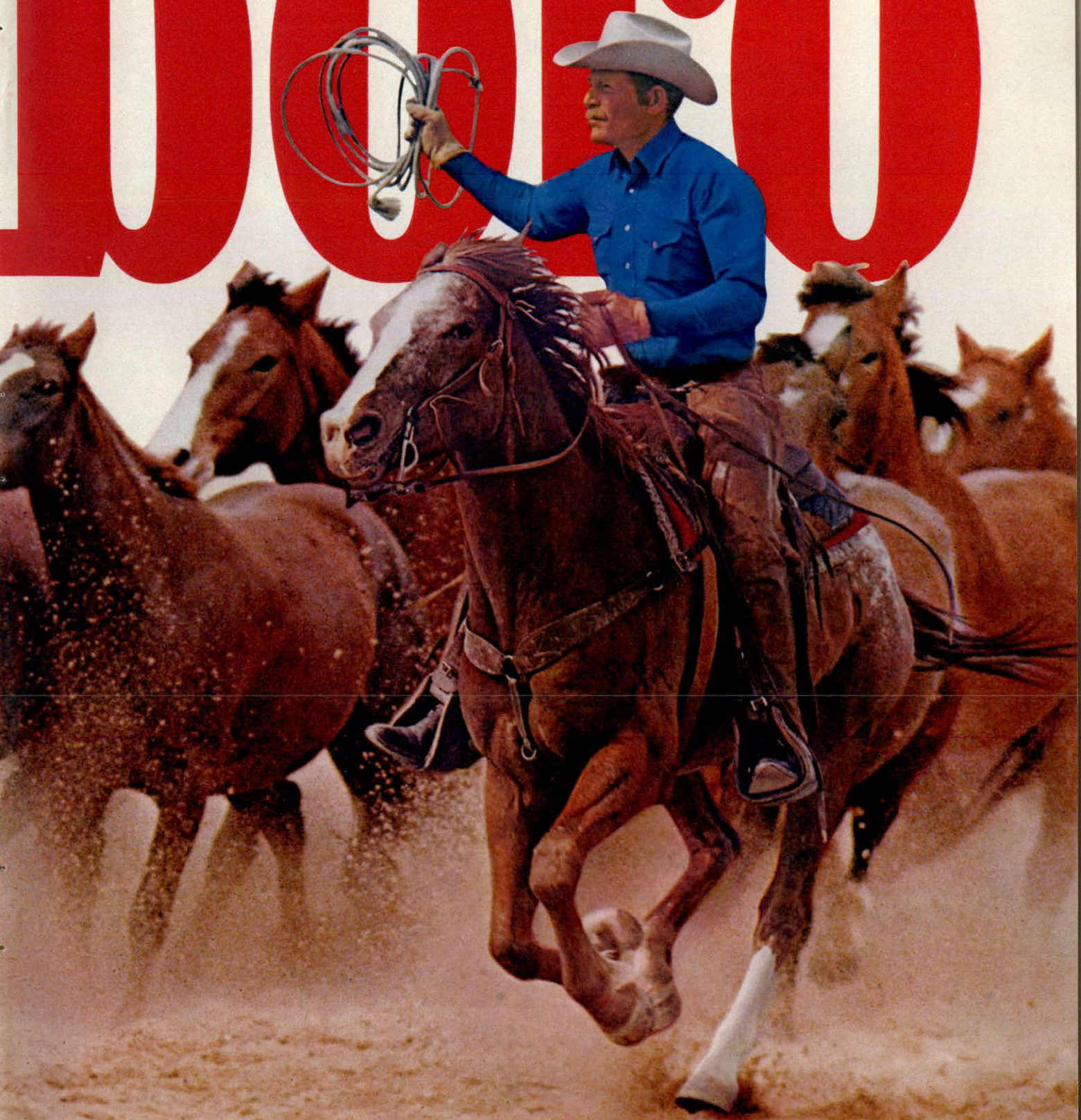


© Philip Morris Inc. 1983

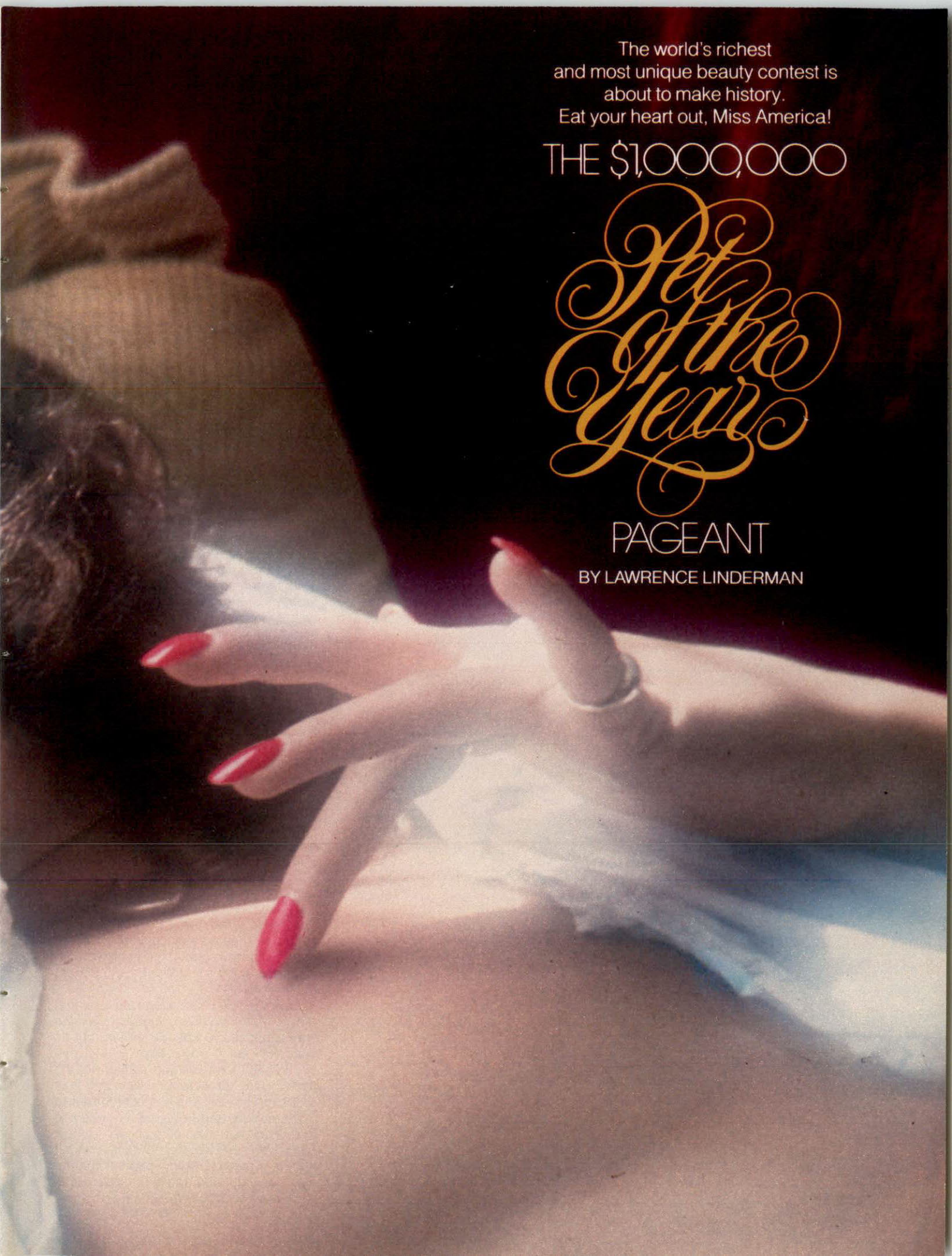
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

17 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar '83

Booro





A close-up photograph of a woman's hand with bright red manicured nails and a simple ring on her ring finger. Her hand is resting on her bare shoulder. The background is dark and out of focus, showing some light-colored fabric.

The world's richest
and most unique beauty contest is
about to make history.
Eat your heart out, Miss America!

THE \$1,000,000

Pet of the Year

PAGEANT

BY LAWRENCE LINDERMAN

In case you haven't heard, the beauty-pageant biz is about to be invaded by big bucks. During the first week of December, a field of international beauties from more than three dozen countries will convene at Caesars Palace, in Las Vegas, where *Penthouse* magazine will present an international event: the first annual \$1,000,000 Pet of the Year Pageant. Right: that's what the winner will receive in cash and prizes. All the women entered in the finals already have won Pet of the Year pageants in their native lands, and the nations they represent stretch all the way from the Americas to Zimbabwe. The two-hour finals will be telecast globally by satellite, and in the United States alone the broadcast will be carried by more than 150 TV stations.

Penthouse's \$1,000,000 Pet of the Year Pageant will not remind viewers of any beauty competition ever before witnessed on the tube, which should come as a relief to most of you. For decades, women have gone down to the sea in bikinis; major beauty pageants, however, continue to outfit competitors in outdated one-piece bathing suits. Instead of donning sexy evening gowns, contestants are similarly compelled to show up in fashions suitable for a high-school prom. They're also expected to be entertainers. Where else but in beauty pageants have you ever seen such awful actresses, singers, poets, and ballet dancers? Pageant "personality tests" are even more embarrassing than the talent segments. They usually consist of a single, childish question asked with

only one purpose in mind: to elicit an answer showing that the contestant is a *good* little girl. The good little girls quickly catch on to the game and often milk it to the max, with references to God and Country.

In any event, after the quiz the magic moment finally arrives, and the winner's name is announced. The new Miss There-She-Is sheds precisely 3.2 perfunctory tears and then collects her crown and roses, two tons of assorted cosmetics, enough pantyhose to last five lifetimes, a small amount of cash, and a contract obligating her to ride in parades and appear at shopping centers for an entire year.

Dumb, dumb, *dumb*.

Let us now pan in on *Penthouse* Publisher Bob Guccione, seated in front of a television set several years ago, watching Miss America being crowned. A thought comes to him: wouldn't it be a turn-on to dispense with all the infantile nonsense and plan a beauty pageant in which women were free to be their sensual selves? Instead of pretending it's still the 1950s, why not design a pageant for the 1980s? And why not instantly make it the world's most important pageant by offering the winner the biggest haul in the history of the genre—a grand prize worth a million dollars?

Seemed like a pretty good idea at the time, and Guccione went for it. Says he, "We're doing away with all the fatuous and unrealistic aspects of beauty pageants as we know them. Our Pet of the Year will be judged on how she looks and

moves, how bright and engaging she really is, and how she communicates with people—it all finally comes under the heading of personality . . . and that means sex appeal!"

Bob has a special bonus in store for his readers: soon after she wins her title, the \$1,000,000 Pet of the Year will be the subject of an extensive *Penthouse* centerfold feature . . . to be photographed by—you guessed it—the boss himself.

We're not talking about a slapdash promotion, either. Bob first considered putting on a million-dollar beauty pageant in the mid-seventies, but at that point he had neither the time nor the money to devote to the project. He was getting *Omni* off the ground, and whereas any other entrepreneur in his position would have borrowed the cash, Guccione did not. It's not his style.

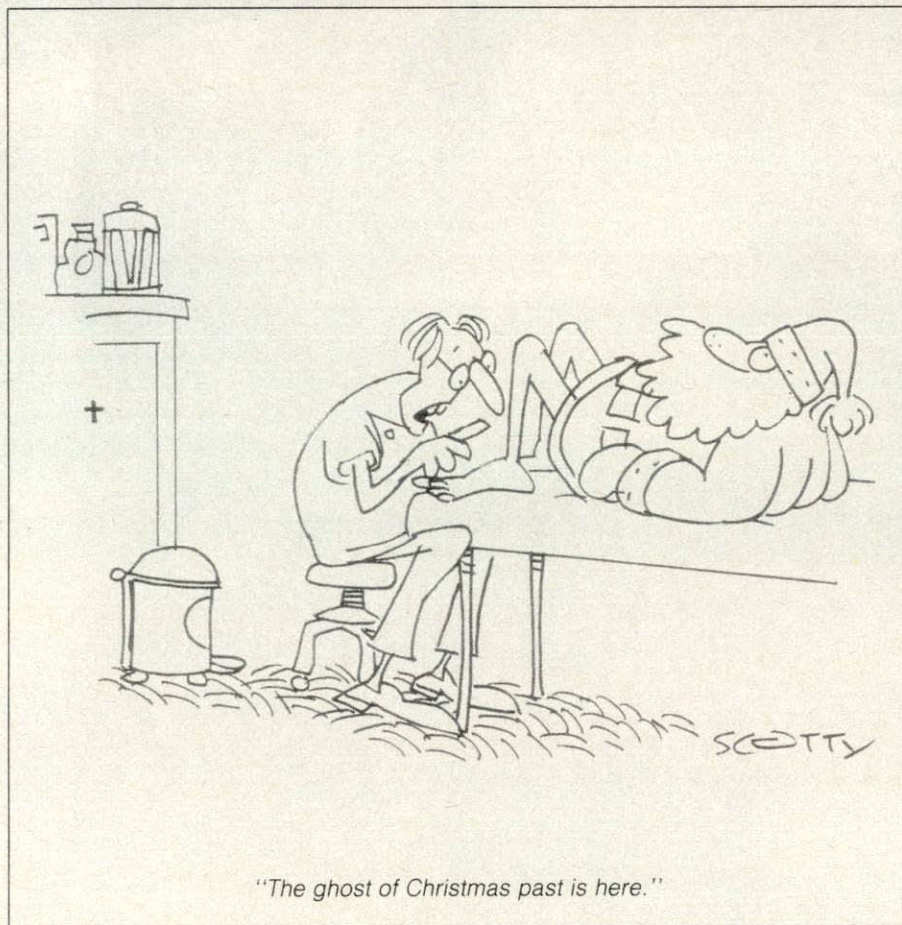
"I hate trying to raise money," he recently told a visitor to his seven-story Manhattan townhouse. "You wind up doing two things: begging for money, on the one hand, while trying to convince people that you've got a good idea, on the other. The response you usually get is that if it's such a good idea, why isn't somebody already doing it? Very demeaning! I had my fill of all that when I originally tried to start *Penthouse*, in 1962."

At that point, Bob Guccione was an artist living and working in London. He spent 1962 through most of 1965 trying to raise money for *Penthouse*, and the only backer he ever found offered to invest £500 sterling—then worth about \$1,250—in return for 51 percent of the proposed magazine. Guccione told him to get lost.

"Aside from trying to start the magazine," he recalled, "I hadn't worked during those three years, and in 1965, by the time I had scraped up enough credit to put out the first issue of *Penthouse*, I was already six months behind in my rent. Since then, everything *Penthouse* has achieved has been paid for out of its own internally generated resources—I've never gone out and borrowed money."

That held true for *Omni*, and it also held true when Bob chose to get his feet wet as a movie producer. He didn't want to make just *any* film, of course. He wanted to produce a movie cut from the same cloth as *Penthouse*, which is to say he consciously set out to shatter every conventional concept of cinematic sex. The result was *Caligula*, the world's first X-rated, big-budget movie epic.

Caligula didn't start out as a big-budget movie epic, however. Initially, *Caligula* was supposed to cost \$3 million, but as stars like Peter O'Toole, Malcolm McDowell, and Sir John Gielgud signed on, the film's budget grew to \$5 million and then to \$8 million and finally mushroomed to \$17.5 million. And Bob paid for the entire production out of his own pocket—a new record for the industry. "Again, I didn't want to go around asking people for money," he said, "and again, it turned out to be a fortunate decision."



"The ghost of Christmas past is here."

**Can you look this man straight in the eye
and honestly say you deserve Crown Royal?**







Caught between family loyalties and his own desire for freedom, Caspar Allman becomes an unwitting pawn in a dangerous game of political intrigue . . . an exclusive preview of Buckley's newest thriller, *The Story of Henri Tod*.

OPERATION RHEINGOLD

FICTION BY WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.

The bell on his desk rang timidly, almost hesitantly. As if especially trained to be obsequious, Walter Ulbricht, chairman of the Council of State of the German Democratic Republic and first secretary of the Socialist Unity Party, responded. Responses were available in any of a number of combinations.

"Why don't you get those little machines that make the lights blink on and off, Uncle Walter?"—Ulbricht's personal aide-de-camp, Caspar Allman, had asked him a few days before. "That way you could double the number of messages you could give Hilda."

"I have thought about that," Ulbricht replied, not looking up from his desk, and wondering for the one-thousandth time why he had agreed to take on his widowed sister Ilse's impossible son. Walter Ulbricht was certainly making up for executing the boy's father, he thought; though Caspar's extraordinary fluency in five languages protected the Chairman from charges of nepotism.

Today being Monday, Chairman Ulbricht

PAINTING BY JOHN RUSH

looked with particular resignation at his watch. The time was exactly eight o'clock. This meant that he would now be briefed by his chief of staff. He depressed both green buttons, and Herr Erik von Hausen opened the door and came in.

Ulbricht motioned him to the usual chair, a gesture von Hausen acknowledged with a "Good morning, Mr. Chairman." And, to one side, "Good morning, Caspar."

The Chairman said nothing. He leaned back slightly in his straight chair, the signal that von Hausen was to begin, which he did.

It was the day for the weekly report the Chairman dreaded most hearing. An account of how many East Berliners and East Germans have emigrated to West Berlin.

"I tell you, von Hausen," the Chairman declaimed, "pending a final solution to this problem, we have got to increase the difficulties of these cowardly traitors when they set out to desert their fatherland."

"We need"—the Chairman began to stride along the length of the room, his head bowed in concentration—"more public . . . emphasis on the nature of the treasonable activities of the Germans who go over to the capitalist-imperialist side of town. I have studied the breakdown you gave me last week. The number of doctors. Of engineers. Of technicians. We are a society of only 17 million people, who, at the rate at which this lesion is proceeding, will build our bridges tomorrow, cure our ill, repair our telephones?"

"Could we perhaps hire them to work here?" Caspar volunteered.

"You idiot! Hire our own workers to come back to *their* native country, and to do *their own work!*"

He reached his desk chair and sat down in silence. "The problem," he said, his voice steady, "is a problem of Comrade Khrushchev. He must be made to recognize this. Meanwhile, we must do what we can do pending a final solution. . . . Von Hausen, assemble your staff and come up with supplementary discouragements we might use. Either at the border-crossing points or this side of them. I want the emigration figure halved during the month of May. Halved. We will discuss other matters at our afternoon meeting."

"Yes, Mr. Chairman." Von Hausen bowed his head slightly and left the room.

The Chairman turned to his nephew. "Ah, Caspar. The problems of governing are sometimes of very near superhuman difficulty. What we must do, of course, is close the Berlin border. Permanently."

Walter Ulbricht looked out his window in the direction of the border. "I see there," he said, "a great wall."

"Oh, Uncle, walls don't work any more. Walls were for Chinese, way back when."

The Chairman paused, considering whether to expand on his thoughts in the matter. He decided against doing so, and instead called the meeting to a close. "I am lunching with the Polish Ambassador,

and we are conferring during the afternoon. I won't be back here until tomorrow. Get done whatever work you have pending, and take the afternoon off."

"Thank you, Uncle Walter."

Caspar walked out to the quiet, drab street, and to the stationery store on the corner with its public telephone. He went to the far corner of the shop and opened the telephone door. He dropped a tenpfennig piece, and dialed Claudia's number. The central operator at the Railway Division of the German Democratic Republic, Berlin Division, answered, and he asked to be put through to Claudia Kirch, in the office of Herbert Kohl. She answered the telephone.

"Office of Mr. Kohl, Miss Kirch speaking."

"Is this the most beautiful twenty-one-year-old girl in the socialist world, by any chance?"

"Mr. Kohl is busy at the moment, sir. Might I have a message for him?"

When he first saw
the minutes of Friday morning's
meeting, Tod was
breathless with excitement.
In Caspar Allman he
had a direct link with the inner
mind of the enemy.

"Yes. Please ask Mr. Kohl if he has any objections if the handsomest boy in East Germany makes love to the handsomest girl in East Germany at 5:30 this afternoon because, frankly, the handsomest boy in East Germany simply cannot be kept waiting any longer."

"I will deliver that message, sir. And where can he find you?"

"He will be waiting in the usual place. He would find it most convenient if Miss Claudia were to bring along a bottle of wine. Say a Johannesberg '59? It should be chilled. There will not be time to chill it before 5:30. In fact, by 5:30 it will be impossible to chill anything."

"I am sure he will do what he can."

Claudia put down the telephone, reached in her purse for her lipstick, and felt her heart beating. She opened the middle drawer on the left, felt with her fingers under the pile of Type-B envelopes, and pulled out his picture. She stared at the boy, standing in his swimming trunks, his left hand raised, leaning casually against the birch tree, the head slightly bent. He was smiling that languorous smile she found irresistible. His hair was long, and framed his pleasant young face,

locked gracefully over his young, lithe body. "Ah, Caspar," she whispered. "At 5:30. And again at 6:00? Who knows?" She shivered with anticipation and found herself wondering whether the stallmaster at the commissary would let her have the wine today, even though the week's coupons did not mature until the following day.

It lay there, forgotten except for its file number, in the northeast quadrant of the old station, on a siding. One of over two hundred similar railroad cars, their exteriors indistinguishable from one another, a dirty, rusty tan. Probably they had all been constructed in the same factory: probably at the Karl-Marx-Stadt Locomotive Works. Claudia did not know when last any of the moldy old cars had actually been pulled out of their siding. They were deemed antiquated. They had been pressed into special service during the war, and were not suited to such traveling as was encouraged since the foundation of the socialist state.

One day in September, Caspar came to the Ostbahnhof at noon during the lunch break, with two sandwiches and a thermos of tea. He had no trouble in gaining access to the large old station, which abutted the offices of the G.D.R.'s Railway Division, with his Category Z identification card. They lunched picnic style, sitting on one of the many benches near the station's side entrance. After lunch, Caspar said to Claudia that he would very much like to have a look at Car 10206, if it was by any chance in the station.

Claudia asked how on earth she would know where Car 10206 reposed. Caspar had said there were two ways of finding out. One was for Claudia to search out the relevant office and establish by looking at the archives where the car in question lay, if it was in Berlin. But probably simpler, he said, would be by touring and looking at the numbers. He had a pocket flashlight.

It was an exasperating business. There was no evidence of any apparent plan in laying up the cars. No one number logically preceded, or succeeded, another. But, she reflected, in fact it had not taken them very long. The car was the fourth, on the fourth siding from the westernmost. About two thirds of the way in from the office building. On Track 22, out of 29 tracks.

Caspar tried the door, which was locked. He ducked under the coupler and tried the door at the other side. Then he went to the other end of the car and did the same thing. But all the doors were locked. "Well," he said, "I'll have to think about that."

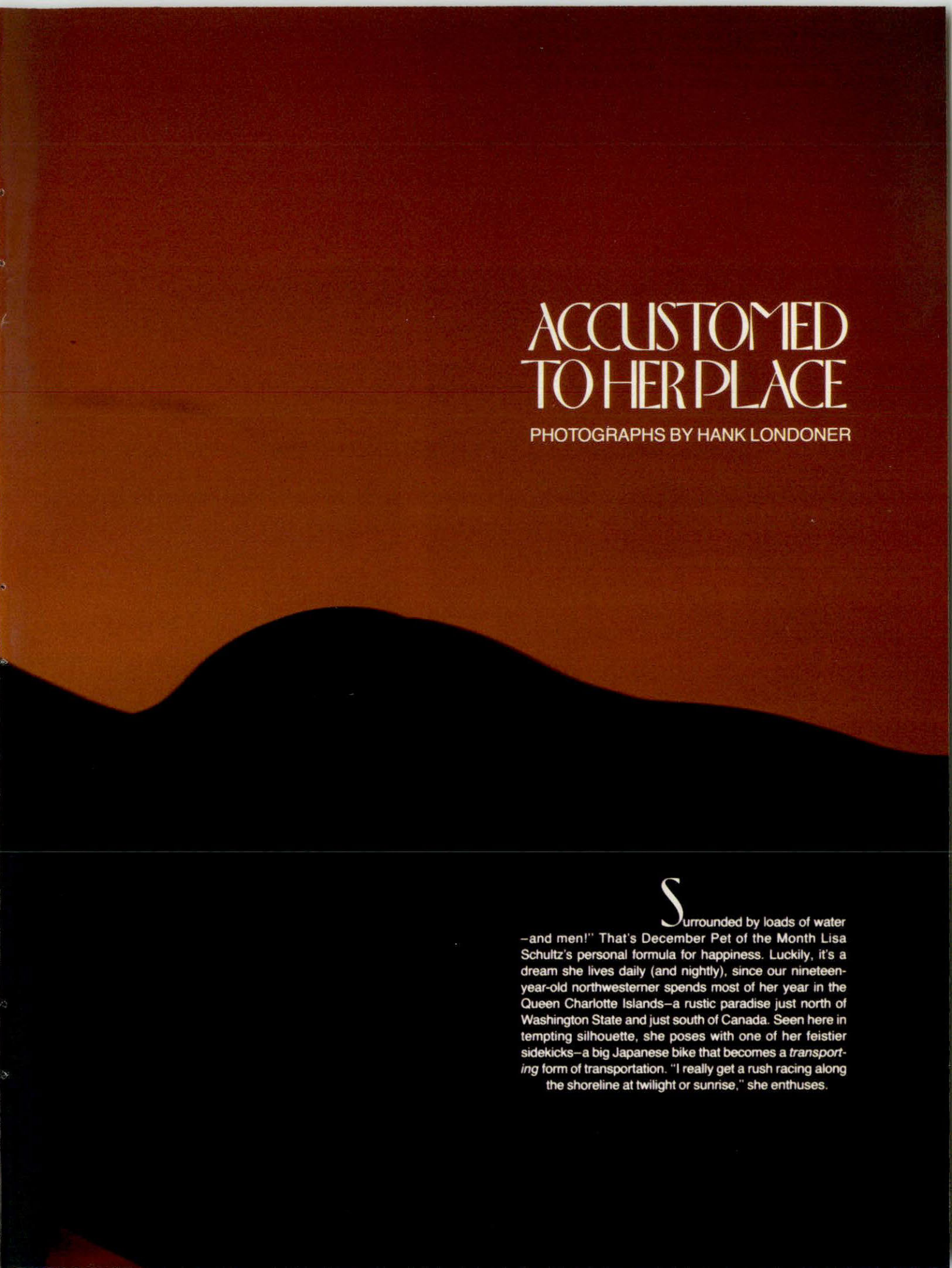
The very next day, Caspar called to suggest another lunch "at the station—like yesterday, okay?" She noticed that he ate his sandwich less indolently than usual. "You want to go back to the car?" she guessed. "Yes," he answered; and again he led her, half-eaten sandwich in her free hand. This time they walked past two dozen tracks directly to the car. Caspar took



LISA

☛ Men have always been bowled over by me...and I love it! ☛





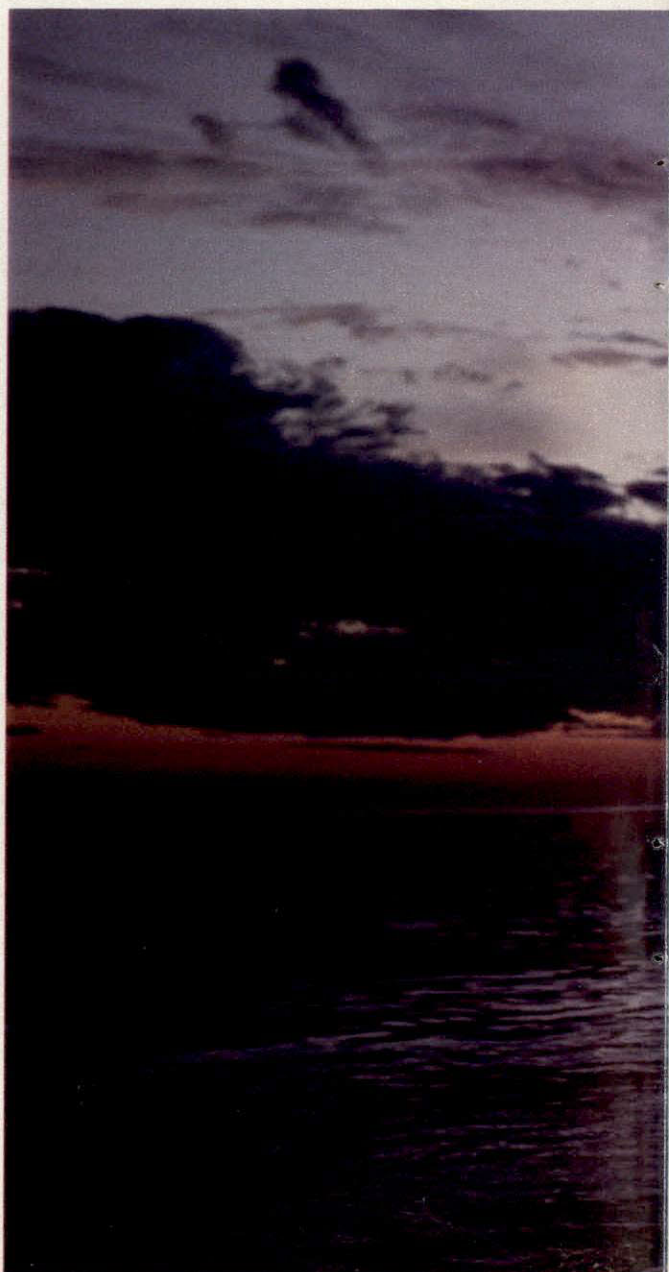
ACCUSTOMED TO HER PLACE

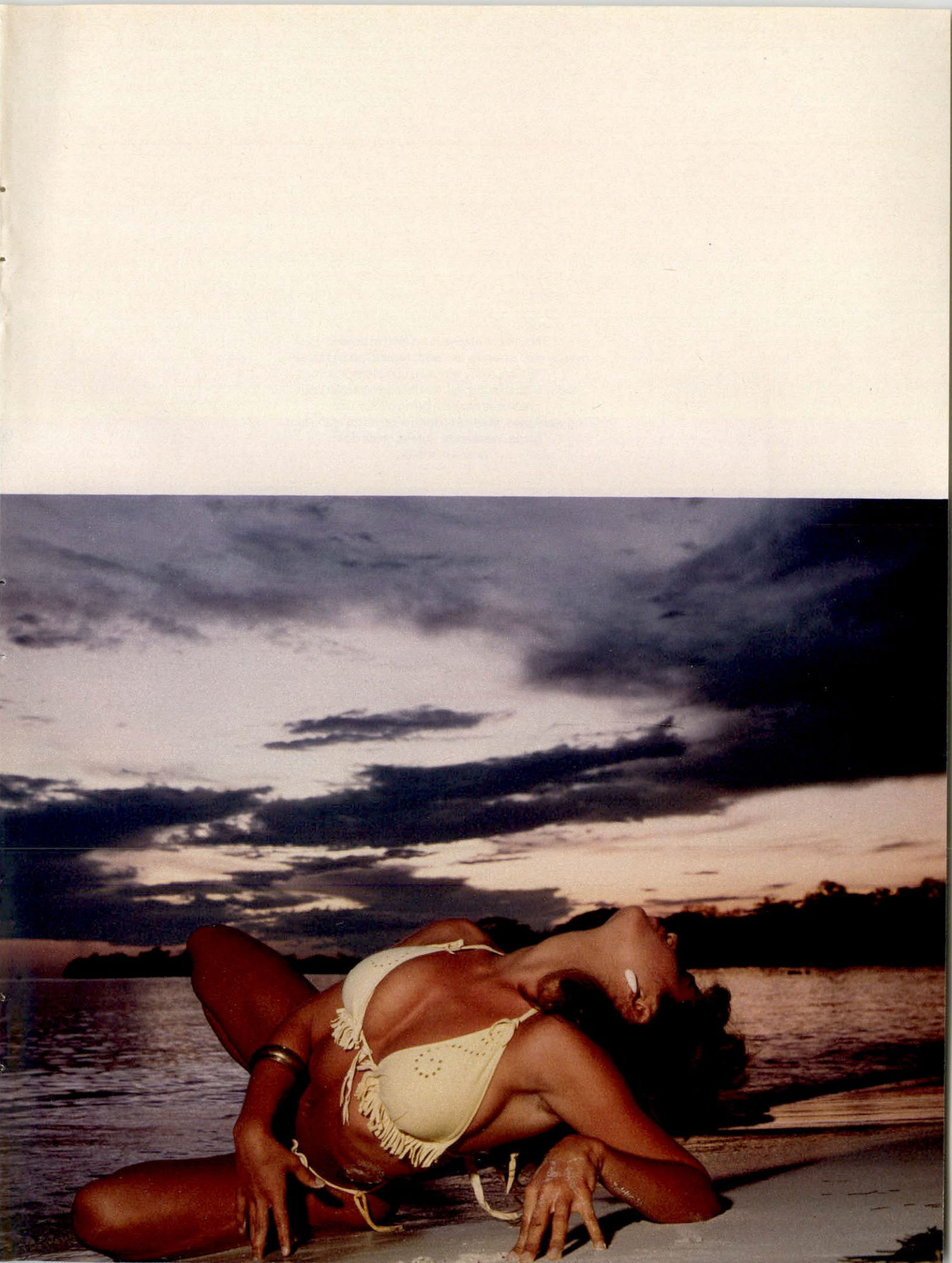
PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANK LONDONER

Surrounded by loads of water—and men!" That's December Pet of the Month Lisa Schultz's personal formula for happiness. Luckily, it's a dream she lives daily (and nightly), since our nineteen-year-old northwesterner spends most of her year in the Queen Charlotte Islands—a rustic paradise just north of Washington State and just south of Canada. Seen here in tempting silhouette, she poses with one of her feistier sidekicks—a big Japanese bike that becomes a *transporting* form of transportation. "I really get a rush racing along the shoreline at twilight or sunrise," she enthuses.



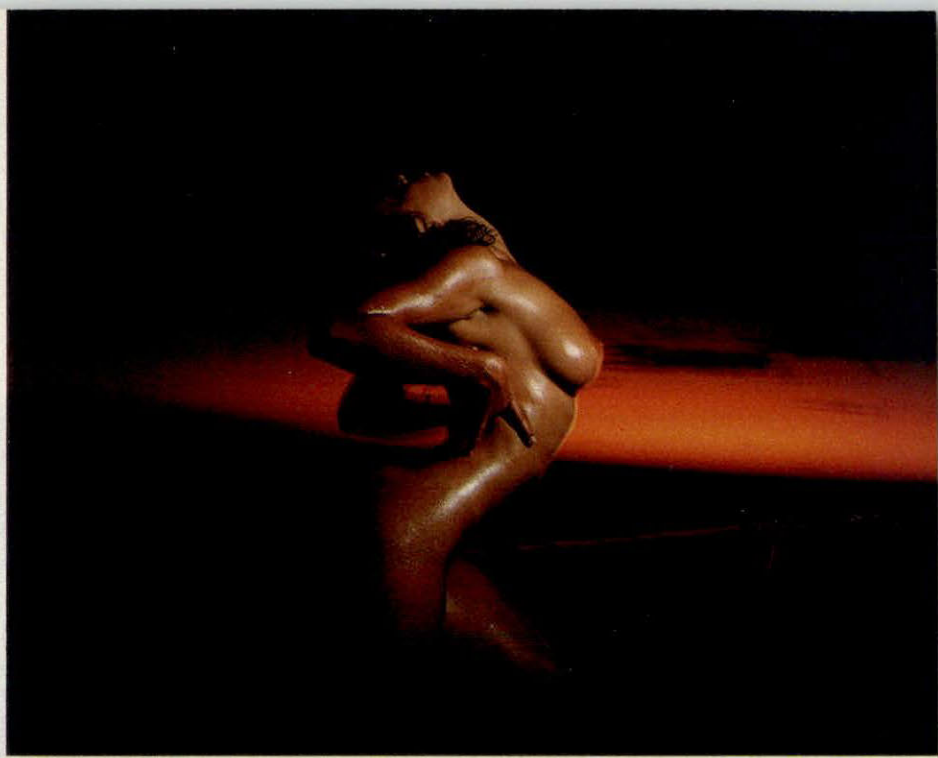
Instead of the mini-headsets city people use to drown out their environment, Lisa is into natural stereo... "the whoosh of wind in my ears and the ocean's roar." Also, when audiences abound, the ecstatic roar of the crowd. On this subject, our five-foot-two, 36-24-36-inch Pet is less than coy....





"Men have always been kind of bowled over by me," she tells us, "and I have to admit I love it!"
To Lisa, a day without a compliment is a day without sunshine. Not that being ornamental precludes her from being useful. During weekdays, she holds down a job as an island tour guide. Weekends, our Pet holds down her own little fort....









"My dad built a little cabin for me right on the water, but I take care of everything else myself." Including hauling her own water and chopping her

own firewood. She's also gleefully addicted to hiking and skiing. "I may not look it," she boasts, "but I'm strong as an ox." Inspiring visions of a muscle-beach party for two...



The qualities she admires most in men have nothing to do with their looks, though she does have a weakness for hairy-chested men wearing lumberjack shirts and a day's

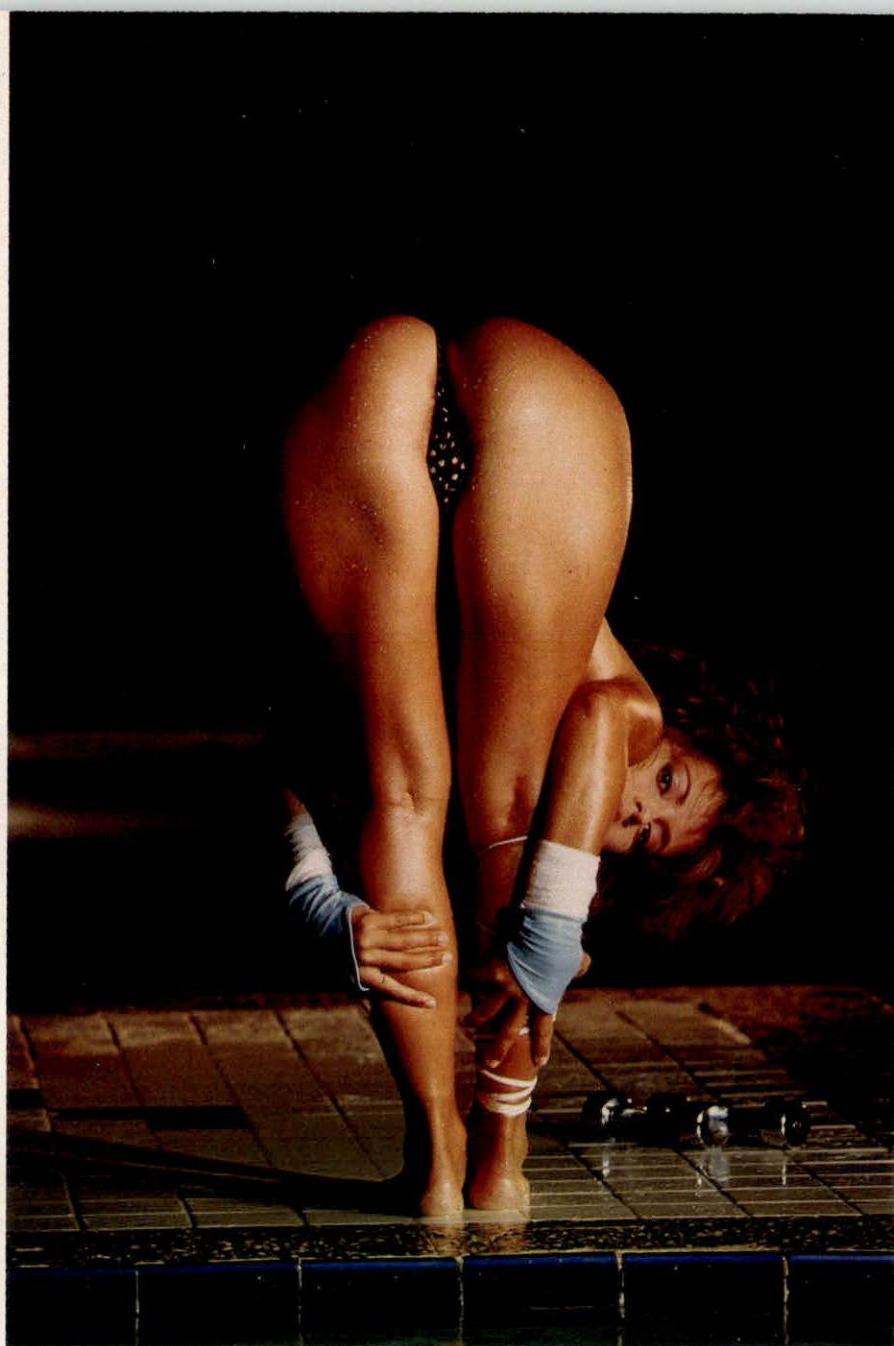


growth of beard. "What I like are men who are smart and energetic and adventurous —men I can learn from." Not that they won't learn a thing or two from Lisa in the bargain...



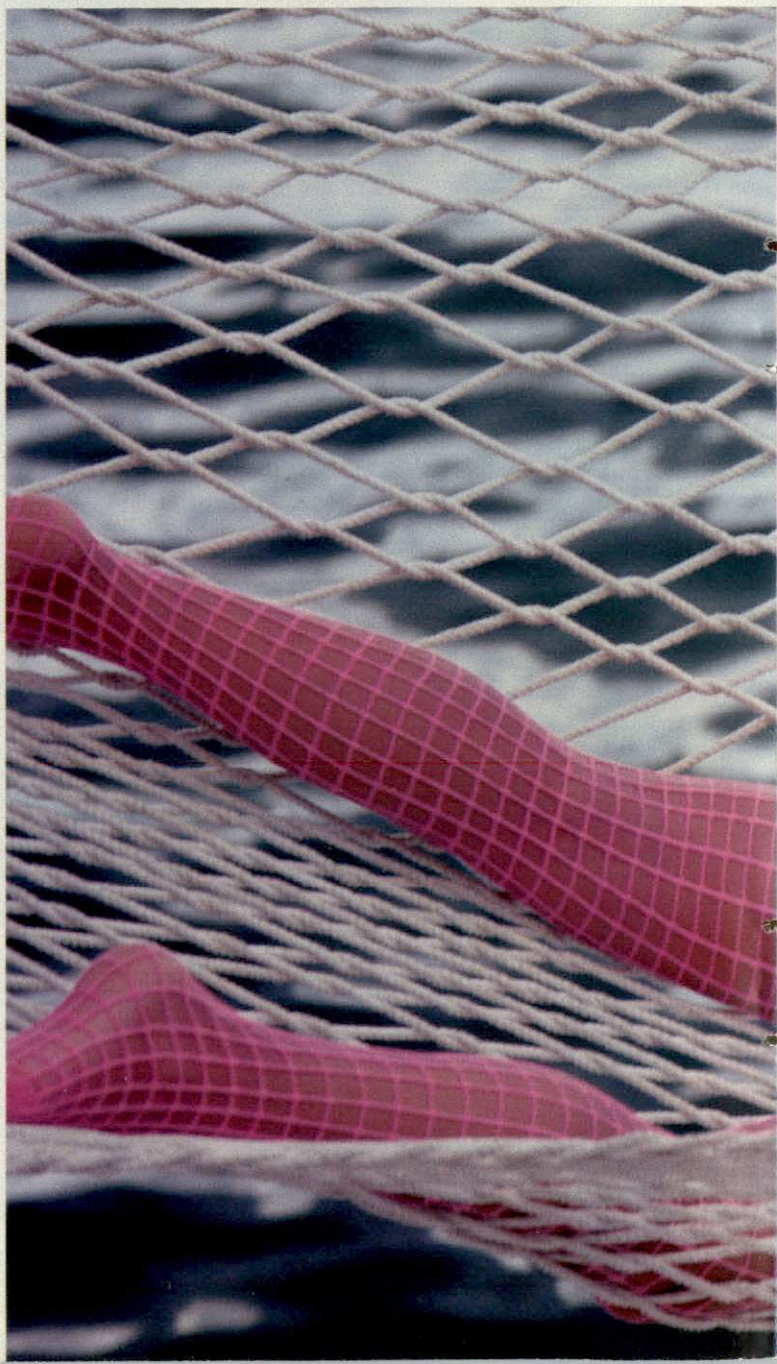


Lisa's other addiction is travel, and she doesn't mean tourist class. "I like to stay where people live ... interesting people, steep myself in their lifestyle and customs. I really like collecting new experiences and just absorbing things like a sponge," adds our luscious adventuress, displaying two of her more decidedly squeezable assets....





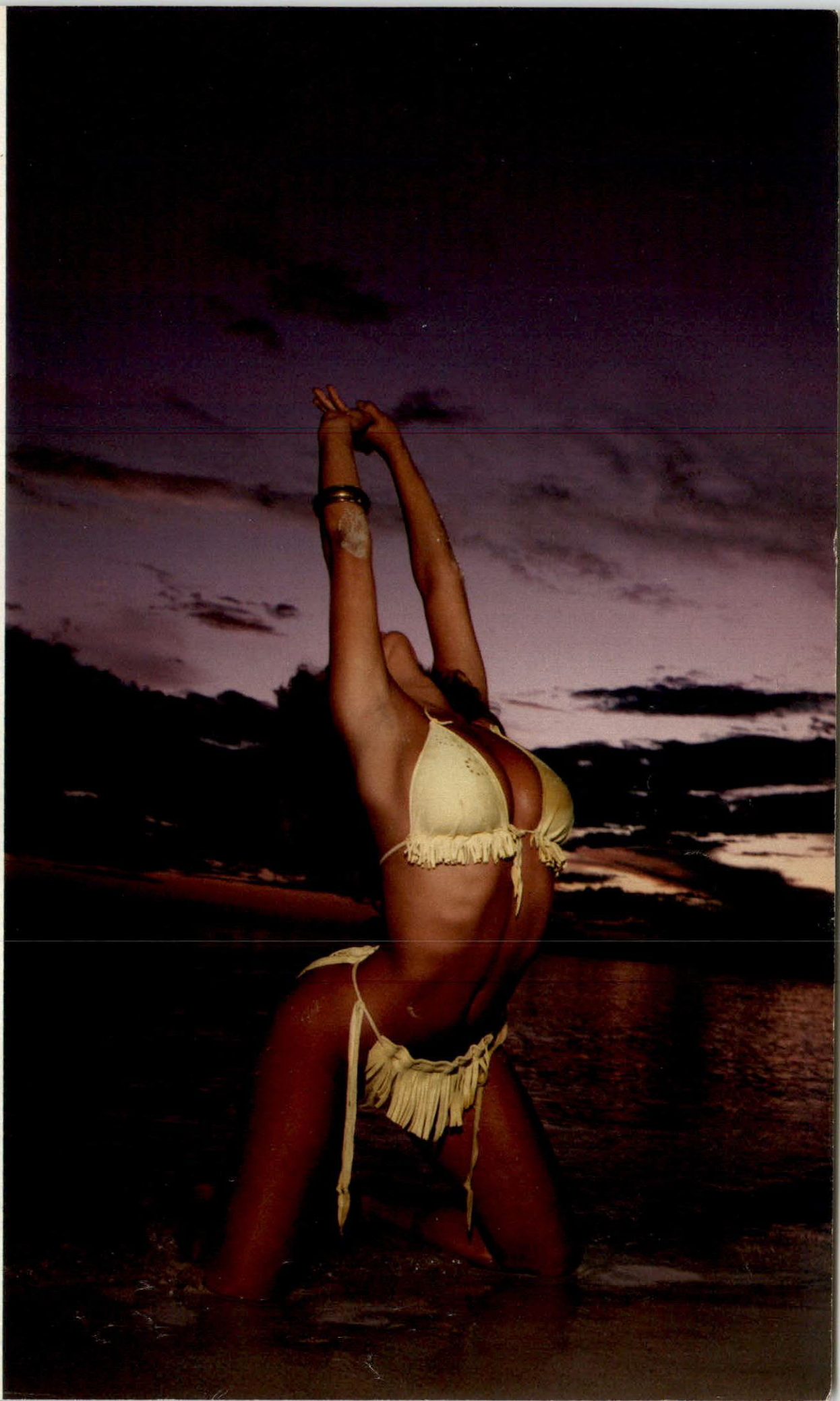
When it comes to discussing her sexual preferences, our normally outspoken Pet turns a little bit shy. "It's really hard to say," she demurs. "Every man is so different in bed, it's unique with each new partner...." Does this mean she prefers playing the field to a steady relationship? Lisa replies with a mischievous smile, "Like I said, I love to collect experiences...."







Not that Lisa lives only for the moment. She has every intention of heading for New York and a career as a professional dancer. Till then, though, she's one of her own island's most natural beauties. Of course, with Lisa even a desert island would seem an oasis!





MISS LISA SCHULTZ/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH





THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

This Christmas will be a bit brighter for some Vietnam veterans, because Congress has passed and President Reagan has signed into law the Emergency Veterans' Job Training Act of 1983. The Act will make available on-the-job-training opportunities for Vietnam and Korean veterans, and it will pay employers 50 percent of the veteran's starting wage—up to \$10,000 per veteran—to help defray training costs.

The maximum training period will be fifteen months. This will apply to all veterans with a service-related disability rated at 30 percent or more, and to those veterans whose disability has been rated at 20 percent or 10 percent and who have been designated as having a serious handicap. Assistance will be limited to nine months for all other eligible veterans.

An employer desiring to participate in the program should submit an application to the VA administrator. Accompanying this must be certification that (a) the veteran will be employed in a position for which he has been trained, (b) the position will be stable and permanent, (c) wages and benefits will not be less than those paid to other employees participating in comparable job-training programs, (d) employment of the veteran will not result in the displacement of any currently employed workers, (e) the veteran will not be placed in a job from which another person has been temporarily laid off, and (f) the opening was not created by terminating employment of a regular employee.

To be eligible for the job-training program, a veteran must have been unemployed for at least fifteen of the twenty weeks immediately preceding the date of his or her application, and during that time he must have been *available* for work. Any veteran who wants to participate must submit an application to the VA administrator, and he must include certification that he or she is unemployed and meets the other criteria for eligibility established by the Act.

The VA administrator will approve a veteran's application if that veteran is eligible. If an application is approved, the veteran will be given a certificate of eligibility to be presented to an employer who will provide him with job training that meets specified requirements. Any such certificate will expire sixty days after it is issued, but it may be renewed.

The importance of this legislation cannot be underestimated. In June 1983, 619,000 Vietnam veterans were unemployed and looking for work. Of this number, 365,000 between the ages of twenty-five and forty-four have been out of work for fifteen weeks or longer. Although more recent figures from the Bureau of Labor Statistics suggest that the situation is improving, they also show that the problem persists and that the unemployment gap between veterans and nonveterans remains significant.

This long-overdue legislation, which will be administered by the VA rather than the Department of Labor, has traveled a rocky road from inception to passage. For years, unemployment and underemployment of Vietnam veterans has been dismissed as insignificant, a problem that the "private sector"

could handle in its own way. As a consequence of this attitude, the nation as a whole has lost a great deal by not acting promptly to bring Vietnam veterans into the mainstream of American economic activity.

The Act will provide up to \$300 million for job-training programs over the next two fiscal years. In signing the Act, President Reagan said his support "demonstrates a special commitment to those who have served in the military." Though the "commitment" the president spoke of may prove to be too little and too late, it is at least a step in the right direction.

Though many persons worked long and hard on this legislation, *Penthouse* acknowledges with special thanks the efforts of Congressman G. V. ("Sonny") Montgomery (Dem.-Miss.), chairman of the House Committee on Veterans' Affairs. Because of Sonny Montgomery's untiring efforts over the past half-dozen years, the Act is now law. It meets the problems of veterans head on.

In commenting upon his handiwork, Montgomery emphasized that the job-training program "is designed not only to get veterans working again but also to narrow the gap between veterans and their civilian counterparts, whose education and employment were *not* interrupted by military service." To that we say, "Amen!" and we strongly urge America's businesses, both big and small, to participate in this worthwhile and long-overdue program.—William R. Corson. 

“President Reagan has signed into law the Emergency Veterans’ Job Training Act. It is long overdue. The unemployment gap between veterans and nonveterans remains significant.”

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 2 mg. "tar," 0.3 mg. nicotine;
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av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. 1983.

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ADVISE & DISSENT

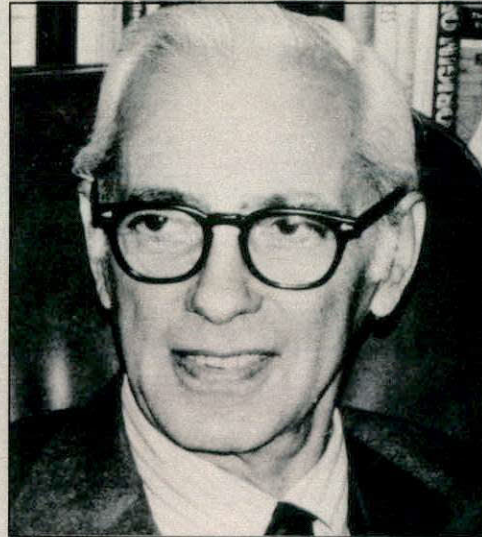
OPINION

In a best-selling novel of 1973, *The Terminal Man*, author Michael Crichton told a harrowing tale of science fiction in which a group of neurosurgeons with power on their minds contrived to wire an individual to a computer in order to correct and command his behavior by remote control. The rationale for the electrical hookup, and for its potential extension to millions of other troubled and troubling souls, was explained by a fictional doctor in terms of the supposed physical causation of violent behavior. "You cannot correct physical brain damage with social remedies," he says at one point, maintaining that his solution "shoots down a lot of theories about poverty and discrimination and social injustice and social disorganization."

Crichton drew heavily for his evidence and argument upon a scientific treatise published three years earlier, *Violence and the Brain*, by Vernon H. Mark, a neurosurgeon, and Frank R. Ervin, a psychiatrist who had been Crichton's teacher at Harvard. Mark and Ervin's thesis—written at the crest of the wave of '60s riots, protests, and demonstrations—was that the real cause of these eruptions was in the damaged brains of the culprits rather than in the overpublicized area of so-called social problems. Not only that: their research had convinced these psychosurgeons that there were at large about 10 million Americans suffering from "obvious brain disease" and another 5 million with more "subtle" brain damage, all of whom were prone to sudden outbreaks of rage, assault, and general violence. Given that dire mass diagnosis, the prognosis seemed to them as obvious as it was urgent: namely, the administration of a mass-screening program to weed out those Americans with a "potential for violence" and apply to them the necessary psychosurgical preventive measures.

It would be quite an operation. Fortunately, the doctors had at their disposal new and improved psychotechnology that could solve the problem at a stroke, so to speak. It involved the implantation of electrodes in the brain—specifically, in the limbic system, which is thought to regulate emotionality—thereby enabling the surgeon either to control mood and behavior through stimulating the "guilty" cells with a weak alternating current or to destroy them altogether with a stronger direct current. The first of these alternatives is the procedure known as electrical stimulation of the brain (ESB); the second is a now conventional form of psychosurgery.

A case presented by Mark and Ervin as supportive of their claims was that of Thomas R., whom they described as "a brilliant, thirty-four-year-old engineer, with several important patents to his credit." Hospitalized by his psychiatrist for periodic attacks of rage and alleged assaultive behavior, Thomas came under the tender, loving care of Mark and Ervin, who first subjected him to a ten-week brain scan, using implanted electrodes to "pinpoint" the exact source of the trouble. Next, they sought Thomas's consent to their surgery but were surprised to discover that "the suggestion that the medial portion of his temporal lobe was to be destroyed . . . would provoke wild, disordered thinking." The doctors countered this unseemly resistance by the judicious application of ESB: "Under the effects of lateral amygdala stimulation, [Thomas] showed bland acquiescence to the suggestion." Unfortunately, when the ef-



BY ASHLEY MONTAGU

The author, one of America's leading social scientists, is a professor at Princeton University and author of more than fifty books, including *Growing Young*. This essay is excerpted from the forthcoming book *The Dehuman Syndrome*, by Ashley Montagu and Floyd Matson, which will be published by McGraw-Hill.

TERMINAL MEN



Whatever enhances the holiday spirit! Whether you mix Seagram's 7 with eggnog, or your favorite mixer, it'll get your holidays stirring. So mix in good cheer...and good sense. With the gift that's always in good taste—Seagram's 7.

**Nothing was stirring but
Seagram's Seven and...**



Seagram's

● It is not the will of the mind controllers to enhance individual freedom. . . . If they should have their way, theirs would be the final revolution—after which the human race would give no further trouble. ●

fects of the soothing probe wore off, the patient again "turned wild and unmanageable," the doctors reported. "The idea of anyone's making a destructive lesion in his brain enraged him. He absolutely refused any further therapy, and it took many weeks of patient explanation before he accepted the idea of bilateral lesions being made in his medial amygdala." The doctors' persuasive stimulation having finally prevailed, they performed the psychosurgery. Later, looking back with pride, Mark and Ervin reported on their apparent success: "Four years have passed since the operation, during which time Thomas has not had a single episode of rage. He continues, however, to have an occasional epileptic seizure with periods of confusion and disordered thinking."

That terse summing up of the case of Thomas R., with its bland implication of general success, turns out to have been misleading at best. A different story emerged as the result of an independent follow-up investigation carried out at the request of Thomas's family by Dr. Peter Breggin, the psychiatrist who wrote the report on the return of psychosurgery and lobotomy. Breggin's report made two crucial points: first, the drastic operation was almost certainly uncalled for on the basis of Thomas's actual behavior and diagnosed condition; second, as a result of the treatment Thomas lost his job and his engineering career, was divorced by his wife, became unable to cope with ordinary social reality, was several times hospitalized, and became, in his mother's words, "almost a vegetable." Breggin summarized the outcome rather differently than Mark and Ervin did: "Thomas is chronically deluded and hallucinates frequently; he lives in constant terror that surgeons will again control his mind."

Thomas's apprehension is not unjustified. More than a few psychosurgeons, among them the ubiquitous Mark and Ervin, have proposed programs of mass surveillance and behavioral control of various suspect elements of the population through the surgical implantation of electrodes or other monitoring devices—two-way pacemakers for the mind—some of which would permit electrical stimulation of the brain on command. Among the most attractive of these new means is the promising technology of ESB, which has the advantages of being relatively painless and apparently nonpermanent in its impact upon brain tissue. Best of all, the godlike power of electronic remote control and fine-tuning of deviant behavior is conferred through the implanted electrodes, which can be activated at a distance of many miles.

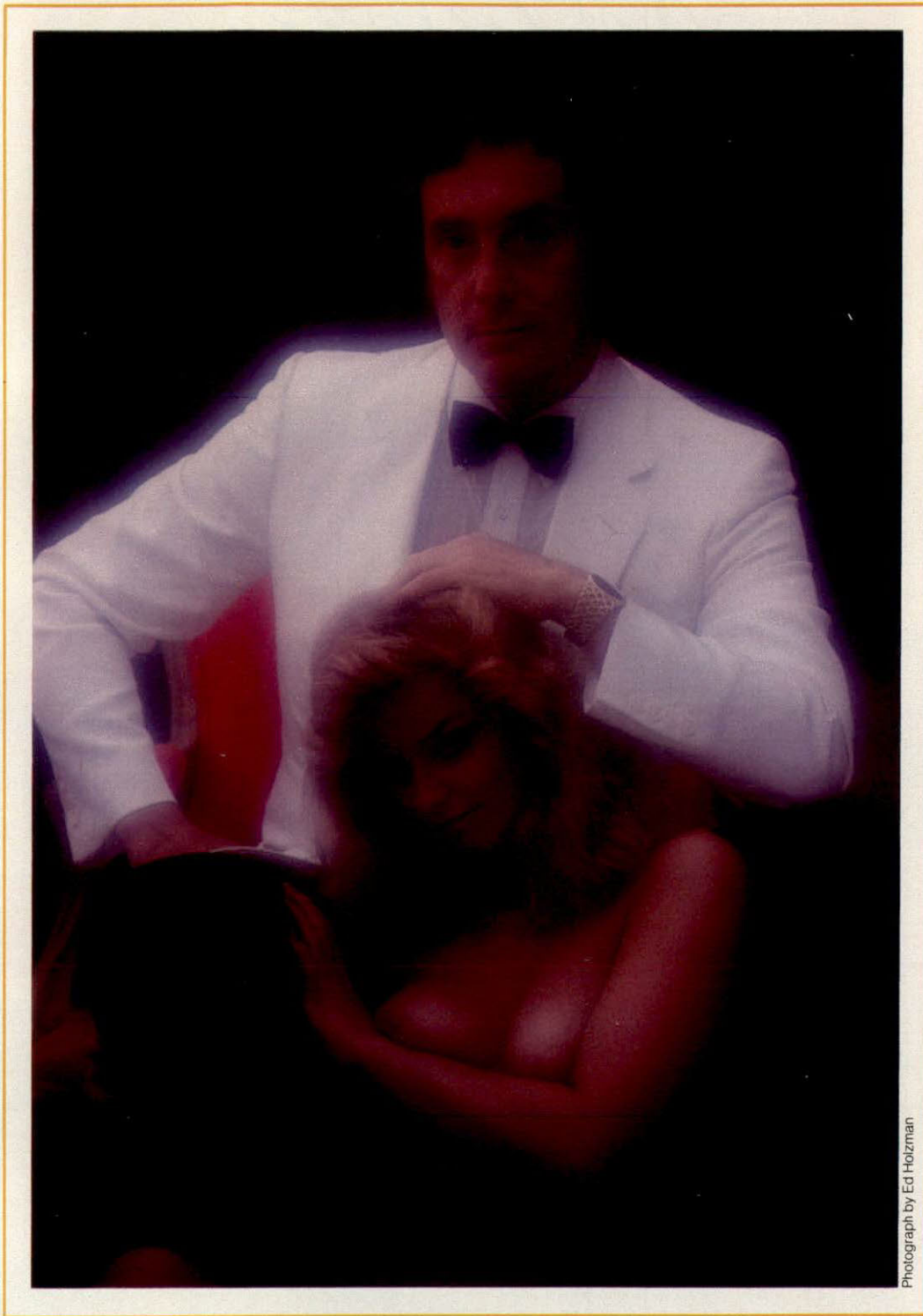
One of the most impressive surveillance scenarios, as reported by Chavkin in *The Mind Stealers*, was the "Crime Deterrent Transponder System" an elaborate scheme devised by a Defense Department Computer expert named J. A. Meyer. His plan, which was projected ultimately to embrace some hundreds of thousands of wired human subjects, involved the attachment of tiny radio transceivers to the persons of "criminal recidivists, parolees and bailees to identify them and detect their whereabouts." Meyer proposed that the "high crime area" of New York's Harlem, a 400-block region, could be effectively monitored on a street-by-street basis by "a system of about 250 transceivers" strung about the region and send-

ing off signals—like little electric parasites feeding off human hosts. With this ingenious network of bugs, the activities not only of subscribers but of all whom they might contact could be checked out; the unfortunate parolees would in effect become stool pigeons for the system. Meanwhile, Big Brother and a legion of "little brothers" would be able to follow every move of the trapped victims: "At their place of work, a human surveillance system will operate. Low-power transceivers in their domiciles can monitor them indoors. Alarm transceivers in banks, stores, and other buildings would warn security personnel of their approach." And the bugged subscribers, deprived not only of freedom of movement but of effective self-direction and self-control, would become nothing less than inmates of the first electronic prison without walls.

Proposals such as this—alternately described in the literature as "telemetric surveillance" and "electronic rehabilitation"—have been advanced by imaginative behavioral technologists over the last decade and a half to meet a variety of regulatory demands. Ralph K. Schwitzgebel, a psychologist and inventor with a number of experimental applications of group ESB to his credit, has recognized how far such electronic bugging could be carried by persons less scrupulous than himself: "Some administrators may wish, for example, to control certain behaviors by high-risk probationers, suspects in gang war activity, Communist Party members, or government employees." Targeted individuals might be "committed on minor violations for the purpose of later releasing them under surveillance." With the availability of such secret antipersonal weapons and with the advent of a social climate in which their use against the citizenry can be seriously contemplated, we find ourselves no longer dealing with the world of science fiction but with the present options of science fact.

Behavior modification, with its brute offspring of electroshock therapy and psychosurgery, is the creature of an apprehensive society in full retreat from the ancestral values of the Bill of Rights and its accumulated legacy of constitutional law focused upon the *person*—a law manifesting a concern for his liberty and a respect for his privacy, extending around him a blanket of immunities and protections, and furnishing a framework for the free exercise of self-expression and self-determination. That democratic spirit, with its generous faith in the potential of human nature (what used to be called its "indefinite perfectibility"), has represented the mainstream of American thought and belief up to the present day—when it has been abruptly and formidably challenged by forces of reaction whose hour, it is supposed, has come round at last.

It is not the will or purpose of the mind controllers to enhance individual freedom and dignity, even if they knew the means; that would only compound the problem of a society already too diverse and disputatious, too riddled with dissenters and troublemakers. What they offer instead is a scientific method—laboratory tested and asylum proven—for the total elimination of mental and social disorder and the mass production of good behavior. If they should have their way, as Huxley prophesied, theirs would be the final revolution—after which the human race would give no further trouble. ○



SHEILA



Pet of the Year

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

Once again, the readers and editors of *Penthouse* have admirably discharged their civic and aesthetic responsibilities by selecting our 1983 Pet of the Year. The winner is Sheila Kennedy, a terrific Tennessee native and a beautiful, brown-eyed bombshell. While Miss Kennedy bears no relation to a certain famous political clan of the same name, our effervescent 35-22-35-inch winner has at least equaled their vote-getting appeal, a quality that may prove helpful when she competes in the \$1,000,000 Pet of the Year Pageant (page 84).





This year, our beauty queen's ransom in gifts and prizes includes a hand-sequined gray-and-black halter-top evening gown by Swee Lo, as well as a natural jasmine white mink

opera cape, full-length and reversible, by Flemington Fur Co. Her majesty's transportation includes an '84 Mitsubishi Cordia Turbo Sports Coupé and a 2WD turbo diesel truck.



Photograph by Jeffrey Zwart





Makeup and styling by Kathy Keeton.



According to Sheila, winning the Pet of the Year crown was a total surprise, which lifted her spirits from the hills of Tennessee to the top of the world. "Since I first appeared as Pet of the Month in Decem-

ber 1981, Bob and Kathy have given me support and been my backbone. They've literally made me what I am today." What she is today is a talented and fast-rising actress.





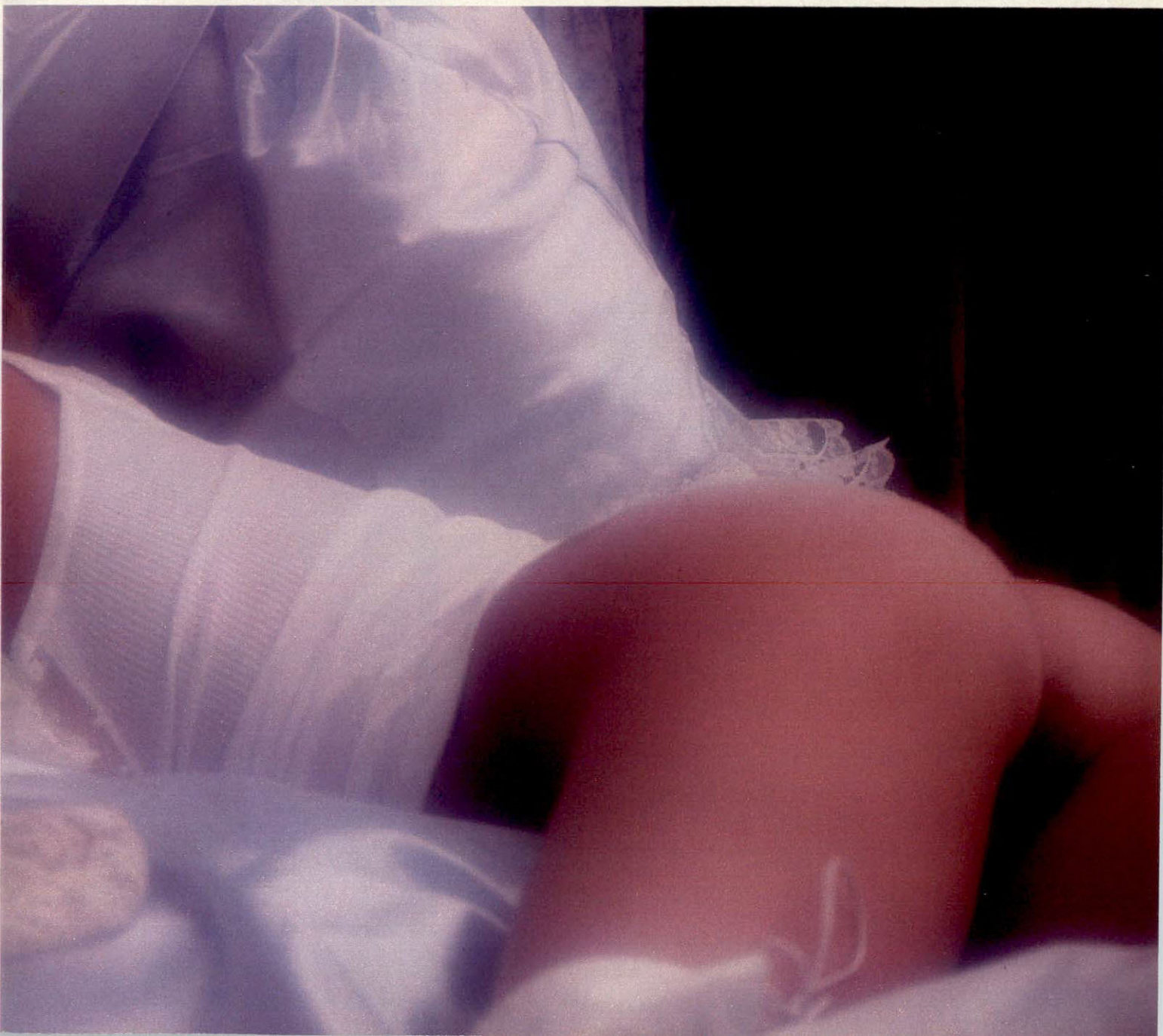


In addition to television appearances and small parts in *Moonbeam*, *Spring Break*, and *Nature Hunt*, Sheila landed the leading role as the title character of *Ellie*, a major motion picture co-starring George Gobel and Shelley Winters.



The small-town girl who used to wish on stars is becoming one herself, aided by her flawless photogenic form. "Bob Guccione," she says, "is a genuine genius with a camera!..."







"I'll never, ever allow another man to photograph me in the nude!" A dedicated film buff, Sheila likens Guccione's talent to that of Bertolucci in the highly acclaimed *Last Tango in Paris*:

"He elevates the depiction of human sexuality to the level of fine art." Another favorite movie is *The Godfather*—and Francis Ford Coppola is at the top of her list of dream directors. Landing a role opposite Richard Gere is another cherished fantasy.







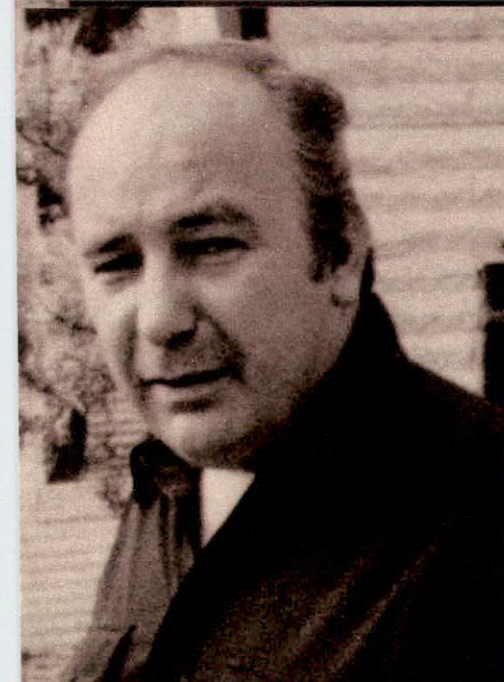
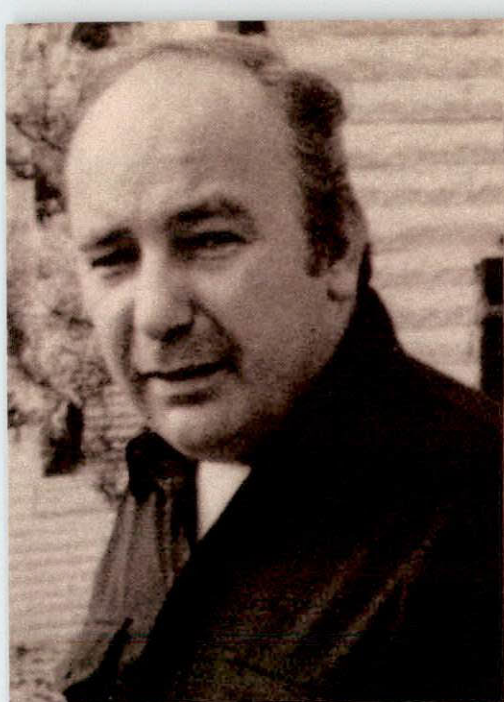
And her ideal man in more general terms is the young actor-singer Leif Garrett. Her ideal woman? Her younger sister, Gigi, "who never judges me but always loves me." For our part, we've loved judging Sheila: she's A-plus Number One! 

More of Sheila's incredible gifts can be found on pages 184-187.









PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

• The United States is not immune from Palestinian terrorism. There are a great many Palestinians in New York, Miami, and California who consider themselves warriors. And there could be occurrences . . . such as at the Olympics next year. •

FRANK TERPIL

Frank Terpil, a fugitive ex-CIA operative and one of the world's most dangerous and wanted men, is alive and well and living . . . from day to day . . . in luxurious hiding. A former intelligence adviser to deposed Ugandan dictator Idi Amin and to Libyan strongman Muammar el-Qaddafi, Terpil moves incognito through a world that can only be compared to Robert Ludlum's fiction. He has played host to Carlos ("The Jackal") Ramires, he is a consultant to the PLO, he has contacts in more than a dozen foreign intelligence services on both sides of the ideological curtain, and he was the onetime business partner of renegade CIA agent Edwin P. Wilson.

Terpil became a fugitive in September 1980. He fled to Syria to avoid trial on charges stemming from a scheme to sell 10,000 British Sten guns to undercover detectives posing as revolutionaries. Terpil and an associate, Gary Korkala, were both tried in absentia, in New York, and sentenced to fifty-three years in prison with the recommendation that neither man receive parole. That, however, was only one of the charges against Terpil. Other counts against him still outstanding involve the alleged training of terrorists in Libya, the illicit transfer of explosives aboard a commercial airliner, violations of passport laws and the Foreign Agents Registration Act, and solicitation to murder.

Before the indictments came raining down upon him, Terpil was a respected, if somewhat mysterious, man of affairs. Brooklyn-born and -bred, he retired from the CIA in 1971, having spent seven years as a communications technician in the inner sanctum of the U.S. intelligence community. Streetwise and ambitious, he was a natural entrepreneur, with a penchant for big houses, big cars, petite mistresses, and enough servants to keep it all running smoothly. Well-liked, amoral, and superbly well connected, he became a middleman in the international arms bazaar, supplying weapons with silencing devices, binary explosives, poison kits, helicopters, electronic eavesdropping equipment, mili-

tary uniforms, mercenaries, and coups d'état to the highest bidders. It was literally a cutthroat business, and it proved to be a profitable one as well. Within a few years of leaving the CIA, Terpil was a multimillionaire, concealing his wealth through the anonymity of Swiss bank accounts and Liberian fronts while acquiring a Rolls-Royce, a small British hotel, objets d'art, and town houses in Washington, London, and Paris.

In the constellation of conspiracies known collectively as "the Wilson-Terpil case," Terpil remains the only indicted conspirator still at large. Edwin Wilson, lured back to the United States in 1982 by a canny federal prosecutor, proceeds from trial to trial, keeping his mouth shut while accumulating sentences of millenarian proportions. Gary Korkala, arrested in Spain earlier this year, was returned to the United States with the proviso that he would receive a new trial. Others implicated in the case have pleaded guilty to a variety of charges, and some have entered the government's Federal Witness Protection Program, and not a few have died—violently or unexpectedly. Among the last-named: Kevin Mulcahy, the ex-CIA officer whose ad hoc investigation of the case led to Wilson's exposure, was found dead at a motel in West Virginia; Waldo Dubberstein, a top analyst with the Defense Intelligence Agency from whom Wilson allegedly purchased classified information for transmission to Libya, was found dead of a shotgun wound, apparently self-inflicted; and Rafael Villaverde, an anti-Castro Cuban hit man, is presumed dead after an explosion at sea, off the coast of Bermuda.

The importance of the Wilson-Terpil case goes far beyond the particular indictments brought to date. What is at issue is not only the question of who shot whom, and why, but also the pattern of violent criminal activity involving the corruption of public officials in Congress, the military, and the CIA; the sale of secrets and high-technology hardware to avowed enemies of the United States; and the extent to

which these commercial intelligence operations have compromised national security and the workings of the U.S. government. As our interview with Frank Terpil makes clear, there is a panoply of questions that remain to be answered. These questions concern the CIA's alleged involvement in opium trade; the relationship between the CIA and the mysterious Nugan Hand Bank; the use of CIA personnel to train Mehmet Ali Agca, the would-be assassin of the pope; Ed Wilson's relationship to South Korean intelligence agent Tong Sun Park; the CIA's apparent access to a stable of hired assassins; and the acquisition of assassination weapons by an elite American military unit stationed at Fort Bragg, N.C.

Because, of course, Frank Terpil did not sell his wares to terrorists alone: U.S. government agencies were also among his customers. Which raises the question: are the CIA and the American military still in the assassination business? If not, then why would the latter commission Terpil to acquire handguns that were not merely silent but "sterile"—i.e., manufactured in Switzerland and impossible to trace? So, too, when it came time for Terpil to hire a team of assassins to hit Libyan dissident Umar Abdullah Muhayshi, it was from a pool of CIA contract agents that the intended hit men were selected. If the CIA is not in the assassination business, then why does it employ agents known precisely for that expertise?

Penthouse: What was your life like before you fled the States?

Terpil: I was an up-and-coming Washington millionaire, with all the assets: big house, the right cars, the right address, office building, all the respectable amenities that go with success in Washington.

Penthouse: And your business?

Terpil: Import-export. I also owned a manufacturing business which aided law-enforcement agencies. I manufactured the Denver boot [a tire-locking device], for scofflaw parking violators.

Penthouse: Do you feel strongly about scofflaws?

Terpil: I probably ... (Laughs) Do I feel strongly about scofflaws?

Penthouse: Should someone who gets a ticket pay his debt to society?

Terpil: Well, short of capital punishment.

Penthouse: And yet, you're avoiding a sentence of fifty-three years.

Terpil: I wasn't there to receive it, unfortunately. I was planning to submit a blow-up doll with a little mustache on it; they could put the doll in for fifty-three years, but I don't know who would keep it inflated.

Penthouse: Well, in prison you never know. Was this your first offense?

Terpil: Yes. With the exception of normal juvenile delinquency.

Penthouse: What did you do as a juvenile?

Terpil: I sold a machine gun to an undercover policeman in New York.

Penthouse: And twenty-five years later?

Reporter Jim Hougan's interview with Terpil took place in two stages, and on two continents. The first meeting occurred in the old-world atmosphere of a central-European country on the wrong side of the iron curtain. The second meeting took place on a small Caribbean island, at a lavish resort hotel frequented by rock stars and the very rich—including at least one other fugitive sought by Interpol.

Hougan reports: "In many ways Terpil remains the same person that he was before fleeing the United States, in 1980. A gifted raconteur with a million 'war stories,' each darker and funnier than its predecessor, he is also a candid critic of his own character. Unlike so many others who have been implicated in the legion of conspiracies that make up the Wilson-Terpil case, he does not claim to have been duped into criminality, nor does he suggest for a second (as others have) that he was operating secretly on behalf of the CIA. He says he did what he did for the money and for the excitement; which is to say that, however amoral Terpil may be, hypocrisy is not one of his sins.

"Terpil's life, however, has changed. As a fugitive who is never far from a war zone, he is accustomed to traveling light. Accordingly, he has little interest in the bulky status symbols of days gone by; indeed, it is fair to say that Terpil is at this point one of the least materialistic men on the planet. If it will not fit in his suitcase, he doesn't want it, because he knows that at

any moment he might have to leave it behind. A second consequence of his fugitivity has been to make him an inveterate museumgoer and an omnivorous reader. He exhausts the sights wherever he goes—planning 'escape routes' on the way to, say, viewing a cathedral—and he devours a book a day. Terpil seems to have come to terms, indeed to be at ease, with the dangers and uncertainties that define his existence. Sought by Interpol, the Mossad, and the CIA, he has been kidnapped and released by Syrian intelligence agents, shelled by the Israelis, and sniped at by the Christian Phalangists, and he figures prominently on the hit lists of former associates who fear what he knows.

"Sitting in a beach chair with a gin and tonic in one hand and *A Confederacy of Dunces* in his lap, Terpil looked during the interview like any other tourist with money to spend. The Rolex glistening on his wrist suggested a certain solvency. Months in the tropical sun had bleached his hair and tanned his body. The only thing that seemed to bother him was his ever present need of a gun. He carried it at the small of his back, wedged between his blue jeans and his tan, discreetly out of view under the flap of his sportshirt. Shifting his weight in the chair, he dug one of his feet into the white sand, sipped his drink, and nodded toward the yachts bobbing at anchor in the harbor. 'Bread alone,' he said, and grinned."

Terpil: I sold another machine gun to another undercover policeman in New York.

Penthouse: But this time it was 10,000 submachine guns.

Terpil: Yes, but the product was the same.

Penthouse: Why did the authorities come down so hard on you? Why are they trying so hard to get you back?

Terpil: I think I was an enigma in their minds. They really could not place me, because of my CIA background. I was a missing link in a puzzle they couldn't understand. The trial in Washington was rather peculiar in that there were forty-two undicted co-conspirators.

Penthouse: And you fled?

Terpil: From the New York case, not from the federal case.

Penthouse: What was different about it?

Terpil: First, I tried to hire the best attorney available who had connections in City Hall. I understood that there would never be a trial, that the fix was already in. That I would be required to pay \$50,000 up front, presumably to take care of Morgenthau [Manhattan district attorney], City Hall, and the underlings within the assistant prosecutor's office. And it was openly stated there would never be a trial. It would just go away, it would die.

Penthouse: You were told that?

Terpil: Yes. The fix was in.

Penthouse: Why, then, did you become a fugitive?

Terpil: Ah, because there was going to be a trial.

Penthouse: One of the federal charges against you was conspiring to assassinate Umar Muhayshi, a Libyan dissident.

Terpil: I supposedly utilized three Cubanos who work for the agency. Their job was assassination, but on behalf of the United States government.

Penthouse: Are you saying these Cubans performed assassinations for the CIA?

Terpil: Yes. I asked—that's how we got them. They were well known to the agency.

Penthouse: Now, one of these Cubans, Rafael "Chi-Chi" Quintero, claimed he was a party at a meeting in Rosslyn, Virginia, and at that meeting a former CIA agent was present. Who was that CIA agent?

Terpil: Tom Clines. He had been director of training for the CIA's clandestine services.

Penthouse: Did that meeting have anything to do with Muhayshi?

Terpil: Yeah.

Penthouse: Rafael "Chi-Chi" Quintero has since testified that he and one of the other two Cubans, Rafael Villaverde, were led to believe they were to kill Carlos, the terrorist.

Terpil: That's ridiculous. Carlos was never mentioned. The Cubans backed out in Geneva, and the backout was for one reason: they wanted to know if there were Cubans in Libya. At that time Qaddafi did have some Cubans there, who were acting as his bodyguards. Rafael Villaverde jumped

up and said. "I'm not going to work for those guys. Those are fucking Castro agents." And he left. Quintero said, "Don't worry, we'll take care of him, we'll calm him down."

Penthouse: When you fled the States to avoid trial, what was on your mind?

Terpil: I was elated to avoid what I assumed would be a farce.

Penthouse: Why do you say that?

Terpil: The trial's outcome was predetermined. A judge was brought out of retirement, Judge Gallagher, known to be a personal friend of Morgenthau's. Why would they bring a judge out of retirement for one case? My lawyers told me, "Now, we've got a problem. When you show up Monday, you are not going to be released on further bail." So it seemed to me it was a one-act play from that point.

Penthouse: So it was a last-minute decision to flee?

Terpil: Definitely. Because if there were any possibility that I could have received a fair trial, I would have stayed. If I were going to run, I would have run when I knew of the indictment coming down from the federal authorities. Why pay another \$75,000 bail when I could have taken that \$75,000 and used it for my travels?

Penthouse: Having worked for the CIA in the past, were you worried that you'd get knocked off in prison?

Terpil: Not only worried about it. This was told to an attorney. He met with an FBI agent from Jersey City, who told him, "They [Terpil and Korkala] won't last eight months. They'll be dead in eight months."

Penthouse: So you left. Did you leave in disguise?

Terpil: Yeah. I was under surveillance. There was a truck parked in front of my house, a moving van that supposedly had broken down and had been there for four days. I left as if I were going to the store, no baggage, no luggage. I made an alteration to my appearance, which took about twenty minutes.

Penthouse: Can you tell us what kind of alteration?

Terpil: No.

Penthouse: Okay. So where did you go?

Terpil: I left through Washington National, went to Mexico City, then to Houston.

Penthouse: Why?

Terpil: I had some very important business that I had overlooked.

Penthouse: And then where did you go?

Terpil: To Damascus, then to Beirut. Until some Syrian visitors came to my door. I was kidnapped from the restaurant that my partner, Gary Korkala, and I had bought.

Penthouse: You were going to become a restaurateur?

Terpil: Yes. As a matter of fact, it was the restaurant closest to the U.S. Embassy.

Penthouse: And what happened from the moment you were kidnapped?

Terpil: I was blindfolded, handcuffed, stuffed in a Mercedes. A second person was stuffed in the Mercedes with me. It turned out to be Gary. We were driven to

the intelligence prison in Damascus.

Penthouse: What did you think was going to happen to you?

Terpil: I had no idea. The initial accusation was that I was a spy for the CIA. Then they thought I was a spy for the Mossad (Israeli intelligence). Then they went back and questioned me about my travels in the Middle East. What they tried to do was fabricate a case that I was [still] a CIA agent.

Penthouse: Which is not true?

Terpil: Which is not true, but the more I denied it, the more they were convinced that I was.

Penthouse: What was prison like?

Terpil: Prison conditions were absolutely horrible. It was similar to the comic strip "The Wizard of Id." The dungeon was exactly two meters long by one meter wide. Nothing in the room. No bed. Nothing. You sleep on the floor. It's underground. No windows. No lights. There's a steel door. You're in solitary.

Penthouse: Were you beaten?

Terpil: Yes, but that's normal. All prisoners are beaten. I didn't know what time it was, what day it was. I attempted to keep track of time by counting the meals.

Penthouse: Gourmet meals?

Terpil: The meals could be termed "early survival." In the morning, you got halvah and a bowl of water. Then lunch, rice with some bugs. At supper ... well, they claimed it was a soup. There was no exercise at all. You come out of the room for

interrogation, and that's it. And the interrogating cells were approximately fifteen meters away. So you couldn't sleep, because the people would scream all night.

Penthouse: Did you have second thoughts about leaving the States?

Terpil: No. A prison is a prison. I just made up my mind: make the best of it.

Penthouse: Your partner, Gary Korkala, was also imprisoned and interrogated.

Terpil: Yeah, but he was released because he agreed to cooperate.

Penthouse: Did he make statements about you?

Terpil: He made statements that I was a CIA agent.

Penthouse: How were you released?

Terpil: It was Arafat got me out. Arafat said, "We know he's in jail there. I want him out, here in Beirut." No questions. And I was out. No explanation, nothing.

Penthouse: What was your condition?

Terpil: (Laughs) I probably looked like a thinner version of Howard Hughes, but a filthier version at that point. I was released in April '82, after six months, and at that time I had not had a shower since late December. Washing was prohibited. Also, I didn't cut my hair and my beard was down to about chest length. I was down to 135 pounds.

Penthouse: From what?

Terpil: About 270. I went from a size 44 waist to a 32. They came one morning and said, "Get ready, you're leaving." I

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thought I was getting ready to leave for another prison. They took me blindfolded. When I got outside, they stuffed me inside a Peugeot, took my blindfold off, took my handcuffs off, and drove me on the road to Lebanon. I had my own clothes, which I had to hold up by a string they gave me. And I must have been really reeking. My hair was matted like dreadlocks. And the food was all encrusted in my beard. I felt squeamish about being myself. They took me across the Syrian-Lebanese border and stopped the car in the middle of nowhere. I figured, "This is it. They're going to knock me off right here. This is the traditional dumping ground." But they said, "Get out. That way is Chtaura, this way is Baalbek. Good-bye."

They gave me my watch back and 200 Lebanese pounds. I got into Chtaura with no documentation at all. I asked for a cab to get into Beirut. The taxi driver said, "Let me see the money first." I said, "I can't pass any checkpoints, because I don't have identification," meaning I couldn't pass any Christian checkpoints, because obviously I would have been bagged for sure. And he said, "No, no, we're going around by the airport."

I got into Beirut. I went to Gary's flat and the concierge told me Gary was not there. I said, "Where is he?" He said something about Spain. I thought he said Gary had opened up a Spanish restaurant. So I went over to the girlfriend's house. I said,

"Where is Gary?" and she said, "Gary's in jail." I said, "What? Where?" I thought he'd been put back by the Syrians. She said, "He's in Spain." I said, "In jail? In Spain?" I couldn't even comprehend how the hell he got to Spain.

Penthouse: Then what happened?

Terpil: *Then the hell-inspired who sought to destroy world tranquility/Broke my bubble in Beirut with their artillery.*

Penthouse: The Israelis invaded. They shot your bubble away.

Terpil: They shot my bubble away.

Penthouse: What was it like being in Beirut, a recently released fugitive who couldn't go back to the States? And with the Israelis moving toward your apartment?

Terpil: The initial reaction, believe it or not, was one of relief, of elation. I had anticipated it would be only a matter of time before the Syrians came with one of their assassination squads and attempted to get me again. Very few people leave Syrian prisons alive. And those who do have a high mortality rate on the street.

I did not anticipate the Israelis would cross the Litani River. I didn't think they'd come as far as the airport. Normally they would come, cause some problems, bomb for one or two days, and then go home again. Then they crossed the Litani River. Now I realized they weren't going to go back home. So we mustered the courageous Palestine Liberation Army,

weapons were freely distributed on the street to any and all who thought they could use them, and we just settled down for the invasion of West Beirut, anticipating house-to-house fighting.

There were notices on the radio for Americans to evacuate. American ships were being brought in. Naturally, I didn't care what they brought in. I couldn't go to the Americans and say, "Hey, here I am. I'm a citizen. I plan on leaving." And there was a big problem getting over to East Beirut, because the Phalangists weren't stupid. They knew I worked with the PLO.

I was, for all intents and purposes, PLO, not American. I couldn't leave. Ships going to Cyprus were being intercepted by Israeli patrol boats; I had no choice but to stay and fight.

Penthouse: Were you armed?

Terpil: Everybody's armed in Beirut. That's like wearing clothes.

Penthouse: What were you armed with?

Terpil: Grenades, AKs, the standard issue.

Penthouse: What happened?

Terpil: I had a very beautiful flat. Unfortunately, it looked into both East and West Beirut—it had huge balconies. So we were caught in a cross fire. If you wanted to get coffee in the kitchen, you had to make sure the kitchen was not under siege. We kept little Coleman stoves in the hallway, in the living room. You actually had to establish a little kitchen in every room, because you didn't know which room might be under fire.

Penthouse: It came time to leave. What happened?

Terpil: The Israelis broke through on Museum Road. And when they broke through, I knew we weren't going to stop them. They were approximately fifty meters down the road. Then, on the other side, they occupied everything to the east. They had us encircled.

Penthouse: How did you leave?

Terpil: PLO. I had the fighter's uniform: kaffiyeh, AK—and sunglasses, of course.

Penthouse: You had your Rolex?

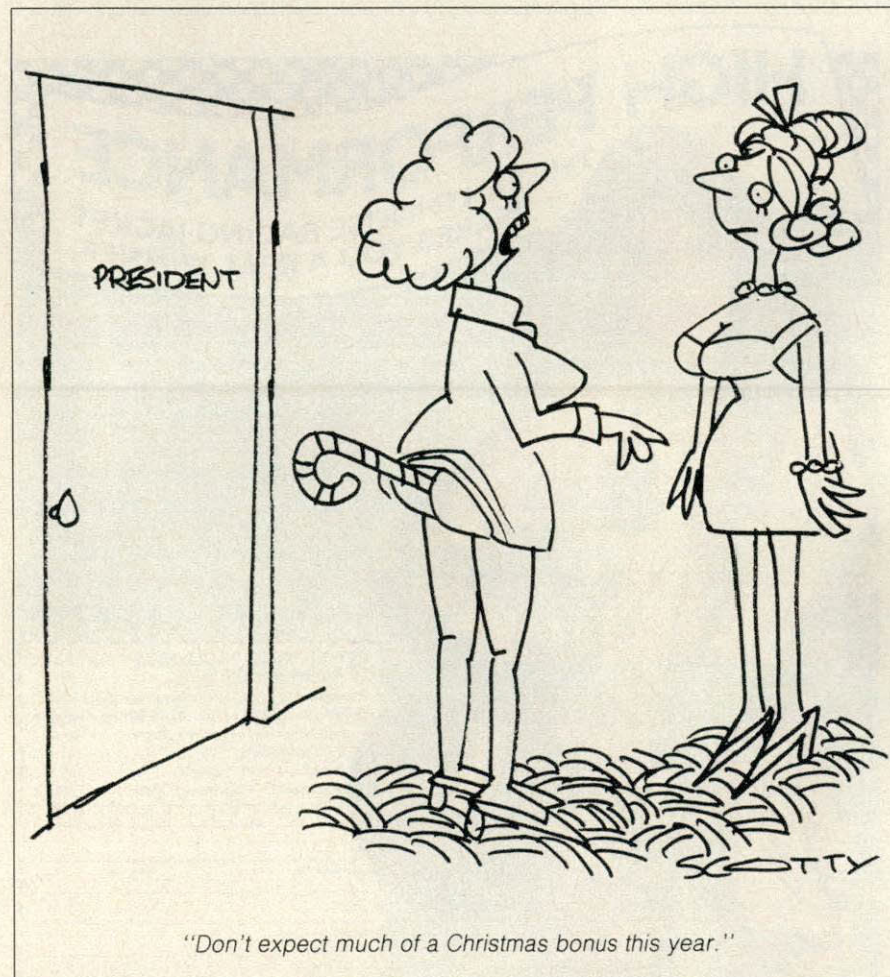
Terpil: I had my uniform buttoned down over the Rolex. Not too many PLOs wearing Rolexes that day. We infiltrated the lines to reach the port area. There must have been 1,000 to 1,200 people in uniform in the port, all trying to get out of the place. I left on a PLO ship.

Penthouse: Where did you go?

Terpil: I went to the camps in Tunis. From Tunis many of the PLO people infiltrated back to Beirut, via Syria and Jordan.

Penthouse: They went right back?

Terpil: When I was at the port, I witnessed these people kissing their wives and children good-bye, and the children and wives returned to Sabrah and Shatilla. A week later, these same people were dead, massacred. Now you have these men hearing newspaper reports, assuming the worst. In most cases it was a justifiable assumption. So you had these people saying, "I'm not going to stay in Tunis. For what?" They defied Arafat. They went back, as many as two and three hundred



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HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE:

FOLK HEROES, PART 8

"...We are all on the
road heading at high speed toward
eternity."—*Pope John Paul II*



The lovely and lewd Terri Nunn (above) sings of sadomasochistic doings for Berlin while the four Londoners called Girlschool (near) sneer, don't smile, and let us know that love and sex—to them, at least—aren't particularly romantic matters. Dale Bozzio of Missing Persons (far) definitely isn't into such rough stuff, but she does wear clear plastic, and bumps and grinds and sings to the best of her ability.

PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE





Roll over, Mick Jagger! In today's world of rock 'n' roll, it's the girls who are making all the new waves.

BY NICK TOSCHES

Rock 'n' roll—the best rock 'n' roll, anyway—has always been about sex. While—as in the real world—the male has seemingly dominated, it has been the artful snap of the female garter that has commanded every swaggering of that dominance.

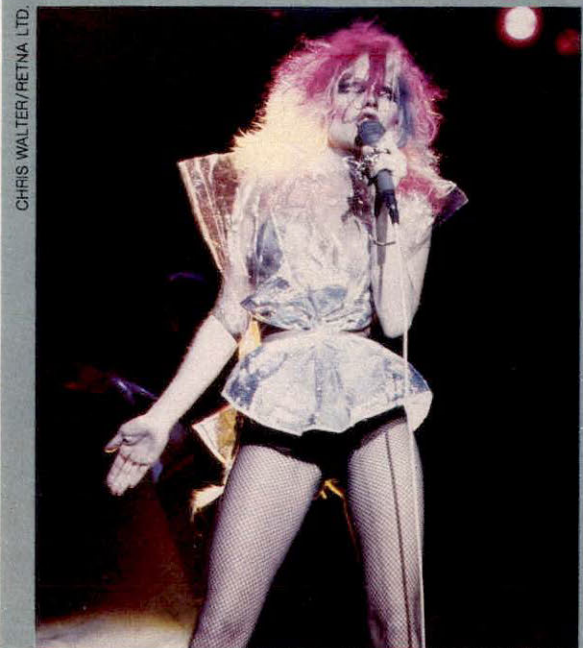
When there was Elvis, there was Wanda Jackson. A lot of people thought, and still think, that Wanda was as good a rock 'n' roll singer as Elvis. But in the late fifties, the public simply was not ready to accept a girl who looked and sounded as Wanda did. (And she looked and sounded as if she could fry eggs on her G-spot.) So, Wanda's records did not sell; Teresa Brewer's and Connie Francis's did.

The situation changed. In the early sixties, the airwaves were full of songs by all-girl groups. Hips in crinoline and chiffon, hair teased in bouffant beehives, most of these groups were almost slavish, in a sly way, in their wet-mouthed subservience to, and gasping for, the powers of cock almighty: the Shangri-Las pledging black-leather allegiance to "The Leader of the Pack," the Shirelles waiting with legs crossed and diaphragms in abeyance for the return of "Soldier Boy," the Crystals saying it all, in 1962, when they swooned "He Hit Me (and It Felt Like a Kiss)."

The high-heeled foot of the eternal feminine was now in the door of the rock 'n' roll boys' club. Women no longer sang in choreographed unison about Christs in pegged pants. The party dresses and hairspray cans were tossed aside; tie-dyed blouses and long, flowing waves took their stead. The sigh that accompanied the girdle's removal was loud. The Jefferson Airplane, Big Brother and the Holding Company, and the Stone Poneys were the names of the bands, but Grace Slick steered the plane, Janis Joplin directed the company, and Linda Ronstadt sat in the saddle.

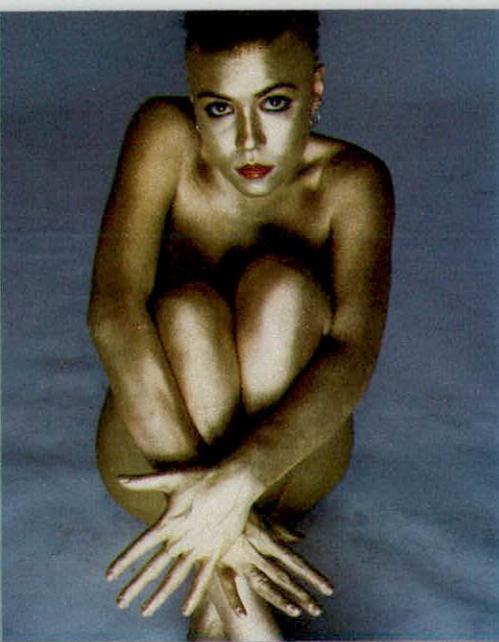
N.J./RETNA LTD

Ladies of The New ROCK



(Left to right on the top row) Annabella of Bow Wow Wow, Belinda Carlisle of the Go-Go's, and Mari Wilson of London all sing—but never together. The girl from the Belle Stars (below) and the three from Bananarama (bottom left) hark back to what's best in the girl groups of the sixties—namely, Diana Ross and painted lips. And then there's Patty Smyth (below right), who is a true inspiration when she hikes her skirt and sings "Goodbye to You."

J. VARRIALE/OUTLINE



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CHUCK PULIN/STAR FILE





By the middle of the next decade, there was Patti Smith. The old phrase "new wave" had not yet been applied to rock 'n' roll, but when it eventually was, Patti was embraced as its pale and thin-limbed androgyne queen. Violently new as her music and manner were, her way of thinking seemed to hearken back to the days of the girl groups. When asked, in a 1976 *Penthouse* interview, "Do you feel that girls want to get slapped around?" Patti calmly said, "Yeah."

As the eighties began, the queens of rock 'n' roll, low-cut and strapless or booted and gloved, seething sex as never before, seemed to be succeeding in doing what the Crystals had really wanted to do—namely, hit back. Debbie Harry, of Blondie, Joan Jett, of the Runaways, and Chrissie Hynde, of the Pretenders, held the cocks of young America in their long-nailed fingers, squeezing harder as the music got louder.

But the new wave of rock, like the new wave of bill collectors, moves faster than ever before. These days, it seems that a rock queen is no sooner crowned than she is banished for



the crime of being old hat. ("Joan Jett: Still Hot?" asked the cover line of a recent issue of *Creem*, hinting that her fashion sense, not to mention the pilot light of her G-spot, might already be flickering out.)

To keep up, and to keep it up, herewith are some of the hottest of the newest. So how do you want your eggs, kid?

By far, the most famous and most successful of the lot are the **Go-Go's**. Irresistible in their baby-fat innocence—the blond lead singer, Belinda Carlisle, will most likely be regarded as jailbait well into her menopausal years; and drummer Gina Schock looks as if she really can't decide whether Certs is a candy mint or a breath mint—these five girls differ from most other new-rock groups in that they smile rather than frown. And not the smile of Mona Lisa, theirs; but rather the smile of sublime and eternal girlishness, the secret of which they seem to have stumbled upon somewhere between their high-school parking lot and the First National Bank of Los Angeles.

Painting their toenails on the cover of their first I.R.S. album, water-skiing (in choreographed unison, I might add) on the cover of their second, and making music that is a perfect accompaniment to both those activities, these girls have got what it takes. I mean, could Mona Lisa have gotten away with "Beatnick Beach"?

More than anything else, the Go-Go's demonstrate that in times of great sleaze clean can be sexy. Pass the Ivory, Belinda.

A group called Berlin, founded and led by the young composer John Crawford, lies at the farthest perimeter of S & M rock. (This is saying a lot. So much of the new rock is imbued with the sensibilities of sadomasochism that it can be said with certainty that if Leopold von Sacher-Masoch were alive today, he'd surely be watching MTV.) Though Crawford is the force behind Berlin, the person at its center is a lewdly lovely young creature named **Terri Nunn**.

On the back of Berlin's Geffen album, *Pleasure Victim*, Terri Nunn's credit reads "Vocals, BJs." The vocal part of that credit is utilized on such songs as "Torture" ("Torture, torture, twisted love/ Kiss me, kick me, feel my blood"), "World of Smiles" ("I'm laughing/ Hurt me, hurt me"), and the quite remarkable "Sex (I'm a . . .)," the only song that she helped write. To the repeated plaint of "I'm a man," Nunn answers variously, "I'm a bitch," "I'm your mother," "I'm your slave," "I'm a little girl," "I'm a virgin," "I'm a goddess," "I'm a slut," and "I'm a dream divine." If it were possible to judge by the way Terri Nunn sings, and by the way she looks, I would say that all of those things are probably true. How she is as far as "BJs" are concerned, I venture we'll have to ask around.

The members of **Girlschool**, on the other hand, definitely don't smile; nor do they water-ski. Tending towards leather,

chains, spiked collars, gold-lamé mini-skirts, leopard skins, and black mesh stockings, singer-guitarists Kelly Johnson and Kim McAuliffe, drummer Denise Court, and bass player Enid Williams are Londoners who possess what might be called a negative attitude. The women-in-chains cover of their Mercury album, *Screaming Blue Murder*, is as theatrically staged as a Times Square S & M show, but the music inside (most of it written by Johnson and McAuliffe) proves that these skinny-legged, sneering bitches are, deep down, skinny-legged, sneering bitches with souls.

To Girlschool, love and sex are not particularly romantic matters. Forsaken par-amours are left "slithering in a sea of flesh and blood" ("Flesh and Blood"), told that "the lines on the mirror are showing up on your face" ("Take It From Me"), and—best of all—warned with relish that "all your nightmares will come true" ("When Your Blood Runs Cold").

So much new rock is imbued with the sensibilities of sadomasochism that it can be said that if Leopold von Sacher-Masoch were alive today, he'd be watching MTV.

One can only imagine what these girls will be like when school is out. We have, indeed, come a long, long way since "Our Miss Brooks."

Another group controlled by a man and fronted by a woman is the Waitresses. Chris Butler, who leads the six-member group from Cleveland, has been quoted as saying that "a man writing for a woman equals a universal." Such incredibly silly and pompous twaddle should not stand in the way of anyone's getting a kick from the Waitresses. In spite of the unsmiling Mr. Butler's sophomoric pretensions, the band is one of the cutest acts to be heard in recent years.

Patty Donahue, the lead singer for the Waitresses since its start, was marvelously jaded and petulant in her role as the Madame LaZonga of the new wave. Attired in the sort of ill-fitting formal wear that certain women named Rosie were once fond of, she performed songs such as "I Know What Boys Like" (the *nouveau biche* anthem that was a jukebox and an FM hit in 1981) and "Pussy Strut" with just the right mixture of throaty purring and awful nasal whining.

Most audiences and critics, though,

perceived her as sounding too bored. In May 1983, after recording the Polygram album *Bruiseology*, Patty left the group and was replaced by **Holly Beth Vincent**, a strange and fair young lady who had formerly been the leader of her own band, Holly and the Italians. The universal, as they say in the realm of the frown, sashays onward.

Lifting much of the musical notion from the late, lamented girl group called the Slits, Malcolm McLaren, who is sort of the Col. Tom Parker of the new wave, devised "tribal rock" and its leading proponents, Bow Wow Wow, in one fell and lucrative swoop.

At the heart of Bow Wow Wow's war-drum dance music is a little British teenager called **Annabella**. She has a sweet, honestly pretty voice—something rarely encountered in these musical parts, where mellifluousness is a failing—and while Bow Wow Wow's Injun shtick is often as comical, in an unmeant way, as Claudette Colbert's straight face in *Drums Along the Mohawk*, Annabella renders it more than a bit irresistible. (And lines such as "Mario was half-breed man," "Sitting alone in my tepee," and others on the band's latest RCA album, *When the Going Gets Tough the Tough Get Going*, do indeed demand a lot to render them irresistible.) The conventionality of Annabella's prettiness, though, does not extend beyond her voice. It must not be easy being the world's most visible female exemplar of the Mohawk haircut. One wonders if the cuffs match the collar. Come on—a my tepee, come on, come on.

In a class unto themselves are the three British ladies—Siobhan Fahey, Sarah Dallin, and Karen Woodward—who call themselves **Bananarama**. Not since the girl groups of the early sixties has such a commanding erotic power been cast by painted lips. Far from being polished artists (in their early days—way back in 1981—they were known to bump into one another onstage with all the awkwardness of drowsy PMS sufferers), the girls of Bananarama have, nonetheless, that certain unforgettable mien, that counterpoint of eye and hip that has been the mark of great broads throughout history.

All loose rhythms and lush, merged voices, their songs range from the luridly absurd, like "Aie a Mwana," to the simply fine, like "Boy Trouble" and "Hey Young London." (The last contains the group's wry observation of the new-wave club scene: "The girls are young, but they act so old.") Their choice of older material is impeccable; their version of Steam's 1969 "Na Na Hey Hey Kiss Him Goodbye," on their London *Deep Sea Skiving* album, outdoes the original by a grunt, a slurp, and two belly moans. May their breasts never sag and their spines never fail them in their quest for fortune and painless dentistry.

Now that Patti Smith is a housewife and mother (as they say in the fabric-softener commercials) living in relative quiet and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 151

OLIVIA



"Ah...humbug!"



A toast to the return
of elegance, sophistication,
and style.

Champagne

BY LAWRENCE EISENBERG

When Fred Astaire popped the cork, sending off a geyser of champagne that caused the adorable puppy to hide behind the couch, it was Ginger Rogers who sipped the bubbling wine from a hollow-stemmed glass. In darkened theaters throughout the 1930s and 1940s, audiences envied these swells.

Then they began to imitate them. And there were certain sophisticates with the taste and/or money to buy vintage champagnes. But the rest of us clinked glasses together and swallowed bubbling liquid from Château Cesspool (did you wonder, as did I, why people made such a fuss over something that tasted so terrible?). We pretended to like it, but deep within was the wish that it could be better. This never deterred us, though, from continuing to buy fizzy wine for graduations and seductions. And wine producers around the world were paying attention. Like soap manufacturers, like strippers looking for a provocative name, they realized that bubbles paid off.

And there are more and more bubbles being produced each day. In 1982, U.S. residents consumed 164,825,556 bottles of sparkling wine, an increase of almost 10 percent over the previous year; meaning that we're drinking bubbly at a faster rate than we're having children. Of that dizzying figure, 7 million bottles were champagne, 22 million were sparkling wines from Italy, and 10 million were from

Spain. Aside from a scattering of products from other foreign countries, three-quarters of the sparkling wine drunk in this country last year was made in this country. Though there are sparkling-wine producers in seventeen U.S. states, from New York to Hawaii, California vintners account for most of the bubbly. In 1982 alone, that state sold 127.5 million bottles of sparkling wine.

One of your first pieces of education is to watch what you're calling "champagne." By definition, only wine produced in the Champagne area of France (250 small villages representing 64,000 acres) is entitled to be called champagne. Bubbly produced elsewhere should be called "sparkling wine"—but try to get a user of tissues to call them anything but Kleenex. Inaccurately, the name "champagne" appears on sparkling wines throughout the United States; this is perfectly legal, as French *appellation contrôlée* laws are not applicable outside the Common Market.

Alternatively, many vintners print "methode champenoise" on their labels to indicate that the wine has been produced by methods similar to those used for traditional champagne, a process that involves superior grapes, two fermentations, a period of aging, and a great deal of quality control.

IS THERE ANYTHING NEW IN CHAMPAGNE?

Two things. Even here, palates are becoming more educated. Dom Perignon, named after the blind

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDREW UNANGST

monk who invented champagne at the end of the seventeenth century and a drink favored by James Bond, now has nineteen rivals for the affections of those to whom price is unimportant in their pursuit of the taste of what is called *têtes de cuvée* ("head of the blend," or top of the line). And pink champagne, once the most romantic of drinks, is making a comeback.

TETES DE CUVÉE. A season in Champagne in which the harvest has been of exceptional quality is considered a vintage year, and champagnes that are made only from those grapes display the year on the label. A small quantity of each vintage *cuvée* is kept stored by all champagne houses to be mixed with the harvests of less successful years and thereby achieve a certain quality control. *Têtes de cuvée* champagne is made only from superior, vintage-year growths, the best of the best—sometimes growths from more than one vintage year are used.

Most bottles of *têtes de cuvée* are in the \$45 to \$55 price range, depending upon local sales. As a rule, nonvintage champagnes sell for \$12 to \$18 per bottle, whereas vintage wine is 25 percent more expensive. *Têtes de cuvée* sells for two and a half to three times the price of the nonvintage, but it is usually six times as good and twelve times as glamorous.

WHAT IS ROSE CHAMPAGNE? To create champagne, producers use the juice from both Chardonnay (white) and Pinot (red) grapes (except in the *blanc de blancs*, discussed below). Since the pulp of all grapes is gold in color, champagne comes out that color. The wine created from the pressing of the grapes must go through two processes of fermentation, which together take up to six years before a bottle is shipped.

To make the champagne pink, one of two methods is used. The traditional way is to allow the skins of the Pinot grapes to remain in contact with the juice during the first fermentation. Here the skilled winemaker must be conversant with the ripeness of the grape, the contents of the skins, and the exact period necessary to leave the skins with the wine.

The newer, more reliable, and economical method is to add a small proportion of red wine to the blend before the second fermentation. Three to five years later, voila! Rosé champagne. Maybe. The effects of pigmentation are not entirely predictable, according to the Champagne News and Information Bureau, which quotes wine-historian Patrick Forbes: "All too often there emerges a champagne that is blue, or yellow or brown or orange—or the pink champagne may turn out undrinkable because unwanted deposits have formed."

Because the traditional method is so chancy, many vintners making rosé use the newer method. Among the old-line purists is the firm of Laurent Perrier. Johannes Lichtenstein, who is the U.S. general manager for the respected firm, says, "When you look at Laurent Perrier, it's like

looking into a partridge's eye."

Rosé champagne is produced in three classes: nonvintage, vintage, and *têtes de cuvée*. Because of the care required in making it, in each class it will cost between 10 and 15 percent more than golden champagne does. All of the leading companies make rosé champagne, and twenty-four brands are now being exported to the United States.

WHAT'S SPARKLING IN CALIFORNIA? California has thirty-four wineries turning out sparkling wine. In volume, they are led by Gallo, which in 1982 alone accounted for 53 percent of the state's total wine production. Other brands familiar to most drinkers include Korbel, Guild, Wibel, Almaden, Christian Brothers, Paul Masson, and J & J. Some have produced excellent sparkling wines, in most cases less expensive than champagne, but it's difficult to make long-term judgments, since quality has varied so much from year to year.

In 1973 Moët et Chandon bought land in the Napa Valley, and in 1977 it introduced its first vintages, based on California soil and French vines. Domaine Chandon's splendid sparkling wines now rival their older, more expensive relatives back home. In 1980 Piper-Heidsieck went into partnership with Sonoma Vineyards and, in September 1982, produced another superior sparkling wine, Piper Sonoma. The Louis Roederer Company, one of France's leading champagne houses, has also recently bought California land, as has Freixenet, a producer of Spanish sparkling wine. This cross-pollination and competition can only benefit the consumer.

SPARKLING WINES FROM ITALY AND SPAIN. Italy produces a great amount of sparkling wine known as Asti Spumante, which is made from muscat grapes and goes through one fermentation. Many people like it and buy it, but the kindest thing to be said for it is that it seems to be acceptable as a dessert wine—though some might say that it could bring on a case of diabetes. However, Italy is also producing a group of wines called Spumante Brut, made by the *méthode champenoise*, which are growing more popular, and with good reason. A recent sampling of six bottles, list-priced between \$7.99 and \$17, revealed a surprisingly pure, dry taste and unusual staying power. (One of them, Gran Cavit Brut 1979, Chardonnay di Trento, costing \$7.99, is definitely worth a try.)

Fifteen vineyards in Spain send sparkling wines to the United States, but almost everything we consume is produced by three companies. In order of sales volume they are Freixenet, Codorniu, and Paul Chennaud, and all of their sparkling wines sell for about \$5 a bottle.

HOW TO SERVE CHAMPAGNE. When buying champagne, consider that a standard-size bottle serves about six generous glasses, good enough for a toast. For an evening of champagne drinking, allow one-third to one-half bottle per person.

Champagne is traditionally aged before

it is shipped, and it doesn't improve in the bottle. Therefore, the sooner it's served after buying, the better. It shouldn't be stored for longer than ten years and must be kept on its side in a cool, dark place. Before it is served, a bottle of champagne should be chilled for one hour in the coldest part of the refrigerator or for thirty minutes in a bucket of ice; it should always be drunk chilled, not cold.

In case you didn't already know, corks shouldn't be allowed to fly off like rockets. Hold the cork gently and firmly with one hand and with the other twist the bottle until the cork comes out. Never serve champagne in glasses that have bowls like giant contact lenses; fluted or tulip glasses hold the fizz longer and are prettier to look at. And make absolutely sure that the glasses are flawlessly clean. Any trace of detergent will hasten flatness in your bubbly libation.

Don't be rigid. Though aficionados of champagne favor it chilled and pristine, don't turn your back on those who want to combine it with another substance (orange juice, cassis, peaches, for example). Good champagne cannot be harmed. It can only improve what it's mixed with.

WHEN TO SERVE CHAMPAGNE. Any time. Champagne creates its own occasions and may be combined with almost anything. You can serve it before a meal, as an aperitif, or throughout a meal: *blanc de blancs* (from white grapes only) with fish or fowl, rosé with beef or dessert. Any way and anytime you serve it, you'll understand why champagne is called "The King of Wines." 

SUGGESTED SPARKLING WINES FROM CALIFORNIA

Domaine Chandon
Schramsberg Vineyards
Wente Brothers
Iron Horse
Piper Sonoma
F. Korbel & Bros.
Hanns Kornell
Paul Masson
Almaden

SUGGESTED ROSE CHAMPAGNE

Charbaut
Lanson
Roederer
Bollinger
Moët et Chandon
Piper-Heidsieck
Dom Perignon
Perrier Jouët
Taittinger Comtes de Champagne

SUGGESTED TETES DE CUVÉE

Bollinger "R.D. Tradition"
Clicquot "Grande Dame"
Krug "Grand Cuvée"
Piper-Heidsieck "Florens Louis"
Laurent Perrier "Grand Siècle"
Louis Roederer "Cristal"



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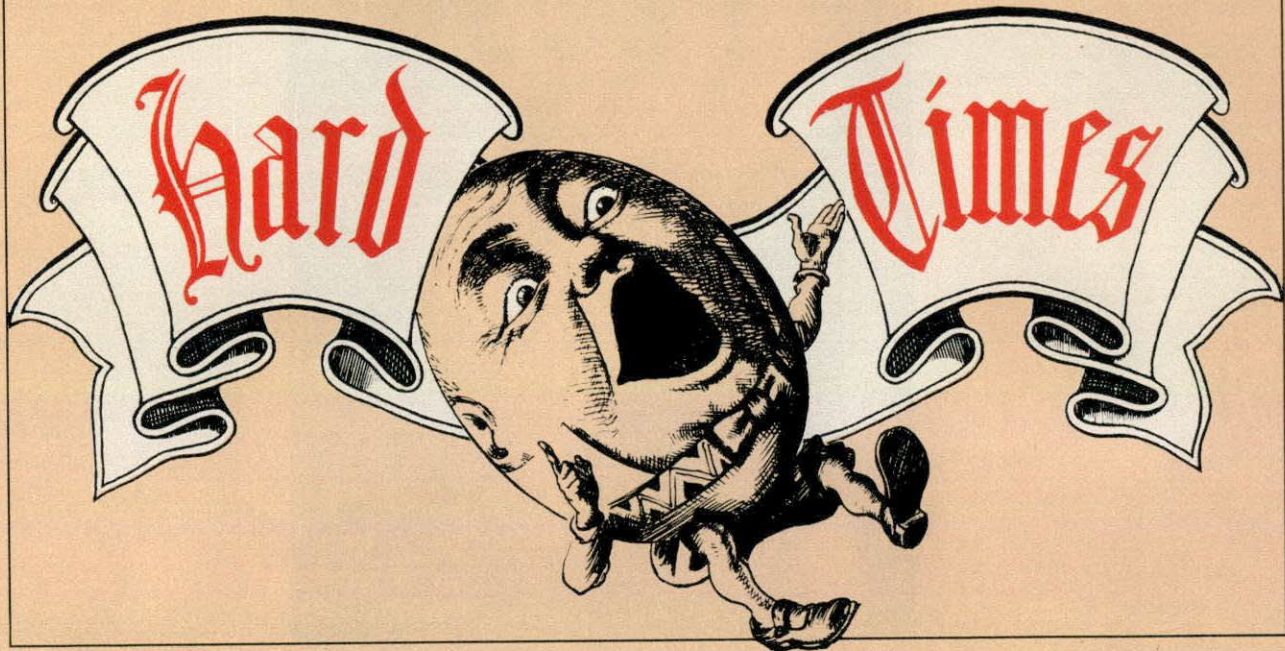
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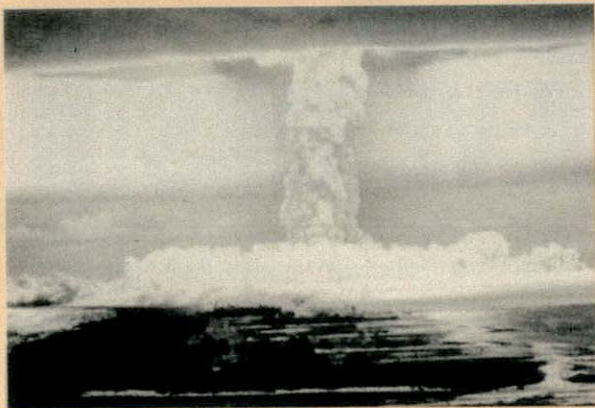
EXTRA

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ALL THE NEWS THAT'S PRINTED TO FIT

VOL. 2, NO. 11

"ATOMIC BOMB SAVED US!" SAYS JAPANESE DOCTOR!



Chicago, Aug. 5 (AP)—Japan was probably "saved" and spared widespread starvation by the atomic bomb the U.S. dropped on Hiroshima, according to a leading Japanese physician.

"Many people would have starved if the atom bomb had not been dropped," said Dr. Taro Takemi, immediate past president of the Japan Medical Association. "When one considers the possibility that the Japanese military would have sacrificed the entire nation if it were not for the atomic bomb attack, then this bomb might be described as having saved Japan," Dr. Takemi said. The Hiroshima blast killed an estimated 92,000 people immediately and later took the lives of many more through radiation sickness. Three days later the U.S. dropped another atomic bomb on Nagasaki. (New York Times).

As they say, every mushroom cloud has a silver lining.—Editor

MAN DROWNS IN BAPTISM

Natick, Mass., Aug. 13 (AP)—A 37-year-old man who could not swim drowned while he was being baptized in a lake by a minister who also could not swim, the police said. John Edward Blue of Boston apparently lost his footing when he leaned back to be baptized at a place where the lake drops off sharply. (New York Times)

At least he went straight to heaven!—Editor

DEPUTY IN DOGHOUSE FOR EATING A MOUSE

An upstate sheriff's deputy has been suspended without pay for three days because he ate a live mouse when the rodent lost a race.

Cpl. Arnold Creeley of Oswego was betting on a mouse race in the Rainbow Trail tavern, which features the rodent racing over a 22-foot track.

"Arnie told the mouse that if it didn't win he was going to eat it," said tavern owner Donald Wheeland.

The mouse didn't win.

"A guy dared him to do it,"

Wheeland said.

Creeley, who was off duty, then put ketchup, salt and pepper on the mouse and ate it, according to Wheeland.

"He said the tail was wiggling down his throat," Wheeland said. "It took him two swallows."

Tioga County Sheriff James Ayers said he suspended Creeley because the incident brought discredit to the department. (New York Post)

There's a man with no sense of humor.—Editor

A RAGING-GOOD IDEA



DITH PRANNY PICTURES

One of the week's patented inventions is described as a sound-muffling cup, into which an enraged person can shout to release tension while avoiding disturbing other people.

Patent 4,396,069 was granted Mrs. Monya Scully of New York for what she calls "The Civilizer." One end of the device has an open mouthpiece and the other end is shaped to be held in the fingers. The mouthpiece is of a shape to cover the mouth and contact the skin around it.

A hollow tube is placed vertically in the bottom of the cup with its open end toward the mouthpiece and four baffles run to the side walls. The patent said the soundwaves are trapped and compressed so that they are hardly audible at close range. (*New York Times*)

Angry Comptroller Hides Own Office

Norfolk, Va., Aug. 5 (AP)—Ron Holtzscheiter felt he was indispensable as the Norfolk Circuit Court comptroller and deserved better treatment, so he set out to prove it when he quit for the fourth time—by hiding his office.

Court employees found his letter of resignation on his desk Monday. They also found that he had taken labels off file drawers and had hidden his ledgers, books, pencils and rubber stamps.

"I had had it," the 36-year-

old Mr. Holtzscheiter said Thursday when a judge ordered him to return the office to normal. "The old saying is, 'The squeaky wheel gets the grease,' and I think I squeaked loud enough that a few people have listened."

The letter of resignation said the state compensation board had acted with "extreme arrogance, apathy and stupidity" and had been supported by "spineless jellyfish." It ended, "This letter is now finished, and so am I." (*New York Times*)

FAMILY MAN

When Anthony Toto, 37, a pizza-shop owner in Allentown, Pa., put up \$50,000 bail for his wife Frances Lenore, the local police and others in the community were stunned. The reason: according to charges filed by the district attorney, Frances had conspired to murder her husband—not once but twice.

The bizarre case began on Jan. 25. That night, prosecutors contend, Anthony Bruno, the 20-year-old boyfriend of Toto's 17-year-old daughter Elizabeth, crept into Toto's bedroom, located the .25 cal. gun that Toto kept near his bed and fired a bullet into his head. Toto was grievously but not fatally wounded.

Then his wife Frances allegedly began force-feeding him large doses of barbiturates, which succeeded only in putting him into a semiconscious state. Two days later, according to police, two friends of Anthony Bruno's, hired by Frances for \$500, showed up in the bedroom to finish the job. They were Ronald Barlip, 19, and his cousin Donald, 18. The bullet one of them allegedly fired entered

an inch from Toto's heart, but it too proved not to be lethal.

Police, tipped off by an informant, entered the Toto house two days later and found Toto asleep, breathing heavily; doctors later speculated that the barbiturates he had been given may have saved his life by drastically lowering his metabolism and retarding the bleeding.

Police arrested Frances, Bruno, the Barlips and the two Toto children, Elizabeth and Anthony. Toto was released from the hospital two weeks later, with the first bullet still lodged in his skull. He says he intends to stand by his family during the coming court proceedings. Said an Allentown police detective: "He loves her." The district attorney's office is said to be worried about the case: Tony Toto promises to be a hostile witness. (*Time*)



ALAN JACOBSON/ALLENTOWN MORNING CALL

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We welcome your contributions for future "Hard Times" columns, and we will give a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse* to each reader whose item is printed. Send clippings to: Hard Times, c/o Penthouse, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023. Please include the name of the newspaper, the page number, and the date the clipping was published.

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PENTHOUSE

anonymity in the Midwest, we have **Patty Smyth**, the lead singer of a quintet called Scandal.

Scandal's ascent to fleeting fame happened so quickly last spring—the fast-lane pop media, usually vigilant, barely saw Scandal coming out of the corners of their Bette Davis eyes—that the group was for a spell the mystery of the year. Their Columbia single "Goodbye to You" (written by guitarist Zack Smith) has been one of the biggest, if also one of the less daring, new-rock hits; and the EP that contains it, *Scandal*, has done remarkably well competing against full-length LPs on the album charts.

Far more appealing to some than "Goodbye to You" are Miss Smyth's legs (much better than Patti's). Seeing her hike her skirt on the "Goodbye to You" videocassette is nothing less than an inspirational experience. Art is long, but nothing works like a good depilatory.

A movie called *Viva Italia!* came over from the other side a few years ago. In one of its scenes, a chanteuse of questionable talent sang on a nightclub stage while her seedy husband-manager stood across the room at the bar, gesturing to his meal

ticket and agitating customers with comments like "Christ, what a voice, huh? And look at those tits! Tell the truth, wouldn't you love to fuck her?"

Seeing the band Missing Persons somehow brings to mind that wonderful Italianate vignette: Terry Bozzio, an alumnus of the Frank Zappa organization and the guiding force of Missing Persons, sits magisterially at the drums while his beautiful blond wife, **Dale Bozzio**, barely clad—her lavish breasts encased in clear plastic—bumps, grinds, and sings to the best of her ability.

The formula seems to be a successful one. Missing Persons has produced the highest-selling EP in the history of the recording industry, and its Capitol album *Spring Session M* is already a classic of sorts. As to what Dale Bozzio is singing—stuff her husband has fashioned in the Zappa style ("The man has to pooch the woman to present the child") or lifted from other sources ("music down a windy street," from Burroughs's *The Ticket That Exploded*)—does it matter?

No plastic breastplate for **Mari Wilson**. Of all the new-rock ladies, this twenty-six-year-old Londoner is perhaps the most genuinely perplexing. Possessing the sort of classically alluring face that directors used to look for, Mari Wilson wears a beehive hairdo, satin gloves, rhinestones, and

such—all with class and care, and nary a trace of camp or sarcasm.

The same class and care are to be found in her music. Mari's voice is one that could easily have fit in with the Dorsey band (her own eleven-piece backup group, the Wilsations, includes a brass section; and her debut London album, *Show People*, features orchestral string arrangements by Teddy Johns, her songwriter), as could most of her material, which ranges from the Teddy Johns songs "The End of the Affair" and "Baby It's True" (a hit for Mari in England) to versions of Bacharach-David's "Are You There (With Another Girl)" and the stand-by "Cry Me a River."

In a time that is dominated by sham and calculated oddness, Mari Wilson, bless her, rings true as a genuinely sick, and gifted, fuck.

Drummer Judy Parsons was a civil engineer specializing in the field of estuary muds. Lead guitarist Sarah-Jane Owen was a fashion-school lecturer. Alto saxophonist Miranda Joyce was a high-school dropout. Guitarist Stella Barker was a linguist fluent in five languages. Singer Jennie McKeown was a receptionist. Tenor saxophonist Claire Hirst was with Martha and the Muffins. Bass player Lesley Shone was in "a feminist band," but she quit "for political reasons."

This unlikely gang of seven, which began in Great Britain in 1980 as the Body-snatchers, is the **Belle Stars**. Though the basic sound of the Belle Stars is reminiscent of the mid-sixties Detroit girl groups, right down to those little melodramatic soliloquies of the sort that Diana Ross did so well (listen to their hit "Sign of the Times," and to much of the newer material on their Warner Bros. debut album, *The Belle Stars*), the subtleties of the music are as diverse as the black-white-tall-short-plain-beautiful (come here, Sarah-Jane) Belle Stars themselves. And it's such a pleasant relief to know that seven women can get together without once mentioning sisterhood.

Had there been no grooves on "Baby Doll," the twelve-inch single by **Girls Can't Help It**, it might have sold just as well; this record (released in America by Sire) and this group are an instance of effective packaging at its most guileful.

Deriving the group's name from that 1956 Jayne Mansfield rock 'n' roll movie, and the song's name (yes, that's "song" in the singular; the flip side of "Baby Doll" is "Baby Doll Instrumental") from that other movie of the same year, object of the Legion of Decency's grandest crusade, crafty producers George McFarlane and Colin Campsie have succeeded in creating a record the primary selling point of which is its cover: lovely Billy, Katy Lynne, and Peggy Sue, pink-and-blond Lolitas in white dishabille, pouting forth with big eyes that seem to say "Buy me" to each and every new-wave Professor Humbert Humbert that passes by. Now, *that's* rock 'n' roll. 



PSYCHOGRAPHIC SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

UNDERSTANDING BODY LANGUAGE

BY FRANK DONEGAN

The most important messages that pass between human beings are often neither written nor spoken. Our deepest emotions are the hardest to put into words, so we often express them with nonverbal signals. The tilt of a head, the flutter of an eyelash, the twitch of a muscle can communicate anything from "I love you" to "Drop dead."

The famous anthropologist Edward Sapir called nonverbal communication "an elaborate and secret code that is written nowhere and understood by all." Not everyone, however, understands this "language" equally well. Psychologists have found that people with certain personality characteristics tend to be better than others at deciphering the signals that play such an important role in our lives.

Charles Darwin was the first major scientific investigator of facial and body language. Around 1870, he showed people various pictures of a male face and asked them to identify the emotion being expressed in each photograph. Since the pictures had been taken while the man was receiving electric shocks, the emotions—agony and stress—were fairly easy to "read." But it was a starting point.

Since Darwin's time, hundreds of researchers have looked for hidden meanings in every grimace, slouch, shoulder shrug, ear pull, toe tap, and raised eyebrow in the human gestural inventory. They've found, for instance, that our faces lie better than our bodies. People telling lies often can maintain poker faces but their bodies—especially their legs and feet—"leak" the truth. It's a rare person who can control all his body language when perpetrating a deception. Remember this when you play poker. Keep an eye on what's going on *under* the table.

Within the past decade, some of the most interesting work in this field has been carried out by Harvard psychologist Robert Rosenthal and his colleagues, who constructed a "Profile of Nonverbal Sensitivity" (PONS). Using methods not all that different from Darwin's (except that PONS test subjects are generally shown video-

tapes instead of photographs), the researchers were able not only to identify people skilled at nonverbal decoding but also to reveal other personality characteristics shared by the best decoders.

This is the type of research we've relied on to construct this psychograph. If you answer the questions honestly, you should get an idea of how skilled you are at deciphering the secret signals that everybody you meet is sending out.

1. How much confidence do you have in yourself?
 - (a) Probably too much. I usually feel I can do just about anything, but I sometimes get in over my head and attempt things I can't really handle.
 - (b) Quite a bit. I usually seem to be able to accomplish what I set out to do.
 - (c) Not much. I usually think I'm going to fail at whatever I attempt. Even when I'm successful, it doesn't seem to build my confidence. I'm just as unsure the next time around.
2. Would you say you're basically a "loner"—someone who prefers not to have much contact with others?
 - (a) I'm very much like that. I'll go to great extremes and invent all sorts of excuses to avoid meeting with people.
 - (b) I can take people or leave them. I enjoy having people around sometimes, but I'm also happy spending large blocks of time by myself.
 - (c) I really enjoy meeting with people. I generally prefer being with other people to being alone.
3. Which of the following statements comes closer to describing you?
 - (a) Basically, I guess you could say that I'm quite a bit like other people of my age and background.
 - (b) I feel I'm quite different from other

people. I don't feel I have much in common with them even when they are my own age and come from a similar background.

4. When you are with a group of people whom you don't know well, are you more likely to:
 - (a) Talk quite a bit, holding up your end of the conversation even if you feel awkward.
 - (b) Withdraw and say very little unless you are spoken to directly.
5. Do you have:
 - (a) very many friends
 - (b) quite a few friends
 - (c) relatively few or no friends
6. Which of the following statements comes closer to reflecting your sentiments about work:
 - (a) One of the things I like most about work is the sense of fulfillment you get from being a productive part of a team. I don't care so much what the task is as long as I feel that I'm cooperating effectively with other people. I wouldn't be very happy doing something that required me to work alone much of the time.
 - (b) I guess you'd call me task oriented. I'm interested in the nature of the work I'm doing. If I enjoy the work, I couldn't care less about who my co-workers are or what my surroundings are like.
7. How do you feel about this statement: "There's too much permissiveness in our society today. We would all be better off if people were made to face up to their responsibilities and weren't allowed to get away with so much. Everything is too free and easygoing today."
 - (a) agree strongly
 - (b) disagree strongly
 - (c) I'm in between. I agree somewhat and disagree somewhat.

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“Few people can control their body language when lying. Remember this the next time you play poker.”

PSYCHOGRAPH

8. Looking at your personality as objectively as possible, what kind of boss do you think you'd be?
 - (a) I'd be quite autocratic. I figure a boss has to take the blame if things go wrong, so he should be the one who sets the rules and standards of those who work under him.
 - (b) I think I'd be fairly democratic. I'd run a loose shop. I hope that I'd encourage people to work at their own pace and in their own way as long as their final output was satisfactory.
9. Do you have very strong political convictions, being either very liberal or very conservative?
 - (a) yes
 - (b) no
10. Do you have very strong religious and/or moral beliefs?
 - (a) yes
 - (b) no
11. Which of the following statements comes closer to describing your friendships?
 - (a) Most of my friends share my basic interests, beliefs, values, and outlook.
 - (b) When I look at them, I realize that most of my friends are quite different from one another. They have lots of different beliefs, many of which I don't share. Yet somehow we manage to remain friends.
12. Would you say your background is basically:
 - (a) working class/blue collar
 - (b) upper class/white collar
13. How do you feel about this statement: "Most problems have a single best solution."
 - (a) agree
 - (b) disagree
14. Which of the following statements comes closest to describing your behavior?
 - (a) When I disagree with somebody who has authority over me, I usually don't say anything. I figure you have to go along to get along. I just do what I'm told.
 - (b) When I disagree with someone

- who has authority over me, I usually let him know it. Sometimes I actually enjoy such confrontations. I've lost jobs because of it, but that's the way I am.
- (c) I'm between those extremes.
15. Now be honest: would you say you have quite a few prejudices against groups that you see as being different from you?
 - (a) yes
 - (b) no
16. Do you make friends quickly and easily when you enter a new situation?
 - (a) yes
 - (b) no
17. Do you have better relationships with men or with women?
 - (a) men
 - (b) women
 - (c) about the same with both sexes
18. How popular were you in school?
 - (a) very popular
 - (b) above average in popularity
 - (c) about average
 - (d) only somewhat popular
 - (e) not very popular at all
19. Are you a person with a strong leaning toward the creative arts?
 - (a) yes
 - (b) somewhat
 - (c) no
20. Are you good in math?
 - (a) yes
 - (b) average
 - (c) no

SCORING

All answers have been awarded point values, which are listed below. To find your score, add up the point values of the answers you chose. The highest possible score is 100; the lowest, 20.

- | | |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| 1. a-3, b-5, c-1 | 11. a-1, b-5 |
| 2. a-1, b-3, c-5 | 12. a-5, b-1 |
| 3. a-5, b-1 | 13. a-1, b-5 |
| 4. a-5, b-1 | 14. a-1, b-5, c-3 |
| 5. a-5, b-4, c-1 | 15. a-1, b-5 |
| 6. a-1, b-5 | 16. a-5, b-1 |
| 7. a-1, b-5, c-3 | 17. a-5, b-1, c-2 |
| 8. a-1, b-5 | 18. a-5, b-4, c-3, |
| 9. a-1, b-5 | d-2, e-1 |
| 10. a-5, b-1 | 19. a-5, b-3, c-1 |
| 20. a-5, b-3, c-1 | |

If you scored 74 to 100 points:

You exhibit many characteristics and attitudes that correlate with high nonverbal sensitivity. You appear to be far above average in picking up the unspoken signals that go unnoticed by many people. This doesn't mean you're necessarily more intelligent than other men. Nonverbal sensitivity has no relationship to intelligence. Nevertheless, you have a skill that can make life a lot more interesting, since very little gets by you unnoticed. As one might expect, artists and musicians often rank among those with the highest nonverbal decoding ability. Psychologists and teachers often score among the lowest groups (which may explain why it's so hard to find a shrink or a teacher who understands you).

47 to 73 points:

You appear to have an average level of nonverbal sensitivity. With some people—or in some situations—you will catch a lot of the unspoken messages that are flying around. At other times, however, you will come up dry. Since you seem to possess the basic decoding skills, you could probably improve your performance significantly simply by paying closer attention to the people you come in touch with. Don't forget that some people are poorer "senders" than others. They don't use body and facial language as broadly or as accurately as other people. These people are the ones that you should watch with more care.

20 to 46 points:

You have very few of the characteristics that are generally associated with people who are good decoders of nonverbal communication. You may merely be unaware of how much important communication takes place at the nonverbal level. In that case, simply paying closer attention may sharpen your skills. However, you may actually be misinterpreting the unspoken messages that people are sending your way. That's not easily overcome. You'll have to observe people closely and then correlate their subsequent behavior with the nonverbal signals you picked up. People like you can sometimes have extreme difficulties in relating to other people since you're missing a major component in the communications process. It's not easy, for instance, to pick up a woman when you can't decide whether her eyes are saying, "Please fuck me" or "Please fuck off." 

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Panasonic introduces a new stereo component system for your car: the Supreme Elite. Each component was engineered with advanced sound technology. Technology that provides this car audio system with some of the most sophisticated features on the road today.

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these advanced features are also offered in the Bantam mini-chassis Supreme Elite Cassette/Stereo Receiver (CQ-S818).

To shape the performance of a Supreme Elite Cassette/Receiver to your own car, you can integrate either unit with the 100 Watt* Panasonic Commander Equalizer/Amplifier (CY-SG100). This component also features Ambience. To virtually surround you with sound.

So, if conventional car audio has been your standard of listening, now you can raise that standard with Panasonic Supreme Elite.

Panasonic car audio
The driving force

* Maximum Power Output: 100W (4 x 25W) at 1 kHz.

How do you enjoy
Sambuca Romana
when you run out
of coffee beans?



Con Mosca
1 oz. Sambuca Romana
3 roasted coffee beans
Float coffee beans on top.



White Cloud
1 oz. Sambuca Romana
Club soda
Pour over ice
in tall glass.



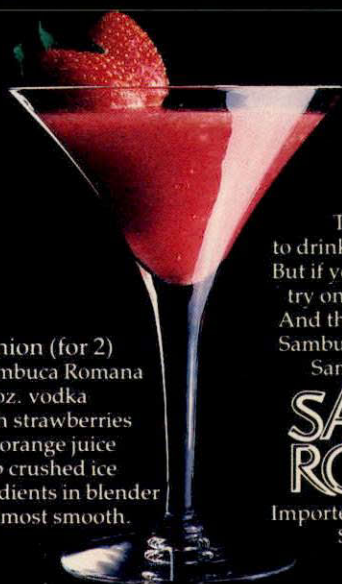
Romana
Caffe
1 oz. Sambuca Romana
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup hot coffee
Top with sweetened
whipped cream.
Dust with grated
nutmeg.



Chocolate Chip
Sambuca
1 oz. Sambuca Romana
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chocolate chip
ice cream
Blend and serve or
freeze until serving.



Sunny Sam
 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. Sambuca Romana
1 oz. vodka
Orange juice
Pour over ice in
8 ounce goblet.

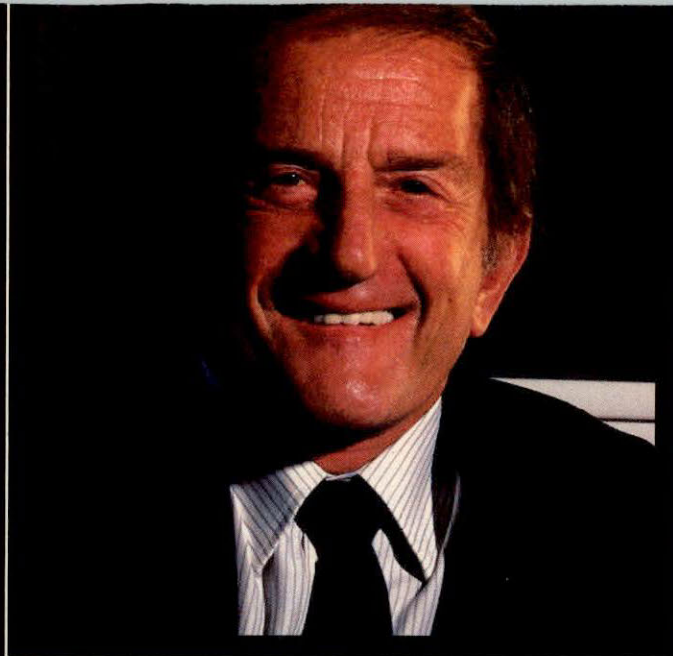


Reunion (for 2)
1 oz. Sambuca Romana
1 oz. vodka
12 fresh strawberries
6 oz. orange juice
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup crushed ice
Mix ingredients in blender
until almost smooth.

The traditional way
to drink Sambuca is Con Mosca.
But if you're out of coffee beans,
try one of these other drinks.
And then write for our original
Sambuca Romana recipe book.
Sambuca Romana 84 Pf.

**SAMBUCA
ROMANA**

Imported by Palmer & Lord, Ltd.,
Syosett, N.Y. 11791.



SENSIBLE MEN

FASHION BY ED EMMERLING



Valuable advice from top corporate strategists: Take it from those who are making scents.

Having long been considered the ubiquitous holiday gift used for the occasional splash before a dinner party or first date, male fragrances are coming off the back shelf and are achieving widespread, general acceptance.

Today, men are scrupulously selecting colognes and confidently wearing them on a daily basis. This increasing popularity stems from the male desire to create a complete identity. Some men define themselves by wearing a three-piece suit or drinking "Stoli" on the rocks.

To cut through the confusion of what cologne to select and wear, Penthouse interviewed three prominent executives from the fragrance industry. They provided fundamental, qualified, and candid advice. (Top) George Barrie, president and chief executive officer of Fabergé, Inc., marketers of Brut, Brut Royale, Cellini, and Turbo. (Center) Gay A. Mayer, president of MEM Company, marketers of English Leather, Wind Drift, Cambridge, and Wall Street; his wool sport jacket is by Hickey-Freeman, and the cotton shirt, knit tie, and cashmere pullover are from Tripler, New York City. (Bottom) Joseph Forkish, senior vice-president and general manager of Jövan, Inc., marketers of Jövan Musk, Oleg Cassini, Andron, and Gambler; the formal suit and accessories are by After Six, New York City.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY
HANK LONDONER

Others have learned a more subtle, understated strategy: that of establishing a signature scent. In this age of hard-hitting competition, one must capitalize on every option to maximize effectiveness and individual style. Engineering your image—whether it be lover, father, worker, or all three—to include a distinguishing fragrance can only elicit the essence of success. The following tips from the experts provide the logistics necessary to ensure a personal-statement victory.

FRAGRANCE GUIDELINES/TACTICS

(1) The types of fragrances you'll encounter are citrus (sweet), spicy (rich, floral, herbal), woody (earthy), Oriental (heavy, full-bodied), and leather (tanned leather with sandalwood).

(2) Apply fragrance sparingly. Dab it on your neck and shoulder and/or pulse spots. The best method of determining if you are wearing too much is to ask a friend. "I wear my favorite cologne everyday," says Joseph Forkish. "It is one that I feel most comfortable with and that I think people will like the best."

(3) Use less fragrance in hot weather and remember to wash off any cologne before going to the beach. Fragrances often contain elements that can cause your carefully nurtured tan to streak. Scents become more intense with extreme heat.

(4) It's impossible to tell from description, packaging, or price what cologne you'll like. If a cologne doesn't mix harmoniously with your body chemistry, it won't work for you. In fact, according to Gay A. Mayer, "In purchasing fragrances you do

not always get what you pay for. I don't think price has anything to do with the quality of the cologne. Some of the best colognes for the money today are the classic old-timers."

(5) Offensive strategy is not a successful tactic, so don't mix two or three fragrances together. Fine colognes are themselves well balanced and carefully blended.

(6) On the job, a cologne that is clean and fresh is an asset as long as you don't douse yourself. "I feel businessmen should wear a fragrance to the office, whether it's cologne or after-shave," George Barrie tells us. "It should smell fresh with notes of citrus or notes of wood, which are never obnoxious. Avoid an overpowering scent."

(7) Once you've found a cologne you like, stick with it. Let the aroma of that cologne become your signature. Your cologne, like your clothing, should be subtle. Joseph Forkish remarks: "The most complimentary thing that someone can say to you about fragrance is 'I like what you're wearing.'"

(8) It's really impossible to finally define what a "masculine" scent is. "A truly masculine scent is fresh, lasting, and gives a sense of well-being without an overpowering, cloying smell," declares George Barrie. "Ideally, a scent should represent the man's life-style." And Gay A. Mayer candidly adds: "The object of wearing cologne is to make yourself attractive to the opposite sex."

(9) Keep fragrances away from heat and light. The best place to store opened co-

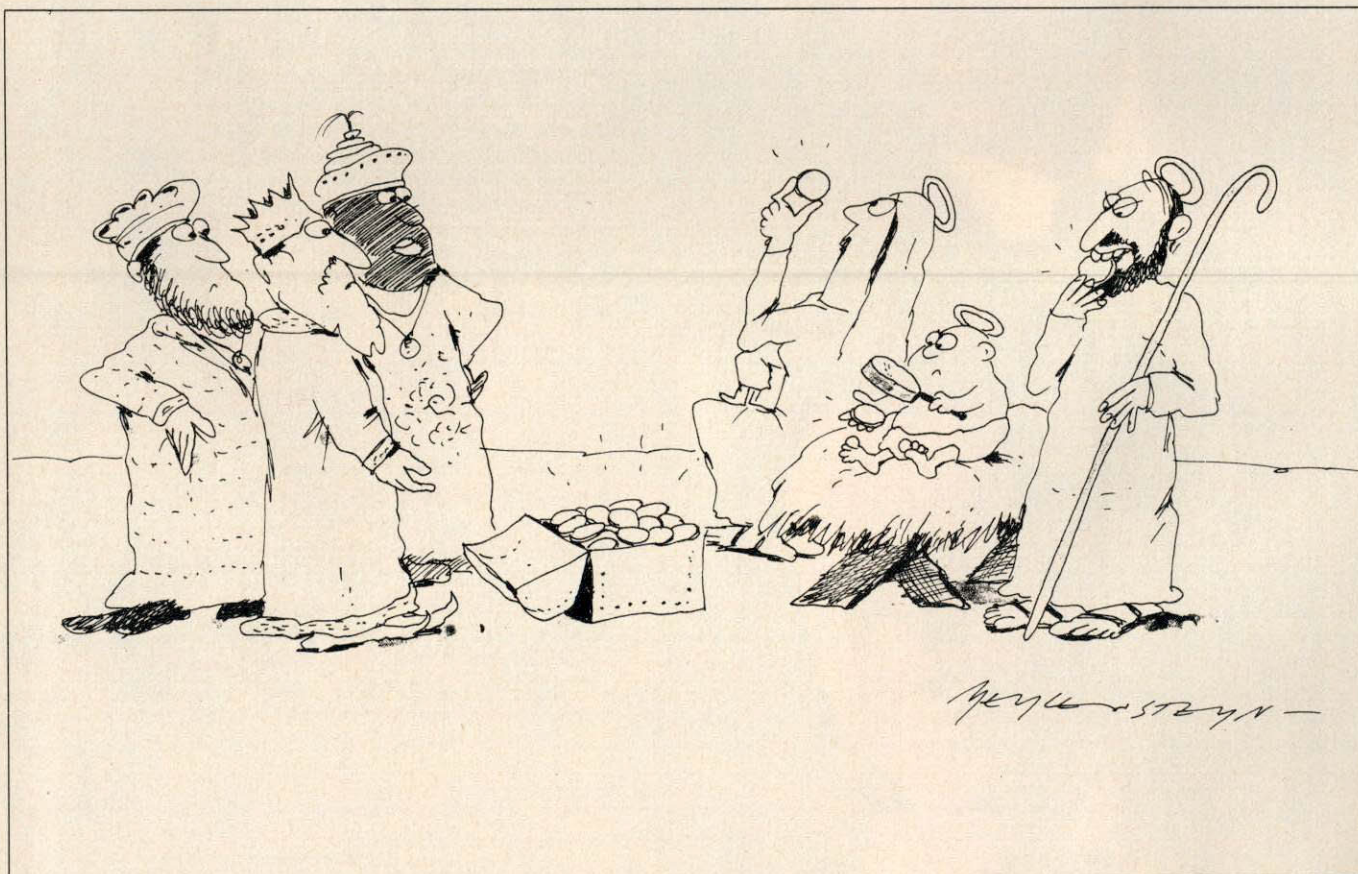
lognes is in the refrigerator. Throw out opened cologne that's been around longer than one year. Unopened, it will last three years.

(10) Woody scents linger longer than citrus ones, and oily and normal skins retain scents longer than dry skin. "If you want a cologne to last from nine in the morning to five in the afternoon," says Gay A. Mayer, "you would go for the heavier scents, like musk, or those having floral or spicy notes."

(11) Ultimately, the cologne you wear should be attractive to the opposite sex. Should a fragrance be worn during sexual relations? George Barrie says, "If it makes him feel better and sexier, why not? It depends on the man." Joseph Forkish adds, "Our company has spent seven figures on a fragrance called Andron, which has been scientifically created to attract a member of the opposite sex. I guess I would have to answer yes."

(12) It's not necessary to have two colognes, one for day and one for evening. George Barrie supports this statement, saying, "I don't believe that you should wear one fragrance in the morning and wear another one at night. Whatever smells good on you, that's what you should wear."

(13) The classic area to apply cologne is the pulse points. However, the new protocol says thumbs up to wearing it anywhere it's effective. Gay A. Mayer says, "Put cologne on your cotton shirt, it will last there longer than it will on your skin. It acts as a deodorant. If you don't want sweat behind your knees, why not apply it there?"



A hand is shown holding a ROM pack, which is a small circuit board with a label that reads "ROM CASIO ROM PACK RO-301 FUN WITH YOUR CASIO KEYBOARD". The ROM pack is being held over a Casio PT-50 keyboard, which is a 31-key electronic keyboard instrument. The keyboard has a digital display and various control buttons. In the background, the lower legs and feet of several people are visible, suggesting a social gathering or party.

Party down without having to practice up.

Casio introduces new ROM pack technology.

Good times begin with good music. And playing good music, even for beginners, is a snap with Casio's remarkable PT-50 ROM pack keyboard.

Simply snap the ROM pack into your PT-50 and it begins the Beguine, or whatever you want.

With each ROM pack, you get 35-40 minutes of pre-recorded music. From a choice of 11 packs—everything from Rock to Bach.

You also get to program your own compositions into the PT-50's memory—and play them back whenever you like.

In either case, with the PT-50, you're getting the next generation of

keyboard instrument. One with digital sound, 31 keys, 8 instrument sounds and 16 background rhythms. It even has a transposer, so you can make a difficult key easier simply by flicking a switch.

With its great sound and many features, the main virtue of the PT-50 is that it can make anyone sound like a virtuoso. At a price that's oh so reasonable.

For those who want a larger, more sophisticated ROM keyboard, our polyphonic MT-800 gives you stereo chorusing, which makes one instrument sound like an ensemble. And a follow-the-lights melody guide that can have anyone—even your tone deaf uncle—playing within minutes.



Whichever machine you choose, it's sure to get the good times rolling—fast. Don't miss out on the fun—let Casio be a party to your next party.

CASIO

Where miracles never cease

RHEINGOLD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

the precaution of establishing that the watchman was nowhere in sight. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a shiny bronze key. It required a little coaxing, but the door opened. He stepped up the gangway and reached down for Claudia. The main door into the car was not locked.

Inside it was black, no daylight seeping through. Caspar switched on his little flashlight and they found themselves in a narrow corridor. There was heavy dust everywhere they flashed the beam. With his index finger, Caspar rubbed a line down the bulkhead, revealing beneath the dust a soft, shiny rosewood. He flashed the light down and lifted the old newspaper on which they were walking. It hid a thick red carpet. She remembered the catch in her throat when Caspar told her, "We are in Hitler's private rail car."

Henri Tod met with Stefan Schweig at the cellar of "No. 12," as they designated this particular meeting room of the Brüderschaft, though "meeting room" was perhaps inappropriate to describe No. 12, inasmuch as not more than five or six people could with any comfort convene there.

No. 12 was, so to speak, the launching pad for terminal operations. It was not used regularly; but neither was it used stingily. Henri Tod had attracted his disciples around one basic proposition, and another that he described as a corollary to it, in language that might have been expected from a man formally trained in philosophy. The basic proposition was that when the alternative modes of living were apparent, human beings would choose freedom. He arrived at this social conclusion, which he believed to be profound and which he profoundly believed as a very young scholar, freshly arrived from extensive training in Great Britain. And he had come back to Germany with the end in mind of planting in the public consciousness a single proposition, namely, that the Communists were Nazis.

In Berlin, Tod would lecture his growing fraternity on the objective, namely, the destruction of Communist-Nazism. What he told them was at once simple and complex. What was simple was that Berlin was the key to the future of Europe—as Hong Kong was key to the future of Asia—and probably of the world. Because in Berlin, and only in Berlin, the great social point could be dramatically made: the people would choose freedom (and opportunity) over slavery (and stagnation). If Berlin was kept operative as the permanently open sluice gate for human idealism, then eventually the glue that caused the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics to stick together would dissolve. That substance, Tod would lecture, was no different from what had temporarily mesmerized virtually all of Germany into consenting to follow

the orders of the mad and sadistic Hitler. If Hitler's borders, so effectively sealed early in his reign, had been more porous, he would not have lasted.

The purpose of a few men, annealed in idealism, vision, and courage, was then twofold. To keep Berlin open: to help those in Communist Berlin who were especially inhibited by the Communists to make their way across the dividing line of the city.

And the ugly part (Tod always began by acknowledging it as that): to discourage individual acts of sadism against those who chose freedom. And to punish most severely those who organized most effectively to prevent East Germans from achieving their freedom.

The mission tonight, being planned at No. 12, was to arm in order to effect the elimination—incidentally from East Berlin, coincidentally from the planet—of a double agent, Aristophe Spender.

The weapons from which Henri would

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schedule all meetings at
midnight in pitch dark, wearing
blackface in a cellar.

choose—those especially appropriate to the occasion—were laid out on the kitchen table in the cellar. They knew the four sites in East Berlin in which Spender spent, as a guess, 85 percent of his time. And, of course, there was the Helsingforser Platz, where he was the superintending dispatcher of the state taxi fleet, operated mostly by veterans, many of them partly crippled, who were also the important sources of the information he sold regularly to the Brüderschaft.

It was a profitable relationship for both parties, and, moreover, a relationship that was almost three years old. But then last week Spender had reported that a particular taxi had been reserved to pick up Lt. Col. August Hester at 11:30 P.M. at the Schwanenhof at Pankow, a watering place for highly placed East German gentry. The Brüderschaft had been looking for an opportunity to settle scores with Colonel Hester, who presided over the torture wing of the Pankow prison, and had in early April presided over the torturing-to-death of a twenty-two-year-old member of the Brüderschaft whose older brother, aged twenty-four, now claimed the privilege of arranging to arrive at the Schwan-

enhof at the same time as the taxi carrying Colonel Hester. He did; and when, ready to do his duty, the avenging brother turned away from the newsstand at the corner at the same moment the colonel walked out of the noisy bar, he was mowed down by two sharpshooters who had clearly been waiting for him. Aristophe had been paid twice that day, and the idea was that, tonight, he would be paid one final time.

It was still easy, on the S-Bahn, to cross over. Less so if one were carrying packages; so these Henri and Stefan did without, burying themselves, standing in the smoker, and at Friedrichstrasse handing out their identity cards to the Vopos without bothering to raise their heads from the newspapers they were both reading.

It was just after nine, and the killers ambled first to the Löwen-Eck, where they sat, ordered beer, and began a game of skat, Stefan removing the playing cards from his pocket. After a half hour, Tod asked the waiter whether Herr Spender was expected, as Tod had a message for him. The waiter shrugged his shoulders. "It's Saturday. Probably he'll work late at Helsingforser Platz. If you want, you can tell me, and if he comes in late, I'll tell him."

"Yes," Tod said, bundling up the cards, and to Stefan, "—it's getting late, old boy, let's roam about a bit. Yes, if you see Spender, tell him a friend of Colonel Hester wanted to express his gratitude. That's all," and he put a fifty-pfennig piece in the waiter's hand.

They spotted Spender at Helsingforser Platz. Normally, he sat inside the glassed cabin, his knees under the long linoleum table, at one end of which was the active radio dispatcher. Tonight he was standing in the cabin for a moment to check with the assistant dispatcher, then outside it, to resume what was apparently a heated conversation with an elderly, stoop-shouldered man wearing a driver's cap, presumably gone off duty and arguing with the boss. Henri walked past the cabin to the street corner, without looking left toward the dispatcher's box in the large parking lot. Now in the shadows, Henri stopped to light a cigarette and whispered, "Go over there—northeast corner. See the wind current over the chestnut stand? It's moving toward the taxi area. Lob the gas into the area of the back taxis when you see me in the lead taxi, begin to drive out toward the dispatcher. There'll be a lot of confusion. I'll wait as my taxi goes by. All right?"

"And then?"

"And then go back to the bar, get the waiter, and tell him never mind about Spender. Colonel Hester delivered the message himself. Then get the hell back home."

"And you?"

Henri Tod looked at his young confederate, and for a moment said nothing. "My job, Stefan, is to see to it that our people don't worry about me. Only the Communists. I will see you on Monday."

You never had it this fresh!

BRIGHT

**The taste that outshines menthol—
and leaves you with a clean, fresh taste.**



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

7 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

They separated. Henri ambled toward the lead taxi and told the driver he wished to be taken to Oberbaumstrasse.

"All right." The driver started the motor.

At that moment, a few yards behind him there was a small explosion. It was followed by what seemed like a gusher of smoke, instantly felt by those downwind of it as tear gas, and now drivers, passengers, and pedestrians were yelling, coughing, beginning to run. Meanwhile, Henri had rolled down the taxi window and the driver, quickly engaging the gear, started out, well ahead of the airflow of gas. He followed the custom of pausing at the dispatcher's gate, where he yelled out his destination: "Oberbaumstrasse." As he did so, Henri, his face largely concealed from the open window, fired a bullet into the brain of Aristophe Spender.

Henri had not counted on what then happened instantly. The assistant dispatcher dove under the table and evidently hit an alarm button. Simultaneously a siren began to scream—and a crossarm gate fell suddenly across the entrance to the parking lot, blocking entrance, or exit. Henri's driver had gradually assimilated the events, and now slammed his foot on the brake just in time to miss crashing into the gate. He looked back, into the muzzle of Henri Tod's pistol. Tod opened the door, slipped his pistol into his pocket, and began a lope, not wanting to attract attention. When he saw that three of the pursuing throng deflected in order to follow him, and that two of those were armed

Vopos, he broke into a full run. He followed the Warschauer Strasse, the least lit of the two streets he had the choice of running down. But before he had gone a half-block, one Vopo had begun to fire, and he felt a bullet pierce his back, under the shoulder. The tumult behind him increased, and Henri looked desperately for an alley to run down, found one, and was gratified that the lights were less frequent. But the pursuit was hot, and, hardly able to see, there being no lighting left, he ran into a concrete blockhouse. He fingered his way desperately around its grainy surface. The throbbing pain in his shoulder suddenly becoming acute. The wall led him to a door he did not need to open, because it was already open. He dove through the black space, breathing hard, and his eyes, now slightly attuned to the dark, seemed to discern huge, rectangular bulks. He rushed toward one and saw that it was an empty train car. He ran toward the far end of the station, and turning a corner ran fifty yards and then stopped, breathless. Now he heard noise and saw, reflected on the high, vaulted ceiling of the huge station, the rays from the searchlights with which the Vopos were armed. He heard the shout, "He's in here somewhere! Cover all the entrances! Fritz, follow me!"

Henri leaned against the coach stairs, panting. It was then that he heard, from behind, a soft male voice. "Quiet. Step up. Two steps. But *quiet*."

Henri Tod, pistol in hand, struggled up

the stairs of the coach car. He could not see his host.

"Just a formality, but do you mind giving me your pistol?"

Reluctantly, Tod handed it over.

"Now, follow me."

The door to the outside was first quietly locked. Then the door to the carriage was turned and locked from the inside.

"Follow me."

Henri's host held a tiny flashlight and walked down the railroad car's corridor. After a few steps, Tod found himself in the most luxurious sitting room he had ever seen inside a railway car—stretching fifteen meters. It was lit by small candles, but he could discern the velvet, and the bronze, and the rosewood, and the couches. And the girl, sitting in one of them, the soft light from a sconce shining on her, a glass of wine in her hand.

"Ah, Claudia," his host said, "we have a guest. I know that this violates our rules. But it just happened that he and I arrived at our Berchtesgaden at exactly the same moment. He was being pursued by people who sounded most awfully disagreeable, so I presumed that you would agree to extend our hospitality, just this one time?"

Caspar did not wait for her answer, turning to Tod.

"The lights you see here are absolutely undetectable from the outside. They will look for you under the cars, and on top of the cars. They will then post a guard and look again tomorrow, when it is light. They will abandon the search for you some time



tomorrow night, Sunday, which will facilitate our dispersal the following day. Claudia and I are working people. And what, sir, do you do, when you are not avoiding Vopos?"

Henri Tod managed a smile. But he needed support, and so reached out his hand and leaned against the wall before falling on the floor in a dead faint.

Henri Tod was at once restless and elated. Saturday night he had very nearly been apprehended and very nearly been killed. He was saved—by a young confidant of Walter Ulbricht who proceeded during Henri's convalescence to bring him not only medicine for his wounds but news of that very morning's most intimate meetings between Ulbricht and his confederates. When he first saw the minutes of Friday morning's meeting, Tod was breathless with excitement. In Caspar Allman he had a direct link with the inner mind of the enemy.

By the end of the first week, he had come to trust Caspar and Claudia, subject to his adult lifetime's presumption against imparting to anyone information it was not necessary to divulge.

Tod yearned, above all else, to see the minutes, a report, of the meeting at which Khrushchev's response to Ulbricht was rendered. And, alone now in the coach, beginning his tenth day in "Berchtesgaden," he reflected on the arrangements that would need to be made in order to get, every day, Caspar's information while protecting the most valuable pipeline anyone, surely, had ever had in the history of intelligence to the enemy's deliberations. "*Worry only in part about the enemy's capabilities. Worry about the enemy's intentions.*" Who first said that? Was it Julius Caesar? Cato? Alexander? It could have been Abel, who knew the power of Cain, but did not know his intentions, and then suddenly it was too late.

In Henri, Caspar found an older man who had given him the only complete human satisfaction that he had ever taken in another man. When in the late afternoons he hurried over toward Berchtesgaden, taking the usual devious routings, to tell Henri what had happened that day, he felt a sense of accomplishment, of usefulness, he had never felt before. In the days that lay ahead after Henri left, the procedures had been specified by which Caspar would continue to relay his intelligence. But it would never be the same as it had been these past days, with Claudia listening, dressed in her apron and cooking in the galley, and darting out to hear Tod's comments.

And lately, from this car, Caspar suddenly permitted himself to believe, a tiny little counterrevolution against tyranny had been commanded by the leader of a band of mostly very young Germans who would not accept things as they were.

The thought of Henri leaving—Henri, the center of that movement; a human be-

"Listen to the wild.
It's calling you."

Robert Service
The Call of the Wild.*



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Discover Yukon Jack. Proud and potent at 100 proof. Yet so smooth, so flavorful, it tempts even the most civilized. Straight, mixed or on the rocks, Yukon Jack truly stands apart.

Always Smooth. Always Potent.

100 Proof.
Yukon Jack®

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ing whose personal qualities had overwhelmed, equally, him and Claudia—made him inconsolably sad.

The time came. Caspar would lead him to the S-Bahn. Claudia would stay behind. During the last three days, Henri had performed exercises rigorously, so that when for the first time he stepped down from the platform, he felt physically competent. Less so emotionally. He had embraced Claudia, but had spoken not a word. He embraced her again, and this time said that they would see each other very, very soon; though not again, he supposed, at Berchtesgaden.

A small convoy of friends discreetly led Tod as close to his personal quarters as he permitted. Only his close associate Bruni knew that he lived at 28 Kurfürstenstrasse. Henri was tired now, suddenly, after his first protracted exertion, so he asked Bruni if he might postpone until tomorrow an account of everything that had happened during the fortnight, and why he felt it so important that he return quickly. Bruni readily assented, but said that before leaving he would insist on taking Henri's temperature, his pulse, and putting him through a mild neurological examination. Henri sighed and said, "Very well," and together they climbed to the attic of the little house on Kurfürstenstrasse.

He submitted acquiescently to the quick examinations. Bruni pronounced himself pleased by heartbeat, temperature, and pulse. They shook hands warmly, and Henri turned on the radio before sleeping and heard that Mayor Willy Brandt had conferred with the three Western commandants regarding countermeasures against East German harassments of the workers who came to West Berlin to work, and that the three Western commandants had sent off a note to the Soviet commandant in East Berlin protesting the interference in intercity travel. Whatever was coming, Henri thought as his fatigue began to overcome him, was coming now fast, very fast. Eyes closed, he reached for the electric cord, fingered his way to the switch, doused the light, and slept, his first night in almost a fortnight asleep on a bed that had not been Adolf Hitler's.

Tod slept soundly and awoke refreshed, though for a fleeting moment he found the absence of Claudia and Caspar almost intolerable.

Tod had carefully thought out the means by which he would get communications from Caspar. The use of the telephone was excluded: Ulbricht had cut off municipal intercommunication, so that a West Berliner could not now telephone across the street to an East Berliner—to whom from his balcony he could wave—save by telephoning Copenhagen and putting through an international call.

It would need to be done on foot, and at the current political tempo, it would need to be done once or even twice per day. Tod's decision was to send a courier from West Berlin into East Berlin, rather than

ask Claudia to come west. Under no circumstances, he instructed, was Caspar to risk passage into the west, particularly if he had on him any information that might prove troublesome. Ulbricht, without apology or explanation, was now ordering a thorough body search of up to 10 percent of westbound Germans. But the Berlin Ostbahnhof, where Berchtesgaden lay, was situated directly opposite a passage point. The courier would need only to go to Oberbaumstrasse, cross the street, enter the station through its main entrance, at the opposite end of the deserted sidings with the abandoned old coach cars, including 10206. Just to the left, after passing through the principal entrance to the station, was a row of locked compartments where travelers could leave, overnight or for the stretch of a full day, a small suitcase. It was agreed that after Caspar's return from the office of his uncle, he would type the précis of the minutes at home, on his father's typewriter. He would

“

Caspar was instantly
blinded by a searchlight. From
behind, he was struck
above the kidneys by a club. . . .
That blow was the
gentlest thing that happened
to him that long evening.

”

then meet Claudia, who would put the message in an envelope and deposit it in one of the lockers.

At first Tod had thought not to tell anyone the identity of his informant. But by the time he arrived at No. 12, he had decided that Bruni must know—in the event that Tod met with an accident. So that when he briefed his companions on the new informant, whom he designated as "Wotan," he shielded—and of course they understood—Wotan's identity. He would tell Bruni later in the day who Wotan was.

And so he told his companions, the high command of the Bruderschaft, during the briefing, that he had reason to believe that as they spoke Ulbricht was in Moscow conferring with Khrushchev and leaders of the Warsaw Pact. Moreover, the purpose of the meeting was to come to a resolution involving Berlin. He had reason to believe that Ulbricht intended to plead one more time for Russian approval of Ulbricht's plan actually to partition the city, denying to any East German access to West Berlin, and vice versa. He would, he said, expect a report on that meeting very soon, and that would be the moment when the Bruderschaft met their ultimate test.

Nothing was so secret as Walter Ulbricht when he was being secretive. If it were feasible he'd have elected to schedule all meetings at midnight in pitch dark, wearing blackface in a cellar. Accordingly, his airplane from Moscow, bearing him, his deputy premier, and two deputy advisers, put down at the Schönefeld airport at one in the morning. Although the chances that anyone would, at that hour, at that place, espy Walter Ulbricht descending from the plane were, to say the least, remote. Ulbricht descended the gangway wearing a balaclava and a Russian fur cap. Caspar, who was a member of the tiny delegation that met him, wondered whether thus disguised his uncle ran the risk of being shot as a bank robber, but he followed the lead of his elders by keeping absolutely quiet.

Inside the Chancellery, Ulbricht took off his face mask and stuffed it into his pocket. Come, he waved to his companions. In his office he rang to the sleepy attendant. "Bring two bottles of champagne." He went to the chair at the head of the table, waved to their places his chief of staff, his chief of intelligence, his chief of police, Professor Hans Wittvogel, and his nephew, in his accustomed place against the wall, with his notebook.

"Gentlemen," he said grandly, "this is a historic occasion. I announce the liberation of Berlin!"

"Oh, my, but it was gratifying," he said, his thin lips glistening as he savored his triumph. "And how they changed their tune when Chairman Khrushchev made his speech!"

"He said that in his judgment, it was the responsibility of the Soviet Union, in concert with those members of the Warsaw Alliance who agreed to do so, to provide moral backing for a solution to the Berlin problem. That it would need to be East Germans who effected my plan, but that he favored joint approval of our plan—up to a point."

"Up to what point?" Colonel Hassel looked up.

Ulbricht put down his glass. "The Chairman explained that it would not be wise to proceed with my plan if the allies reacted with . . . force."

"What kind of force?" Colonel Hassel pressed.

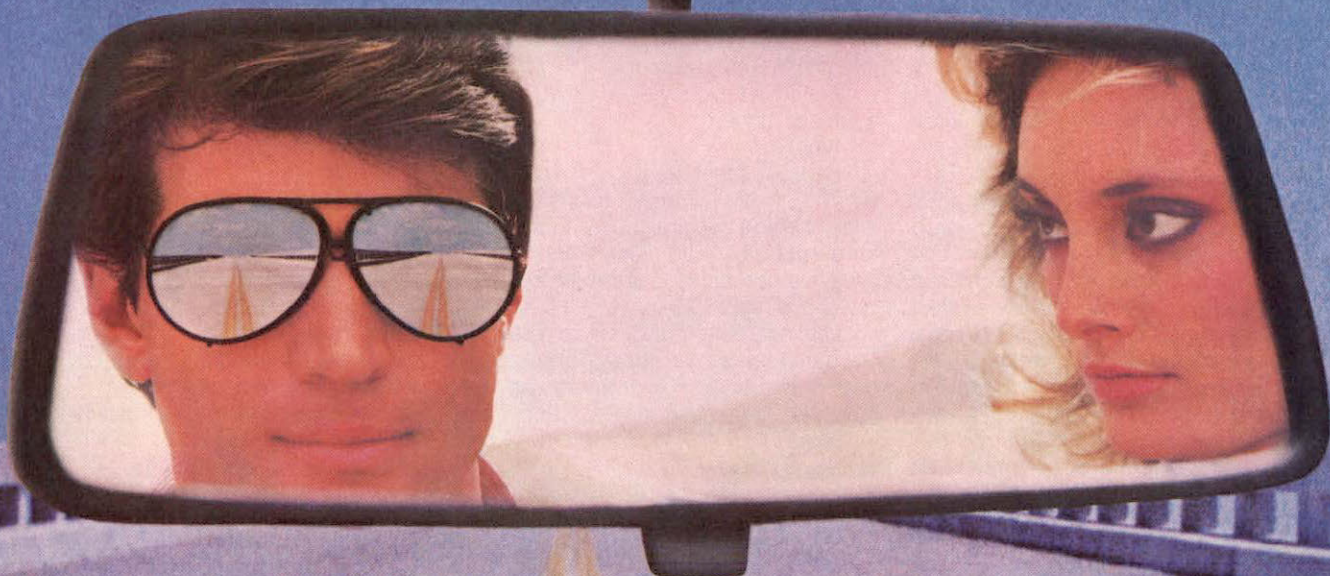
"The Chairman was not talking about a United States military policeman with barbed-wire cutters or a fire hose, or that kind of thing. That kind of thing we must expect."

"Well what kind of thing was he talking about?" Colonel Hassel pressed.

"Tanks." Ulbricht's voice was now much quieter.

"How many tanks?" Colonel Hassel persisted.

Ulbricht put down his glass. "If any tank runs over our barricade, we are instructed . . . counseled . . . to retreat." Ulbricht's voice began to trail. "Chairman Khrushchev said the Soviet Union would need to proceed with reference to the comprehensive responsibilities of the Soviet



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Union to the Warsaw powers."

"You mean to say"—Hassel was not going to let it go—"that if an American tank runs over our barricade, Khrushchev will not come to our aid?"

"That is what I mean to say," Ulbricht said acidly. "However," he brought bouyancy back into his voice, "the Chairman says we are not to concern ourselves, that he has weighed the character of the President at Vienna, and studied carefully his television speech of last week, and has got reports from agents in the field. He is convinced that if we make no move against West Berlin, and none against the convoys that provision West Berlin, the President will turn his back on East Berlin.

"Now we have been stocking material, as you know, since March. The plans for Operation Chinese Wall are in your hands, General. We have the barbed wire, many thanks to the British who manufactured it. We will travel from sawhorse traffic inter-rupters to concertinas of barbed wire to concrete stanchions, and beginning on the third day—if our work has not been definitively interrupted, and believe me, gentlemen, it will not be—we will begin constructing a forty-five-kilometer wall which will be impassable."

"Have you decided," the professor spoke up, "when D-Day is?"

"I have. I deem it imprudent to reveal the day. You will have forty-eight hours' notice. You must go to work as if D-Day were the day after tomorrow. We shall begin by stopping the subways and the trains at 0100 on D-Day. Troops will be brought in to help the Vopos with the barbed wire. Beginning at daylight, the acetylene torches will begin drilling the holes." Ulbricht, a teetotaler, reached for the champagne bottle. "I am going to drink to D-Day, and a Berlin made safe from the traitors who wish to flee it."

The Chairman rose. "Gentlemen, good night. We shall meet every morning, beginning on Tuesday, at eight, when I expect reports of the progress of the various bureaus."

It was a very late night for Caspar. Ulbricht had instructed him to prepare the minutes of the meeting in Ulbricht's secretary's office, rather than use the pool typewriter he shared with three other aides. "This time, make no copies. Just put the original in a sealed envelope and leave it right on my desk."

Caspar sensed that this was the moment to take liberties. Instead of supplying Henri with a paraphrase of the minutes, he resolved to give him a carbon copy. He emerged at 4:00 A.M. with four sheets of paper in his pocket, in an envelope on which was imprinted "Office of the Chairman, Democratic Republic of Germany." In his left pocket he carried an unmarked, unsealed envelope. When he reached the lockers, he would take the document from the official envelope, and insert it in the unmarked envelope in his pocket, destroy-

ing the official envelope.

"Why is supper taking so long," Caspar looked over from the radio at the end of the sofa in Berchtesgaden.

"Because tonight we are going to have a special dinner."

"Why?"

"Because I feel like it."

"Well, that's a good reason. Come to think of it, you don't really need an excuse for a specially good dinner, do you? It's always a good idea. But rather a bore to bring in all the makings, isn't it?"

"I have it pretty well down to a system. Caspar, I went over today, and I came back with a ham. You ought to see what the stores there have. It's like Christmas."

"Henri told me I was not ever to go over, you know that."

"Henri is quite right. But I want to talk to you about something after dinner."

"Sure, what?"

"I said after dinner. Anything special on

●

Inside it was black.
Caspar switched on his little
flashlight. . . . There was
heavy dust everywhere. Claudia
remembered the catch
in her throat when he told
her, "We are in
Hitler's private rail car."

●

the news?"

It was the finest meal he had ever had, said Caspar an hour later, "and that includes one of Uncle Walter's banquets I was invited to two years ago." Claudia was pleased, and emptied the wine bottle into Caspar's glass.

"Come on, let's go to bed. We can clean up later."

As was their habit, Caspar went into the stateroom first, arranged the lighting in the way he knew Claudia liked it. She came in, in her nightgown, from the bathroom. She smelled like apple blossoms, but then she always did. Caspar was stirred, and quickly they were embracing. He felt the special intensity of her embrace, and returned it, his passion now overwhelming. Claudia gasped, and when it was over, clasped him to her, her arms around his neck.

"Darling, darling. I can't breathe."

She loosened her hold on him, but just a little "Caspar, there is something I must say to you."

"Well, silly, say it."

"We must leave."

He sat up. "Leave . . . Berchtesgaden?"

"No. Leave East Berlin."

Caspar was thoughtful, but said nothing.

"We know now it may not be possible after Sunday."

"But—what would we do?"

"What did the thirty thousand who left in July do?"

"Well, yes. I suppose we could find jobs. I don't need to worry about my mother. What about yours?"

"She has been urging me to leave for over one year."

Caspar said, "Don't you think we ought to check it out with Henri?"

"I think we should tell him, I don't think we should give him a veto."

"No, I suppose you're right. On the other hand, if the Americans do what we expect them to do, Sunday won't mean anything."

"Your uncle will find some other way of stopping the traffic. Caspar, let's just agree to go on Saturday night, as if we were going to a movie over there—and then just not come back. Henri would look after us."

"How long does it take to get a marriage license in the West, I wonder, Claudia?"

"Why do you wonder?" she smiled, now the coquette.

"I was just wondering, that's all. You don't need an excuse to get a marriage license, do you?" And he returned her embrace, and inhaled her apple blossom; and reflected on how deeply he loved her, and how happy he was when in her company, and how in West Berlin they would insist only on this: that they work together wherever next they worked.

Margret Nilsson had succeeded in arranging her schedule at the hospital to coincide with Franz's as much as possible. She was with him as an assistant when he did surgery, and the chief nurse indulgently gave Margret primary responsibility for the care of Franz's patients, which made for additional moments together.

But the existing relationship was not what Margret wanted, and Franz often told her how unhappy he was at home, without Margret, and how unsatisfactory his wife was, and Margret said that they must go away together and live a normal life instead of continuing the imposture. But go away where? West, of course.

Franz agreed but said there was a money problem. He could not in good conscience go without leaving provisions of a sort for his wife and child, and he set the sum at 10,000 marks that he must leave her, in the form of civil settlement, alimony, so to speak. The difficulty lay in amassing such a sum of money.

It was one morning after a passionate interval with Franz—during the dictation hour, when yet again they had wondered how they could find the necessary money—that Margret stopped at the post office. There was a line behind the counter where stamps were sold, and while wait-

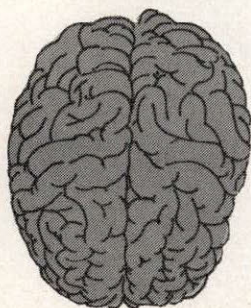
700,000 Americans have something no one wants to talk about.

Cerebral Palsy.

Maybe it's because they're afraid. Or they think it'll never happen to them. Maybe they think if we don't talk about it, it'll just go away. Unfortunately, things aren't that easy.

Here are some facts every one of us should know about the nation's #1 lifetime disabling condition.

What is Cerebral Palsy?



It's not a disease. Nor is it communicable or progressive. It is a condition resulting from damage to the brain, usually before, during or shortly after birth. Defective development, injury or disease may produce Cerebral Palsy.

One of the major causes is an insufficient supply of oxygen.

Can it be prevented?

Frequently, yes. Proper education and prenatal care can reduce the incidence of Cerebral Palsy.



What are its effects?

Cerebral Palsy affects motor function. Other complications may include seizures; abnormal sensation and perception; impairment of sight, hearing or speech; and mental retardation.

How is it treated?

Managed is a better word. It consists of helping the child achieve maximum potential in growth and development. Early intervention is crucial.

But the United Cerebral Palsy community serves the lifelong needs of those with Cerebral Palsy. Its network of state and local agencies provides



vocational training, living accommodations, transportation, recreation, leisure programs and employment opportunities.

Is there a cure?

Not yet. But every day we are learning more about managing Cerebral Palsy and controlling some of its effects. Today, tens of thousands of people with Cerebral Palsy are leading full, productive lives.

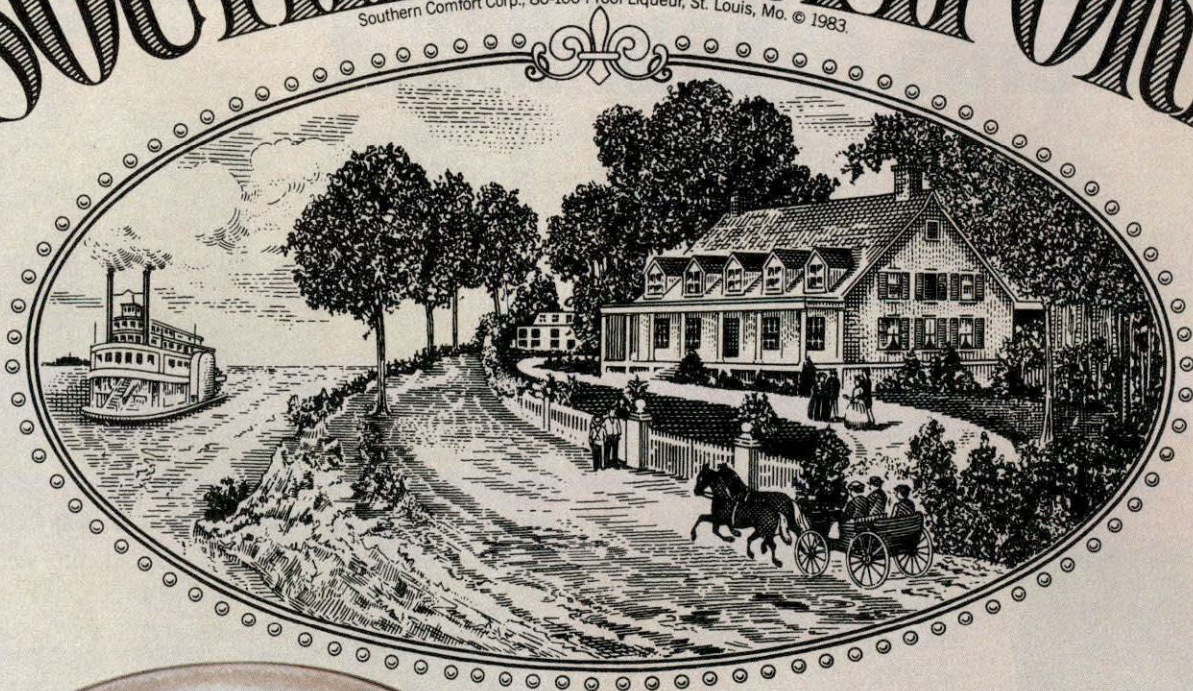
Now that you know something about Cerebral Palsy, don't keep it quiet. Speak out. Reach out. Only you can change things.

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ing in that line her eyes traveled to the post-office bulletin board. She noticed a sign that appeared fresher than the others, no doubt only recently posted. It announced a government award of 5,000 marks to anyone who gave information resulting in the arrest of any seditious enemy of the republic. The terms were, of course, general, but Margret found her heart racing. Five thousand marks!

She knew that the two times Claudia had come to her—the first to obtain penicillin, the second to pass along a vial of blood for examination—Claudia's vaguely stated reasons why she had not gone directly to a doctor, or to a hospital, indicated that she was hiding something. Hiding what? Hiding whom? Well, she thought, surely that is the business of the government to discover, not me?

She read the sign again carefully. Her responsibility was merely to provide the police with leads, not to do anything more than that. "Confidentiality is guaranteed," the sign went on.

Margret resolved to discuss the matter with Franz at their next private meeting, early that afternoon. She liked Claudia. But she loved Franz. And it was not right, in any case, for her to run the risks Claudia had imposed on her.

She would try it out on Franz, which she did, and he thought it a capital idea for raising the necessary money that would free them to go off to the West, and live happily ever after.

Caspar was both sad and excited. He had taken the greatest care to assemble in the laundry bag he carried every week to the laundress what he wished to take with him to the West. He reasoned that if he and Claudia traveled on the S-Bahn with the Saturday-afternoon traffic, the chances were slight that, carrying only a laundry bag, he would be stopped and examined. And even if that happened, his escape would not necessarily be aborted. For one thing, he was, after all, the nephew of Walter Ulbricht, and he carried a formidable identification card, designating him as a clerk attached to headquarters. His last name wasn't Ulbricht, but in a pinch he could let it be known who he was, and where he worked. All he and his girlfriend were doing was going to West Berlin for a couple of days, and taking a few souvenirs for friends.

And then he had written a letter which his mother would discover later that night, or the following morning. He had been careful not to disclose in the letter that he had any premonition, let alone specific knowledge, of the events planned for just after midnight, and of course not a hint of his knowledge of Operation Rheingold, on which he had been briefed the night before. Henri had been asked by his tank commander what exactly would be the deployment of the East German armored cars that would reinforce the barricades, and how far away were the Russian tanks to be situated, and Henri judged that only a knowledge of why this information was

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so necessary could justify the intensity of Caspar's rather dangerous search for the answers. It was merely a happy coincidence that he and Claudia thought to leave East Berlin only a few hours before leaving East Berlin would cease to be possible—unless, of course, Henri succeeded with Rheingold. He told his mother he was unhappy with the diminishing freedom of East Germans, that he would make every provision for her if she elected to join him, that he would write regularly, that he loved her very much, that he intended to marry Claudia, and that his very first child he would name after her if it was a girl, and after his father if it was a boy. He sealed the envelope and, with tape, affixed it to the mirror of the bathroom outside his bedroom, knowing that only when his mother came looking for him would she notice it.

He glanced at his watch. He would rendezvous with Claudia at Berchtesgaden at five, and already it was 4:15. His bundle was by no means too heavy to walk with, so that rather than while away twenty minutes and then take the bus, he decided to walk.

He went as usual to the alleyway off Warschauer Strasse and sidled up to the abandoned door which opened, as always. He glanced about him, but as usual there was no one in sight. So he turned left, and walked in the dim light toward siding No. 4, and up to car four. He took the

laundry bag in his left hand and with his right hand positioned the key. But the door was already open, which meant that Claudia had already arrived. It was wrong of her to forget to lock the door, even though she expected him. He climbed the platform stairs and turned to the car door, which was also open. He proceeded down the familiar corridor toward the living quarters. It was totally dark. He called out, "Claudia?" He was instantly blinded by a searchlight. From behind, he was struck above the kidneys by a club, and he fell to the floor.

That blow was the gentlest thing that happened to Caspar Allman that long evening. Four hours later, Walter Ulbricht invoked his authority as commander in chief of the G.D.R. personally to give the orders to the firing squad, and Caspar had to be seated and tied to the chair outside the wall because he could not stand, or even sit, without slumping. Claudia was brought out, manacled, and placed, standing, beside him. They looked at each other. He could not speak, and she chose not to. Ulbricht was in any case delayed for only the very few minutes that he needed to confer telegraphically with Ustinov and to call up the Soviet military commander to advise him to telephone instantly his American counterpart in the Western sector to warn him to be prepared for something the Bruderschaft were calling "Operation Rheingold." 

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PAGEANT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

After slating an X-rated biography of Catherine the Great as his next film foray, Guccione finally got serious about producing the world's ultimate beauty pageant.

His reasons for doing so seem sound enough. "Beauty pageants are enormously successful—even the Miss U.S.A. contest is one of TV's top-twenty shows—but if you watch any of them," he said, "you realize immediately how tacky they really are." The hosts talk in an unreal, game-show way about unreal, game-show women, and then the women come out and do their level game-show best to compound the unreality. Well, we're no more interested in producing tacky TV than we are in promoting plasticized beauty. Our \$1,000,000 Pet of the Year will be as earthy and real as the girls in our magazine. Add in a bit of taste, professionalism, and the million-dollar grand prize and I think our pageant will sweep every other beauty contest off the shelf."

The logistics of putting on an international beauty pageant involving over forty countries is about as simple as persuading OPEC's oil ministers to send out for bagels and lox. It's an arduous process, especially when you start from scratch.

By the same token, producing an exciting two-hour pageant telecast is no piece of taffy, either. Pageant broadcasts invariably manifest all the style, taste, and wit of TV game shows. Penthouse's \$1,000,000 Pet of the Year Pageant would have to be a radical departure from that standard, or else there'd be no point in doing it.

To accomplish this, Bob needed qualified help, and he knew where to find it.

Enter Bob Parkinson and Andy Friendly.

Parkinson, forty-five, is a former producer of the Miss Universe and Miss U.S.A. pageants, as well as of such TV fare as "Circus of the Stars." When it comes to the Hollywood game, Parkinson, a trim six foot four, can talk that talk and walk that walk, but he also happens to be a bright and exceedingly decent guy. If Friendly's name seems familiar, it's probably because Fred W. Friendly, his father, produced the late Edward R. Murrow's most famous telecasts and later served as president of CBS News. At thirty-one, Friendly already has spent a decade in the business, starting out as a newswriter and later on becoming the original producer of "Entertainment Tonight." Friendly quit that job when the program began shilling for show business instead of covering it. He met Parkinson soon afterward, when both began working on M-G-M's "World of Entertainment," starring Gene Kelly.

Last year the two formed Parkinson/Friendly Productions, and they've since become one of Hollywood's hottest production teams. The two TV pilots they produced last summer, *This Is Your Life* (for Ralph Edwards) and *Taking Advantage*,

were both picked up as network series, and following that, Parkinson and Friendly were hired by Richard Pryor to produce the comedian's next concert film. The boys are doing just fine, thank you.

Parkinson first discussed a *Penthouse* beauty contest with Guccione almost ten years ago. "I think Bob was ready to go with it back then, but the timing wasn't right," Parkinson says. "Between *Penthouse*, *Viva*, and *Omni*, he was working twenty hours a day, seven days a week. He literally didn't have time for anything else."

Soon after *Caligula* was completed, however, Guccione and Parkinson resumed their talks about an international Pet of the Year competition. In September of '82, Parkinson and Friendly flew to New York to confer with Guccione about actually going ahead with the event. Says Friendly, "Because of the way Guccione's been portrayed in the media—gold chains, velvet pants, that kind of thing—I didn't know what to expect. Bob turned out to be the most decisive man I've ever done business with. He wanted to know how much the production itself would cost—about a million dollars—and what the show would look like. After we told him, he committed fully to the project. That's unusual in this business."

Since then, Parkinson and Friendly have been working hard to implement Guccione's concept. "We're setting out to do something beautiful," Parkinson notes. "We're not going to be cutesy, and people aren't going to get the impression they're watching a United Nations' children's concert. The \$1,000,000 Pet of the Year Pageant will do for beauty contests what 'Saturday Night Live' did for comedy."

Parkinson and Friendly both believe that the International Pet of the Year will become the Rolls-Royce of beauty pageants—and not just because of the \$1 million involved. Along with Guccione, they've structured the pageant to feature the kind of woman one would meet at a party in Manhattan or L.A. or Des Moines—or London or Paris, for that matter. The idea is to present a composite Contemporary Woman, one who's vitally concerned about herself, her career, her role in society, her relationships with men. Parkinson says, "We're seeking out the kind of women who'd be fun to take to dinner—women who are confident about themselves, who are into art and politics, and who are comfortable with their bodies. This is one pageant that won't award first prize to an air-head."

The same sense of breaking new ground applies to the two-hour telecast. Friendly says, "The show itself will be a hip, funny, classy event. Bob and I want to completely revamp televised beauty pageants, starting with the basics—lighting, sets, and photography—and then going into more obvious areas like the host judges and entertainment."

As this issue goes to press, stars Wayne Newton and Pia Zadora have agreed to

lend their talents to the pageant telecast, and by the time you read this, you'll have heard about other featured entertainers and pageant judges . . . one of whom will be *Penthouse* reader Marc A. Richardson, of Los Angeles, whose winning entry in *Penthouse's* Here Comes the Judge contest earned him an envied position on this prestigious tribunal.

You won't, however, have heard how the \$1,000,000 Pet of the Year Pageant differs from the competition.

To start with, uniforms are out. Why stuff the world's most beautiful women into the same shapeless bathing suits? And how many blue chiffon evening gowns can we all look at before turning blue ourselves? The \$1,000,000 Pet of the Year Pageant is the first major beauty event that allows finalists to choose their own swimsuits and gowns—and if the ladies select bikinis and evening fashions that are more revealing and sexier than usual, so much the better.

Another point of departure: the Pet of the Year Pageant is not looking to discover The Complete Girl Scout. "We're not judging what a girl does," says Parkinson. "We're judging who she is and how she does it. She can be married, divorced, single—it really doesn't matter."

Working under Parkinson's direction, Griff O'Neil, the pageant's executive director, spent much of the past year helping to organize (and attending) Pet of the Year pageants throughout the world. O'Neil has logged nearly twenty years as a beauty-pageant administrator, starting with the Miss Teenage America and Miss U.S.A. contests and working his way up to Miss World, Miss Universe, and Miss America. O'Neil believes the \$1,000,000 Pet of the Year Pageant has attracted an outrageous group of sexy, sophisticated women.

"Forget their looks for a moment, although that's pretty difficult to do," he says. "I think the ladies who've won their way to Las Vegas have careers and interests as diverse as any group of women you could possibly find."

O'Neil's point seems well-taken. Brigitta Cimarolli, Austria's Pet of the Year, was her nation's chess champion in 1981 and once played Russia's peerless Anatoly Karpov to a stalemate. Japan's Yuko Nunome and Germany's Carola Winter are graphic artists. Israel's Sharon Marash is a photographer who now spends a good deal of time in front of the camera. Switzerland's Pet of the Year, Monika Kaelin, appeared in the 1965 film version of *Heidi* when she was eleven years old and went on to become a kindergarten teacher. Monika returned to acting seven years ago and has since become a sensational-looking staple of the Swiss stage. South Africa's Jilly Hutchings is a secretary for a Johannesburg engineering firm, New Zealand's Kassie Dzemos is a fashion model, Spain's Maria José Barberá de Lera is a stewardess for Iberia Airlines, and Brazil's Talita Comin has finished two

years of law school and plans to become an attorney in São Paulo.

Almost every winner of a national Pet of the Year Pageant has already received more in the way of prizes than titleholders of other major beauty contests. The domestic Pet of the Year, featured elsewhere in this issue, will be awarded nearly \$200,000 in cash and prizes. Australia's Pet of the Year, Marilyn Natty, a lovely thirty-one-year-old-blue-eyed blonde, earned more than \$100,000 for winning her title. Marilyn's favorite prize was a four-wheel-drive Jeep Hawk, which suits her perfectly: Marilyn is an outdoor adventurer who has climbed the Himalayas and has bred prizewinning palominos on her own stud farm. The United Kingdom's Pet of the Year, English model Dawn Jones, came away with a Panther Kallister sports car, a full-length mink coat, and a wide range of other goodies. The rather obvious point being made here is that although only one of the finalists will strike it incredibly rich in Las Vegas, all of them already are winners.

Guccione, of course, stands to be the biggest winner of all. TV sponsors will probably underwrite most of the cost of the pageant, but even if they don't, the event has already generated millions of dollars' worth of publicity throughout the world—and that's before the finals have been held. Thus far, the contest has gotten a warm welcome from the media, and

Guccione doesn't even expect feminists to find fault.

"Extremists within the feminist movement think of every beauty pageant as a cattle show, but when there's a million dollars at stake, it changes things—and I think that is as it should be," he says. "The lunatic fringe apart, most feminists know that we've supported their cause for a long time. *Penthouse* was the first corporation in New York to actually put money into the ERA movement, and I think we practice what we preach. Aside from myself, *Penthouse's* three highest-paid employees are women. And they're not paid for effect: if I don't pay them what they're worth, somebody else will."

Still, no one has ever anted up a million dollars for a beauty-pageant winner, but then again, a few years ago who would have believed that pro basketball and baseball players would be knocking down seven-figure salaries? In the meantime, Guccione's only taking what he sees as a very sensible gamble, and, given his track record, he'll probably be proved right. Aside from the business part of the \$1,000,000 Pet of the Year Pageant, would you really like to know what's in it for Guccione?

"I think the part I like best," he says, "is that our Pet of the Year will pay more in income tax than every other beauty-pageant queen put together will win."

Miss America, eat your heart out. 



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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

you try this on, Ellen, since you're going to be one of the girls." She rolled up some socks and stuffed them in the cups of the brassiere. Then she lowered a perfumed slip over my head and gave my cock a little squeeze.

Brenda and Debbie had been giggling like mad under their separate covers, seeing me struggle with the unfamiliar garments, but Miss Emily had not forgotten them. She strode over and pulled back Debbie's sheet, revealing her completely naked body. From where I lay, I could see the mounds of her ass and a hint of darkness between her innermost thighs. Miss Emily put a hand on her ass. "You owe me one, right, Debbie?" "Yeah, sure," Debbie responded dreamily. Miss Emily helped her out of bed and guided her over to where Brenda was lying, wide-eyed. She slowly drew back Brenda's covers. "I want you to return the favor to Brenda instead of me." Debbie was wide awake by this time, and she climbed into the bed and maneuvered herself between Brenda's legs. Brenda's head arched back as Debbie pulled down her panties and began to nuzzle her cunt. I could see her tongue slip in between the glistening folds of flesh as she put her whole mouth to Brenda's pussy. Moving her head from side to side, she sucked and Brenda bucked.

My prick bulged against the tight nylon panties as I watched the heated action on the other bed. Miss Emily lifted up her skirt to reveal a garter belt and stockings. I could see that her cunt was already damp, and as Brenda threw her head from side to side, she was suddenly presented with a beautiful pussy. Turning partway onto her side, she put her hands around behind Miss Emily's ass and drew her closer, mashing her face against the older woman's vagina, searching for her clitoris. All of a sudden, Miss Emily's knees began to tremble as a sensation of intense dizziness passed over her. As Brenda's tongue rammed in and out of Miss Emily's cunt and her hands spread her ass cheeks wider, Miss Emily came in a rush, covering Brenda's face with her pussy juice. It was obvious that she loved it. As she finally succumbed to Debbie's ministrations, she slammed up and down on the bed, with Debbie holding on for dear life, trying to maintain tongue-to-cunt contact.

As Brenda and Debbie relaxed in each other's arms, Miss Emily came back over to me. She rolled me onto my back and my cock strained to escape its little nylon sheath. Leaning forward, she slid the material aside and began to suck on my engorged prick. I could feel one of her fingers slip up my rectum, and it was an incredible sensation. Over on the other bed, Debbie was moaning and the bed was starting to shake again as Brenda licked Debbie's beautiful, young pussy. At Debbie's urging, Brenda reversed her po-

IN THE DECEMBER FORUM

WHEN WOMEN RAPE MEN

Anxiety over sexual performance haunts most men at one time or another. But for male victims of female rapists, the need to perform repeatedly often takes on life-or-death urgency. Astonishingly, as Linda Murray reports in this definitive study of male rape, men are able to achieve erection and ejaculation even when threatened with physical harm. "If fear of inadequacy is the greatest known deterrent of effective sexual functioning," she notes, "then this startling new finding raises profound questions about male sexuality. Apparently, anxiety can enhance sexual arousal and performance."

MY LOVE AFFAIR WITH JOHN LENNON

One of the world's most eligible non-bachelors lived just across from Central Park, where Natasha Sarnoff went jogging every morning. Collapsing on a bench one morning, she was startled to see none other than John Lennon sitting beside her, playing with his young son, Sean. One thing led to many others in this fantasy affair to end all fantasies.

MEMOIRS OF A SWINGER

Perhaps the hottest tale ever told in these pages, this remembrance of orgies past recreates the most arousing things men and women can do to and for one another in the name of physical pleasure. The human architecture of group sex is scrupulously described in ways that will astonish even bedroom veterans who think they have seen and read about it all.

ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

sition into a classic sixty-nine. She certainly seemed no stranger to the joys of lesbian sex as she dove into Debbie's honeyed cunt.

Then, Miss Emily started to run her hands over my bra, and sucked my cock down her throat. I felt the cool nylon of the slip resting on my skin and the smell of its perfume. I must admit that I was loving the experience. I arched my ass off the bed, hoping to drive my dick even farther into her mouth, and she cupped her hands underneath my buns and squeezed, pulling my cheeks slightly apart. Then she started wiggling the finger that was up my ass and sucked harder on my cock, and I shot a big load of semen all over her face and lips. She couldn't contain it all in her mouth but she sucked me dry and licked me clean.

"Yes, Ellen, that was most enjoyable," she said as she got up from the bed and readjusted her skirt. "That's a hell of a clitoris you've got there." She nodded with satisfaction at Brenda and Debbie as they sucked each other's pussy and, going over to them, bent down near where Brenda was licking Debbie's ass and cunt. She gave Brenda a long kiss and gave Debbie's cunt a long suck. Then she rose and turned off the light. "Good-night, girls," she said, and we could hear her going on to the next room.—Name and address withheld

THE HOSER

I was on duty one Saturday, as part of a monthly requirement for being a fireman, when my partner decided he had to go home and check on some things. About this time, one of the local girls strolled by the station and began to talk. She was about five foot six, weighed in at 120 pounds, and had beautifully proportioned breasts and an ample ass. She said she was interested in the fire equipment and wished to be shown around. Of course I was interested in her "equipment" and decided to show her what I had.

I led her around the equipment and showed her some of the engineering tools. She remarked that it must be difficult being a fireman: always having to be at the ready, and all. I replied that it was, and noticed that her nipples were showing through the thin material of her top. She took one long look down at my crotch, where my tool was trying to break free. She reached into the tool compartment and picked up an old straight-stream, inch-and-a-half nozzle. She put it to her lips and began to suck and nibble on the end of it. I had just begun to get the idea that it would be possible to attain her forbidden fruit when she reached over and grabbed me by the hand. She explained that it had been her fantasy to make it with a fireman on a fire truck. I quickly rolled the main door down.

When I returned, I found her on top of the engine, on the hose bed, pulling her pants off. Her top was already off, and I watched those luscious melons swing

with her efforts. I shed my pants and boots and climbed up to the tailboard of the truck, where she slid forward until her legs were hanging off the back and her cunt was directly in my face. She handed me the brass nozzle and said, "Beat me off with this." I complied by rubbing the tip up and down her slit until she flowed all over it. Meanwhile, I couldn't stand it any more and began to stroke myself while inhaling her heady aroma. I began to lick her clit while slowly stroking the nozzle in and out. The girl, grinding her hips up and down and moaning, finally came to a bouncing orgasm. I pulled the nozzle out and climbed up on the hose bed as she slid back. I placed myself between her legs and, pointing my cock at her slick hole, said, "Now, I'll show you what a fireman can do with *his* nozzle." She helped slide me in and I started pumping away. She kept up a constant stream of encouragement. "I feel it . . . Pump it baby . . . Get that pressure up . . . Shoot your straight stream." I began to quiver and tighten up and finally dumped my load into her. We lay back and rested, laughing about all the fireman jokes such as, "The more water pressure, the harder the hose". Then the alarm went off.

You never saw someone try to move so fast to get dressed. I knew that we had only seconds before the guys would roll in. In addition, the main doors automatically go up when the alarm sounds. I said a

hurried good-bye and got into my clothes and my turnout gear. The other guys came in and we rolled out (to what turned out to be a traffic accident). I thought that I had gotten away with a really great time when, later, the engineer called me over to the truck. He pulled a pair of come-soaked panties out from the hose-bed cover and asked if I knew anything about them. I just gave him a sly wink.—Name and address withheld 

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Forum Magazine** now on sale at your newsstand, or, for this month's copy, send \$2.50 to **Forum Magazine**, P.O. Box 358, Belleville, New Jersey 07109.

PHOTO CREDITS

Pet of the Year Sheila Kennedy was photographed by Bob Guccione with a Canon T50 camera and Tiffen filters. She appears on page 115. Pet of the Month Lisa Schultz, who appears on page 91, was photographed by Hank Londoner with a Nikon 35mm camera and a Nikkor 80-200 zoom lens. "It Was a Very Good Year," photographed by Earl Miller with a Nikon F2 camera, Nikkor 55, 85 and 135 lenses, Harrison filters and Norman Strobes, appears on page 72.



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The College Entrance
Exam, sports, sexist stunts, and
a new competition.

GAMES

BY SCOT MORRIS

Every culture has its folklore—stories, anecdotes, bits of “common knowledge” that are so widespread and so often repeated that no one knows how they started. In early times, this folklore was passed on at the communal fire or at public meeting places. Today, in our anonymous, bureaucratic society, the public lore is usually passed along by making Xerox copies.

A recent good example is the “College Entrance Exam” (below, left), which made the rounds a couple of years ago. It was copied and recopied—sometimes in longhand, sometimes typed—and given various titles, from “Engineering School Admissions Test” to “Polish IQ Test.” But always it had the same twenty-four boxes and the same word-pictures to be deciphered. As editor of the “Games” column in *Omni*, I received about a dozen different copies of this test from all over the world, all within a six-month period.

I don’t know who came up with the idea, but it was so good that he or she quickly lost control of it. Almost everyone who sees it for the first time gets an un-

controllable urge to take it and then make copies to pass along to friends. The idea is to find the familiar word or phrase represented in each box. For example, the answer to No. 1 is “sand-box.” How many of the remaining twenty-three can you decipher?

The game was so popular that it inspired new typographic puzzles, with names such as “wacky wordies,” “loony logos,” “symbol Simons,” and “worddoodles.” The Advanced Exam (below, right) is a new collection of “wordpix,” made up of some of the best that followed in the wake of the original. Most of these were sent in by *Omni* readers. This Advanced Exam appears here for the first time. (A similar version is in *Omni Games*, just published by Holt, Rinehart and Winston. The book is a collection of the best of the *Omni* “Games” columns plus some material—such as these quizzes—that has not appeared in *Omni*.)

COMPETITION NO. 2: WORDPIX

If the entrance exams inspire you to invent your own examples, send them in. We’ll publish the best ones received.

You may submit up to three wordpix, no more. Write them, with answers, on a postcard or a card inside an envelope, attach your name and address, and send the card (postmarked no later than January 15, 1984) to: Penthouse Competition No. 2, Penthouse Magazine, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. The grand-prize winner will receive \$100 and the nine runners-up, \$25 each, and all ten will get a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse* and a copy of *Omni Games*. All entries will become the nonexclusive property (i.e., while remaining the sender’s property) of *Penthouse*; none will be returned.

IT’S A PUSHOVER. This is a classic party stunt that can be quite infuriating, especially to men with a strong macho complex. Use it in a mixed group, and announce that it’s a good test of coordination and natural physical abilities.

Kneel on the floor, and stand a matchbook on edge one forearm’s length in front of your knees. Place an elbow against one knee and set the matchbook at the tip of your outstretched fingers, as

College Entrance Exam 1

1 SAND	2 MAN BOARD	3 STAND I	4 R E A D I N G
5 WEAR LONG	6 R ROAD A D	7 T OWN	8 CYCLE CYCLE CYCLE
9 LE VEL	10 O M.D. Ph.D. B.S.	11 KNEE LIGHTS	12 II OOO OO
13 CHAIR	14 DICE DICE	15 T OUCH	16 GROUND FEET FEET FEET FEET FEET
17 MIND MATTER	18 HE'S HIMSELF	19 ECNALG	20 DEATH/LIFE
21 G.I. CCC CC C	22 PROGRAM	23 P S C O B	24 J U SME T

Advanced College Entrance Exam

1 TIMING TIM ING	2 HOM [	3 P GG	4 ONE ANOTHER ONE ANOTHER ONE ANOTHER ONE ANOTHER ONE ANOTHER ONE ANOTHER
5 ALL world	6 SYMPHON	7 BLOOD WATER	8 N E V E S
9 L C O N	10 SGEG	11 NO WAYS IT WAYS	12 EILN PU
13 JUS 144 TICE	14 13579 WHELMING	15 HE (CAPITALISM)	16 ASTRO Ø
17 AM UOUS	18 wWoOIOfL	19 NaCl • H ₂ O, NaCl • H ₂ O CCCCCCC	20 A SAS
21 HIS KALAMAZOOO	22 FRIENDS FRIENDS	23 WHEATHER	24

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GAMES

shown below. Then clasp your hands behind your back and lean forward slowly. The challenge is to knock the matchbox over with your nose without losing your balance, as shown at right.

The reason for attempting this in a mixed group is that most men fail miserably at this task and fall flat on their faces, while most women can do it easily. It is a woman's lower center of gravity, of course, that enables her to do this without toppling over. But many men can't take the idea of being "beaten" by a woman at any physical task and will keep trying and trying: "If *she* can do it, I sure as hell can do it." And the more they try, the madder they get. It's a Pushover is a good way to put the male-chauvinist pig in his pen.



1. MOST VALUABLE NUMBER. Twenty years ago, in 1963, a rather remarkable bit of numerological trivia occurred in professional sports. That was the year that three of the four Most Valuable Players (MVPs) in football and baseball all wore the same jersey number. What was the number? If that's too easy, try naming all of the co-numbered players and their teams.

2. WINNING HAND. Here's one of those classic situational problems in which you must find a way to help our hero out of what seems to be an impossible fix.

The beautiful Princess Priscilla is guarded so jealously by her father, King Rufus, that the only way you can get into



her chastity belt is by passing the king's test. The rules are simple: he will take two slips of paper, print "You Win" on one and "You Lose" on the other, then crumple the paper into balls and present them to you on a platter. You will pick one. If it says "You Win," you get to carry the princess off and have your way with her. If it's "You Lose," arrangements will be made for your future employment as a eunuch.

The deal is risky, but you can't get your mind off the royal box, so you decide to give it a shot. King Rufus can tell just how honorable your intentions are, however, so he plays his old trick of writing "You Lose" on *both* papers. Just before the ceremonies, Princess Priscilla (who wants to unlink *your* chain mail) tells you how the game is rigged.

What now? You dare not accuse the king of cheating—that would mean instant separation of most of your body parts from each other. The whole village is watching, and everyone thinks you have a 50 percent chance to score. Can you find a way to come out on top in this dirty deal?

3. SMITH, JONES, AND ROBINSON. One very popular type of logic problem is what I call the shortstop-eats-spaghetti puzzle. It is more often called a "Smith-Jones-Robinson puzzle," probably from the following classic, originally set on a train. We have updated the setting and characters but have left the structure of

the problem intact. The names remain the same.

On the redeye express from Los Angeles to New York, the pilot, copilot, and flight attendant are named Smith, Robinson, and Jones, but *not* respectively. Three passengers on the plane have the same names: Mr. Smith, Mr. Robinson, and Mr. Jones.

1. Mr. Robinson lives in Boston.
2. The copilot lives exactly halfway between New York and Boston.
3. Mr. Jones earns exactly \$50,000 per year.
4. The copilot's next-door neighbor, one of the passengers, earns exactly three times as much as the copilot does.

5. Smith beats the pilot at racquetball.
6. The passenger whose name is the same as the copilot's lives in New York.

Question: Who is the flight attendant? Every fact here is important. There is no catch or trick answer. A few very bright people can work out the solution in five to ten minutes. Most take longer, if they can crack it at all. And you?

Answers:

COLLEGE ENTRANCE EXAM

- (1) Sandbox (2) Man overboard (3) I understand (4) Reading between the lines (5) Long underwear (6) Crossroads (7) Downtown (8) Tricycle (9) Split-level (10) Three degrees below zero (11) Neon lights (12) Circles under the eyes (13) High chair (14) Paradise (15) Touchdown (16) Six feet underground (17) Mind over matter (18) He's beside himself (19) A backward glance (20) Life after death (21) GI overseas (22) Space program (23) See-through blouse (24) Just between you and me

ADVANCED EXAM

- (1) Split-second timing (2) A long letter from home (3) Ping-Pong (P in G, P on G) (4) Six of one, half a dozen of another (5) It's a small world after all (6) Unfinished symphony (7) Blood is thicker than water (8) Seven-Up (9) Condescending (10) Scrambled eggs (11) No two ways about it (12) Line up in alphabetical order (13) A gross injustice (14) The odds are overwhelming (15) He is an exponent of capitalism (16) Astronaut (17) Ambiguous

Answers continued on page 213.

While history has been repeating itself, we've been busy working on the future: perfecting the best color video picture there is.

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SORRY, SONY

girl, I come home with blue balls.

You wouldn't believe how much I'm dying to taste my first pussy. It's really difficult for me to hear my friends talking about how they get laid all the time. I tried to talk about it to a few friends, but they only laughed and made jokes. I can just imagine what they would say if they found out I wrote this letter. I'd never hear the end of it! They all think I've been laid lots of times. Whenever they talk about sex, I kind of nod in agreement with what they say, as if I knew all about it.

It's terribly hard to describe how I feel in a letter. I hope I gave you some idea. Any advice you can give would be greatly appreciated and I'd love you for it.—T.G.

I suspect that your sisters and their girlfriends may be partially responsible for your insecurity, even though they tell you that you're cute. Brothers and sisters have a way of talking to one another in a teasing manner, so that one doesn't know whether what is said is meant seriously or is just sarcasm. In any case, if you really want some experience, why not save some of your pocket money and find yourself a pretty hooker? This will help you get to know women more thoroughly. I think you should be past the stage of romantic

walks in moonlight and holding hands on park benches by your age.

If you don't like the idea of making it with a hooker, then you must stick to amateur girls and take the chance of being turned down. But remember, you sure won't be the first one to get a no. If your approach is clumsy and you just stand and stutter, however, you may have to wait another twenty years. So start working on your conversation, your assertive behavior, and your seduction technique. Don't look untidy. Put on your cleanest pair of underpants and be well-mannered. Charm will get you pretty far, especially if the girl is a bit older (and I can almost guarantee that a more experienced woman won't mind showing you the ropes of lovemaking). If you have blue balls after each date, it means that you must have the necessary equipment. Get in there, kid, and use it. You can't be worse off than you are now.

HURTS SO GOOD

My wife and I have been together for about five years now. We have, I believe, the perfect relationship. Our sex life has grown as healthily as our mutual love has grown. A few years ago, my wife, Barbara, said she would like to fuck me in the ass. At first, I was a little hesitant, mostly because it seemed homosexual. We started out with just one finger, then five, then, finally, her vibrator. I enjoyed it from the start and had the best orgasms of my life.

But Barb wasn't satisfied—she wanted to use a dildo so that she could really fuck me. So I shopped around and found one that I felt I could handle. That was about two months ago. Since then, we have had some of the wildest, most ecstatic sexual bouts of our marriage. Now comes the problem.

A couple of times after these bouts, there has been what appears to be blood on the dildo. There isn't much, if any, pain involved—maybe just a little sensitivity in the prostate area for a day or two, but the blood concerns us both. I've had prostate infections in the past but they were much more painful and didn't bleed. I know the consequences of losing my prostate gland, and at the age of thirty-six I'm not willing to play for stakes that high. I'm kind of like the little boy whose father caught him jacking off and told him that jacking off would make him go blind. The little boy replied, "I just want to go until I have to wear glasses." My wife and I both enjoy this activity very much, but neither of us wants to see me literally fucked up because of it. Could you please cast some light on the subject for us, and maybe offer some helpful advice?—B.F.

I would see a good doctor and tell him what you and your wife have been up to, although I doubt that your occasional bleeding has anything to do with your prostate. It's probably a surface abrasion inside your bowel, which is a very sensitive part of your body. Your dildo has probably damaged a vein, which could cause hemorrhoids, which are essentially varicose veins within the anal area that swell up. This can result in excruciating pain.

As some men (both homosexuals and heterosexuals) enjoy having their partners insert long, hard objects or even the whole hand into their rectums (fist-fucking), one can only assume that these people are unaware of the dangers of this somewhat brutalizing practice.

There is a great likelihood of infection through scratches, and the objects being inserted may carry bacteria. Furthermore, while the sphincter muscle can adjust to a slowly inserted, normal-size penis without being torn or losing its elasticity, it is likely to be overstretched by a fist or by objects of comparable size. In other words, while anal intercourse poses no real anatomical problem because of size, fist-fucking can lead to serious injuries, external and possibly internal, particularly if it becomes a habit.

Not that I want to scare you, but it's wise to be aware of the dangers of anal sex. Have you ever tried taking an enema before having anal sex? Who knows? You may develop an enema fetish and get off on the liquid squirting around in your bowels. Or maybe you should go back to just finger-fucking, preferably without long fingernails. But I would keep the dildo on the bedside table until the doctor has given you the green light. 



"Oh, Betsy, my darling, I know I'm unworthy to be your husband. But would you consider a blowjob . . . ?"

EXPLOSIVE



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"What sort of contraceptive would you recommend for an office party?"

AN EXECUTIVE CHRISTMAS CAROL

A CARTOON FEATURE BY

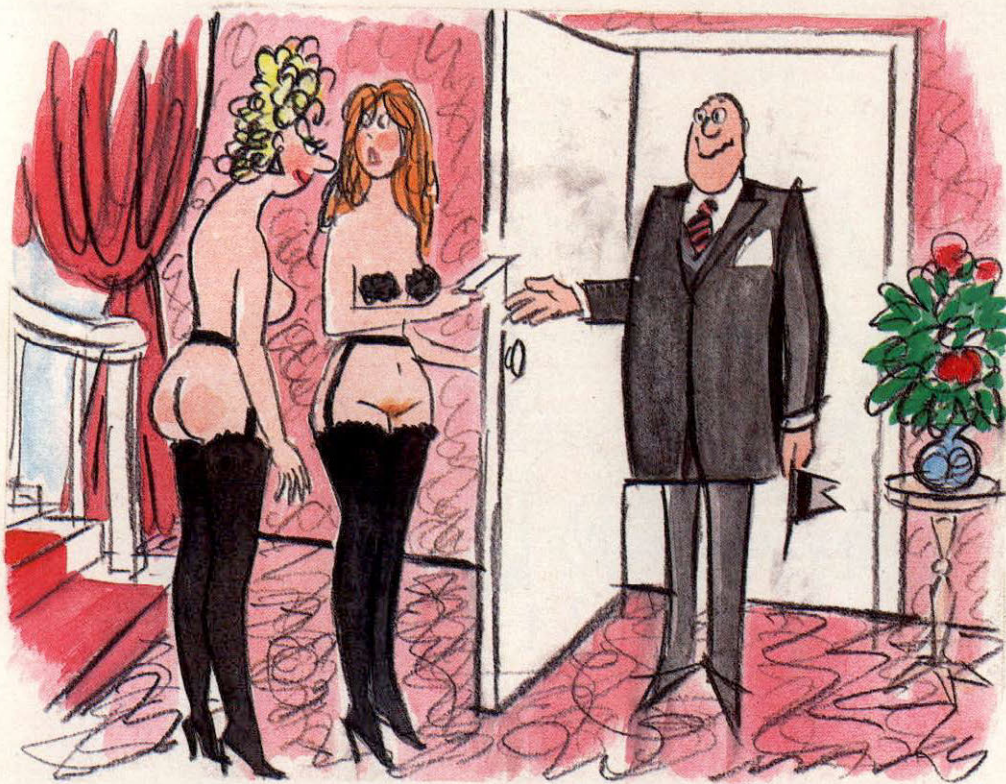
Frutkin



"Please, not in front of the computer!"



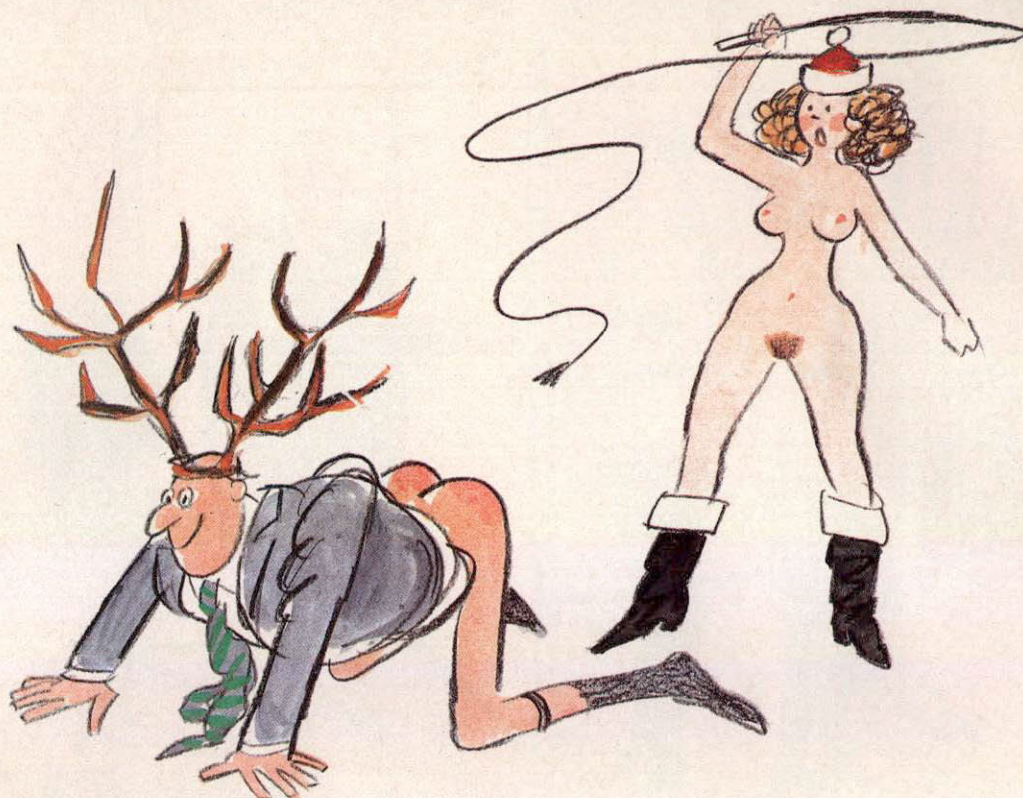
"Isn't that Simpkins in accounting?"



"It's a gift certificate from his secretary."



"And by the way, dear, let's have something different for this Christmas dinner."



"On, Donner, on, Blitzen, on, Weintraub, Fenner and Kitzman."



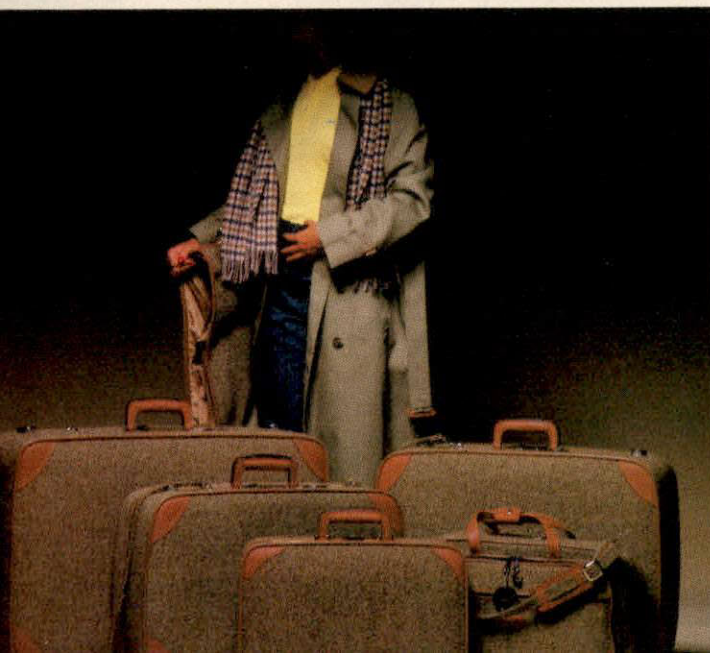
"It's going to be quite an office party, Miss Dibbs. Make at least 275 cups of coffee."



"Well, it's not my idea of an equal-opportunity employer!"



"This is the toughest time of the year for me, Miss Nugent. Help me forget that I'm in munitions."



Pet of the Year Gifts



UPHOLDING AN HONORED PENTHOUSE
TRADITION, OUR GLORIOUS QUEEN EMBARKS ON
A BOUNTIFUL REIGN.

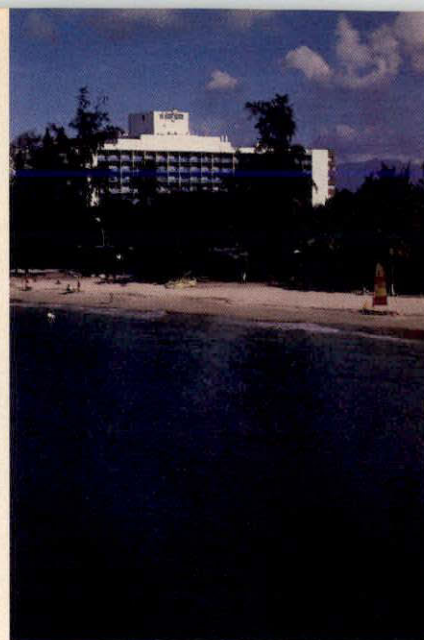
A star is born, a legend created, and a dream fulfilled. *Penthouse* has recently crowned its eighteenth Pet of the Year, an honored tradition that salutes beauty, sensuality, and grace. And to hail our newfound queen, we have bestowed on her a multitude of distinctive gifts, to ensure a glorious and glamorous reign. She will jet to the Caribbean for a week, with a chosen companion, to relish the rays by day and dance to calypso by night. Back in the States, she will be adorned with furs, gold, designer fashions, and jewels so that she will be tastefully dressed to kill, even in the wilds of Spring Glen, N.Y., where she will spend a week as a sportswoman, hunting down life's simple pleasures. At home, our cosmopolitan queen will entertain with the utmost comfort and style. Her home environment is all state-of-the-art; her furnishings and crystal have been chosen with extreme care,

guaranteeing quality, elegance, and the height of luxury. Freedom of expression is a priority for our Pet, and *Penthouse* Publisher Bob Guccione encourages her to indulge her whims with a cash gift of \$5,000. And when whims turn to options, our Pet intelligently acquires advice from PHILLIP KENNEDY CAREER GUIDANCE CENTER to launch yet another career. The array of gifts showered upon our Pet are unparalleled, and for the year ahead, she will bask in the luxury of a queen whose true reign and realm could only be the lavish twentieth century. Our Pet thoroughly enjoys entertaining at home, and when she does, our regal hostess must have the very latest in electronics. (Left, top) The TOSHIBA CX 3503 color TV keeps her abreast of the world news while the PANA-

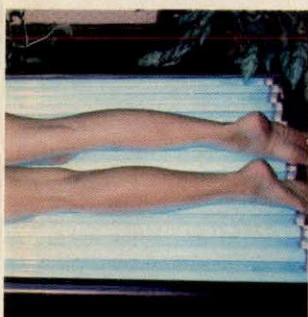
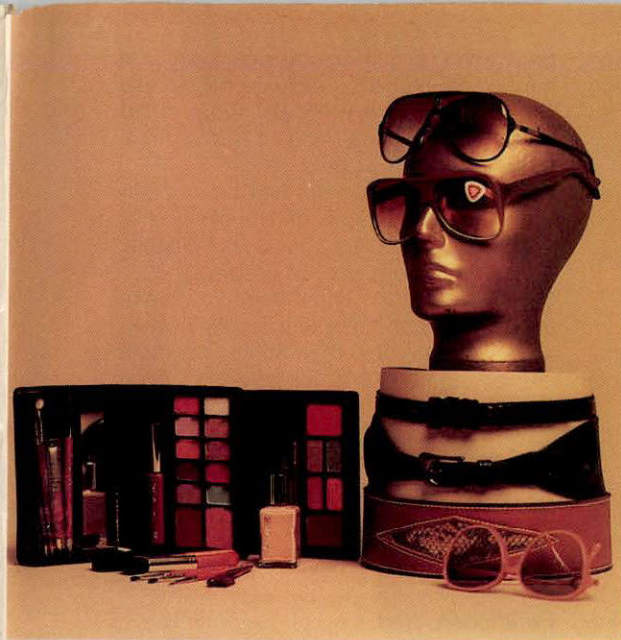


SONIC VIDEO (VHS home deck), the SANYO VIDEO (VCR 730), and TDK VIDEO-TAPES allow her to personally select the entertainment. For those quiet, playful evenings there is the COLECO GAME SYSTEM, while relaxing in luxurious PANDORA LINGERIE. Forever directing the show, our Pet has her own movie camera and projector, courtesy of CHINON, in addition to a portable CP-7 radio cassette by SANSUI and compact disc player by CD-D1 AKAI. Sound advice is provided by INFINITY SPEAKERS. A stunning and sleek chamois dress designed by NORTH BEACH LEATHER makes her the consummate role model. (Left, middle) Weathering the winter's chill is gloriously achieved by wearing an exquisite fox jacket, courtesy of PAUL WALTZER, INC. Adorned by a string of pearls from the CULTURED

PEARL ASSOCIATION, our Pet gives a hand to them, and to MARASCHINO NAILS for their gift—one year's nail service. As bright as she is beautiful, our Pet keeps herself challenged by MAGIC COMPUTER and tax software by HOWARD SOFTWARE SERVICES. When she's in a financial bind, her advice is provided by REILLY SECURITIES, INC. A 14-karat gold Penthouse Key, singularly designed for our queen, is studded with rubies and diamonds and is made exclusively by FEUER & WOLF. Dressed for a night on the town (wearing, of course, clothing by FREDERICK'S OF HOLLYWOOD), our Pet calls the shots on her ELECTRIC TELEPHONE by GTE. A woman on the move can only profit from a selection of electronic car equipment from JACOBS and several high-tech gifts from PIERRE CARDIN ELECTRONICS.



(Bottom, previous page) And when she makes her moves, she carries the very best in luggage, from VENTURA LUGGAGE TRAVELWARE, INC. Her outerwear, by AQUASCUTUM OF LONDON, INC., carefully protects her reign, and her daywear—decidedly contemporary, yet informal—is by SERGIO VALENTE. Following suit, designer HENRY GRETHEL provides a sartorial selection of activewear that fits her to a tee. Her golf bag, by KINBAG, is for those days when life changes course. (Previous page, middle) Our Pet is self-motivated when it comes to success, but half the pleasure of getting there is riding the RIVA 180 YAMAHA. Made for motion, she wears a complete outfit from NIKE. (Above) She'll fully enjoy the tower aquarium clock by MIDWEST TROPICAL ENTERPRISES while tuning in to the ultimate music system, made available through the SCOTT 65-watt MATCHED PERFORMANCE MUSIC SYSTEM. Our Pet receives the most sophisticated system in Scott's history; and while keeping attuned, she bathes in the luxury of a portable hot tub by BAJA INDUSTRIES. A tricolored gold necklace and bracelet by GOLD HEART INTERNATIONAL will shine in the Caribbean sun when, for one week, she and a friend will stay at the NASSAU BEACH HOTEL, courtesy of the NASSAU BEACH HOTEL. (Middle) To preserve her tan year-round, our Pet receives a five-year membership to the MIDNIGHT SUN SILVER TANNING CENTER.



(Above) A timeless gift is this elegant brass-and-glass ATMOS CLOCK by Longines-Wittnauer. Our tantalizing Pet cheers THE TANTALUS, a set of lead-crystal whiskey decanters by DGS COUNTRY CRAFTS, ENGLAND. And when the spirit moves her, she serves vodka straight, courtesy of HEUBLEIN SPIRITS, or graciously offers another spirit from her WILD TURKEY BACCARAT CRYSTAL DECANTER, gift of AUSTIN NICHOLS & CO., INC. Our Pet is at home with both controversial and coffee-table conversation, and the CONTEMPRA collection from PUCCIO has provided her with a crystal-top, onyx-base cocktail table, which she finds functional as well as an objet d'art. She will enhance her beauty, thanks to both JEROME ALEXANDER COSMETICS, INC., and GEMINI OPTICS sunglasses. Never a waste of time, gorgeous suede and leather belts are a gift from CHARLES BELTS. A power source: the TURBO CHARGER, from B.A.E. TURBO SYSTEMS, and a KAWASAKI KL 110 dune bike from KAWASAKI MOTORS CORP., are sure to spark our Pet's fancy, especially in the woods at the GOLD MOUNTAIN RESORT, where she will spend a luxurious week accompanied by seven friends. All lake rites requested for the WINDMARAN BY WINDLITE, which has been harmoniously designed for two. For more information on merchandise featured here, please see The Pet of the Year gifts on page 208. 

INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 134

at a time, back into the Bekáa Valley, and when they were not provided with weapons, they said, "Fine. We'll fight on the Syrian side."

Penthouse: So that's what started the PLO split?

Terpil: That's what started it. These people didn't have families anymore. They demanded retaliation. At the same time, you had Arafat saying, "We're going to try to settle this diplomatically. We scored a victory in Beirut."

"What victory?" these people wanted to know. "We walked out with our tails between our legs. That's a victory? And our families were slaughtered right after that?"

So now you have these people with no families. What have they fought for? They've fought for nothing. They have no house, they have no personal belongings, they have no families, they have nothing. These people are like living shells. They're not going to listen to Arafat. They listened to Arafat once. Why listen to him? Why not listen to George Habash? Why not listen to Abu Nidal? Retaliate. Retaliate. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. They're death squads. They volunteer, as suicide squads. They have nothing else to live for. So . . . they went down into Bekáa.

The massacre toll was higher than the press said. They bulldozed people under houses. There were mass graves. No one will ever know the death toll. But I would say it probably runs between two and three thousand.

Penthouse: Is it your view, then, that the PLO has only one road to follow: terrorism?

Terpil: Yes. And not only in the Middle East. The United States is not immune. It hasn't happened yet. But there are a great many Palestinians in New York, Miami, California—Palestinian students who consider themselves warriors at this point. And there could be occurrences.

Penthouse: Such as?

Terpil: Such as the Olympics.

Penthouse: Let's talk a bit about your life since then. Do you still carry a weapon?

Terpil: Yes. A Makarov.

Penthouse: Why?

Terpil: I wish it were unnecessary. I'm not a cowboy. But I'm not going back to negotiate a fifty-three-year sentence.

Penthouse: You'd get out at ninety-six.

Terpil: They probably wouldn't have license plates by then.

Penthouse: Before you became an undercover tourist, you were associated with a number of very dictatorial regimes. The one in Uganda, for example. Have your politics changed?

Terpil: Sure.

Penthouse: What's changed you?

Terpil: Being forced to live within the community of these people. Hearing what they feel imperialism is, capitalism is. And, of

course, one of the primary factors was finding an artillery shell in my bedroom that had "California Ordnance Depot" on it. I really felt a little bit miffed about that—my tax dollar was trying to destroy me!

Penthouse: But it's not *your* tax dollar. You have an outstanding tax bill of about 4 million dollars.

Terpil: Four and a half, or something.

Penthouse: You ought to be booted.

Terpil: Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Penthouse: You've traveled in Central America recently. How do you feel about what's going on there?

Terpil: I never have been against covert action, but in Nicaragua you had Somoza—an absolute dictator. People accuse me of being friendly with Idi Amin, but Somoza was worse than Idi Amin. However, he graduated West Point; he's a friend of the United States. Finally, a radical group said, "Hey, it's about time the people had a cut of the pie." They're not Communists, they're just looking for a

Beirut was a testing
ground for live experiments
with the latest
developments of U.S. weapons.
To prove the vacuum
bomb was feasible, 283
people were killed.

piece of the action for the people. Ironically, they take over the country through covert action.

So Somoza is gone. He runs off with his millions or billions, and he goes to Miami. Now, suddenly, he becomes an embarrassment to the United States. My God, we can't have Somoza in the country. Everything Carter said about human rights, Somoza did the opposite. So, we've got to get rid of Somoza. Send him to South America someplace, get rid of the guy. Somoza gets killed. Very, very mysterious circumstances—how he was killed. People knew he had an armored car, so they use the appropriate weapon, a 3.5 rocket launcher, which is manufactured only in the United States. The people had American equipment—I'm talking about radio equipment. They were dressed, ironically, in red wigs, similar to Howard Hunt. Maybe they came from the same source. [Howard Hunt wore a CIA-supplied wig for a clandestine interview with Dita Beard, an ITT lobbyist.]

But to get back to what the United States is doing. The Sandinistas have actually made overtures toward the United States. They are not so pro-Soviet, or so

pro-Cuban, as everybody would say, but the Russians and Cubans are the people who have offered them aid. What is the United States going to do? It will continue its covert action against them.

Penthouse: You've dealt with, among others, Amin and Qaddafi, neither of whom is or was controllable by the United States.

Terpil: That's why they're despised.

Penthouse: At the same time, you make the point that Somoza was, in many ways, as bad as or worse than Amin. The same can be said of other dictators the United States supports. If you had dealt only with controllable dictators, would you be in the "public-relations crisis" that you are in?

Terpil: I could have sold the identical equipment that I have been alleged to have sold, to General Pinochet of Chile, or to Somoza, and I would not be in any problem whatsoever.

Penthouse: What kind of equipment?

Terpil: We're talking about silent weapons; we're talking specifically about assassinations or covert activities. The weapons that I sold—my sources for them were the exact same sources the CIA uses. Do you see the CIA under indictment? The same laboratory that developed remote-detonation equipment for the CIA, I used. The only difference was I sold mine to Qaddafi. The CIA was giving theirs away to other countries that were, let's say, more friendly. But the use was the same. The use was for remote detonation, for clandestine explosives, for assassinations. Now how do you differentiate which is bad and which is good?

Beirut was a testing ground for live experiments with the latest developments of U.S. weapons. The vacuum bomb, for instance. A vacuum bomb is dropped from an aircraft and explodes above the target. The air rush implodes the building, causing no damage to the surrounding area but killing everything within that building. They used this flimsy excuse in Beirut: they "thought" Yassir Arafat was in the building. That's total bullshit. Israeli intelligence has been known to be more exact than that. They killed 283 people, mainly to prove that the vacuum bomb was a feasible weapon.

Penthouse: You were charged with having trained people, Libyans and others, in assassination techniques. You've gone to U.S. military personnel or CIA personnel. Why is it they have this kind of expertise?

Terpil: Because they were trained by the U.S. government in this expertise.

Penthouse: Why?

Terpil: It's being used. As a matter of fact, while under indictment in New York I had in my possession two U.S.-government arms licenses. I was picking up from Newark Airport a special pistol made by a Swiss industrial group, an assassination weapon for the U.S. Special Forces. We were asked by the U.S. Special Forces Group, Delta Division, of Fort Bragg, North Carolina, to come up with a suitable foreign-manufactured pistol with silencer and poison bullets. That was a United

States-government project.

Penthouse: For their use?

Terpil: Of course for their use. The toxin was to be from nicotine, an extremely fast-acting poison. Nicotine sulphate. If you just got scratched on the arm or anywhere you'd be dead in a matter of seconds.

Penthouse: What would you have sold that gun for?

Terpil: Roughly \$245. The silencer would have been, possibly, an additional \$110. This was in quantity.

Penthouse: We understand you know something about a number of DEA agents who were sent down to Florida, and then to Central America.

Terpil: They're not DEA agents; they're CIA agents.

Penthouse: Explain.

Terpil: Okay. A number of CIA agents were let go in the early 1970s, in mid-career. They had, possibly, fourteen or fifteen years' service and all of a sudden they find pink slips on their desks. Where do these people go? They show up in DEA. Their operational methods haven't changed, except they now have greater flexibility. They're not encumbered by ridiculous rules and regulations. If they want to blow a guy's head off, that's the fastest way to get rid of him.

Now several hundred people assigned by President Reagan are supposedly assigned to Miami. Where are these people? They went right through Miami into Central America. Central America now had the biggest DEA force in the world. What is the DEA doing? CIA activities. How do you differentiate between CIA and DEA?

Penthouse: Okay, while we're talking about Miami, let's talk a bit about the controversies that have surrounded the Miami CIA station.

Terpil: The significance of Miami is the drug syndicate. Miami's the base. The people that I hired from the agency to terminate other people are there. [Terpil, giving names, then alleged that two former, highly placed CIA officers were responsible for the following scheme.] They got involved in this big drug scandal, which was whitewashed. Where do the drugs come from? Laos. Where did the money come from? Nugan Hand Bank. [Amid allegations of corruption and international drug traffic, the Nugan Hand Bank, a Far East bank with branches worldwide whose officers included many ranking members of the U.S. intelligence establishment, went bankrupt in 1981.] The idea was: In the Golden Triangle [of Laos] you had to buy warlords. How do you do that? You gave them more money [than the going market rate] for their product. Now what do you do? You sell the opium through Singapore, Hong Kong, and Delhi. You reinvest the profits in your own operations. The money is brought to Kabul and deposited in the First National City Bank of Afghanistan. The other bank was Nugan Hand—that's where the transfers went. Now you've got an accelerated fund. Now you've got all this goddamn money, and



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what do you do with it? You pay it to Alice Springs, Australia, the site of a huge military-intelligence installation. Billions of dollars—not millions—billions of dollars. More money than you knew what the hell to do with.

Penthouse: So you're saying that the agency would provide gold, which would then be flown into the Golden Triangle.

Terpil: To pay for the drugs.

Penthouse: And these would then be sold in any of three cities, and the money put into different banks?

Terpil: Then farmed back into the agency accounts.

Penthouse: Into the operations in Alice Springs?

Terpil: Right. A lot of money.

Penthouse: Okay, let's move on to Libya. You stated at one time that the first Libyan attempt to invade Chad took place on the basis of information that came, indirectly, through the agency. Can you elaborate?

Terpil: Wilson and I were in Libya. No big secret. Qaddafi entertained thoughts about invading Chad. However, Qaddafi had no knowledge of two key factors. One, would France come to the aid of Chad? Two, what were the capabilities of Chad's army and air force?

Wilson was hired to provide what is called an Order of Battle [OB] plan. It's a complete capability [breakdown] of troop strength, morale, physical capabilities—weak spots and strong spots. Wilson knew, and I knew, that it was impossible to obtain this except through the Defense Intelligence Agency or the CIA. Wilson went to a high-level CIA officer to see if he could assemble an OB, knowing full well where the CIA officer would go to obtain the information. The officer was paid \$50,000 for the OB. Now, this man, who is not an expert in these affairs at all, had to rely on the help of people who work with this on a daily basis, one of whom was Waldo Dubberstein. Dubberstein, unfortunately, had a hunting accident in the laundry room of his girlfriend's apartment.

[In April 1983, Waldo Dubberstein was found dead in the basement area of an Arlington apartment he shared with his girlfriend. Police said he had been shot once in the head with a 12-gauge shotgun, which was found near his body. Dubberstein, a former CIA officer and analyst for the Defense Intelligence Agency from 1975 to 1982, had been indicted two days earlier by a federal grand jury. He was charged with seven counts of conspiracy, unauthorized disclosure of classified information, and bribery. The grand jury alleged that Dubberstein turned over—both to Ed Wilson and directly to Libyan intelligence—sensitive summaries and analyses of Middle East affairs beneficial to Libya. The indictment alleged that he received more than \$32,000 from Wilson in return.]

Penthouse: So Wilson went to this high-level CIA officer, and he went to Dubberstein?

Terpil: Yes.

Penthouse: Did Dubberstein get it?

Terpil: Yes. Dubberstein actually made a trip into Libya with this information.

Penthouse: And for this the high-level CIA officer was paid \$50,000?

Terpil: Yes.

Penthouse: What would Wilson have charged for such services?

Terpil: Three hundred thousand to \$400,000.

Penthouse: Let's talk a bit about Ed Wilson. Did he know the Korean Tong Sun Park?

Terpil: Yes. When Park disappeared into London, Wilson had all the unlisted phone numbers and was in direct communication with him on many, many occasions.

Penthouse: Park, of course, was a KCIA agent?

Terpil: Of course.

Penthouse: And Wilson was a CIA agent.

Terpil: Yes.

Penthouse: It was alleged, among other things, that Park was involved in possible

6

The weapons I sold . . .
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see the CIA under indictment?

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bribery of certain congressmen. Was the agency aware of this?

Terpil: I don't see how they could not be aware of it. Wilson was one of the original members of the Georgetown Club. He was also a charter member of the University Club. None of this was arranged for him through his own introductions.

Penthouse: Then through whom?

Terpil: The Company—the agency. The agency gave Wilson this profile of having all this money and everything else.

Penthouse: It's been alleged by Jack Anderson that the Justice Department was investigating statements that payments were made secretly to Senator Strom Thurmond by a middleman acting for Ed Wilson. Could you tell us about that?

Terpil: The courier who testified about dropping the money was Kevin Mulcahy. He worked for both Wilson and me. He stated that the drop was made to another courier, a prominent Washington socialite, in front of the passport office on 14th and K. Mulcahy would give him an attaché case. And the payments were in increments of \$4,000.

Penthouse: Not a pretty picture.

Terpil: Right. American politics is so fuck-

ing corrupt it's unbelievable. When they shake their finger at somebody else, they really should look in their own backyard.

Penthouse: You said you wanted to talk about a Turkish organization known as the Gray Wolves. Let's talk about it.

Terpil: The Gray Wolves are an ultra-right Turkish political group that felt Turkey might go to the left. They took it upon themselves to make sure Turkey stayed to the right—by means of extreme measures. It's a paramilitary group.

Penthouse: Who financed it?

Terpil: The chief financier was a Muslim who held Nazi political ideas. He married an extremely wealthy woman in Turkey. He is today probably one of Turkey's wealthiest people. He was elected to the Turkish parliament and became a deputy of the Turkish Justice party. Then he took it upon himself to become the protector of the Right in Turkey. He came to the United States on several occasions. He went to the CIA for funding. He went to the shah of Iran, too. Apparently he met with limited success, and he basically financed his own operation.

Penthouse: Who trained his private group?

Terpil: He got what he felt was the best. He had North Koreans training the group in karate. For clandestine eavesdropping, he had some West Germans. For possible assassinations, and in what we call "bang and boom," an active-duty CIA officer was hired on a personal basis, while on his annual leave, to train the Gray Wolves. He was a contact of Ed Wilson's. And he actually spent two weeks in Istanbul.

Penthouse: Is it true that one of the people who underwent training with the Gray Wolves was Mehmet Ali Agca, who is accused of attempting to assassinate the pope?

Terpil: Yes.

Penthouse: Don't you think it's ironic that while it has been alleged that the assassin was working in behalf of the Eastern bloc, his training came, indirectly, through the agency.

Terpil: Yes, but you cannot blame the agency for specifically training him to go after the pope.

Penthouse: You're on the run; you're carrying a gun, you rely on phony names, false passports. You travel out of a suitcase and live in hotels, admittedly extremely nice hotels. But you can't really hold on to anything. Does that bother you?

Terpil: It would bother me a lot more if I were restricted to a five-by-seven cell.

Penthouse: Ed Wilson, it is rumored, passed along a message that you had placed a contract on Assistant U.S. Prosecutor Larry Barcella. Is that true?

Terpil: Total bullshit. Barcella has his job. I have no personal animosity. If Barcella gets his jollies by throwing someone in the slammer for fifty years, that's good for Barcella. I personally don't want to be a victim of any of his successes. Really, if I met the guy on the street I'd probably buy him a drink. O—

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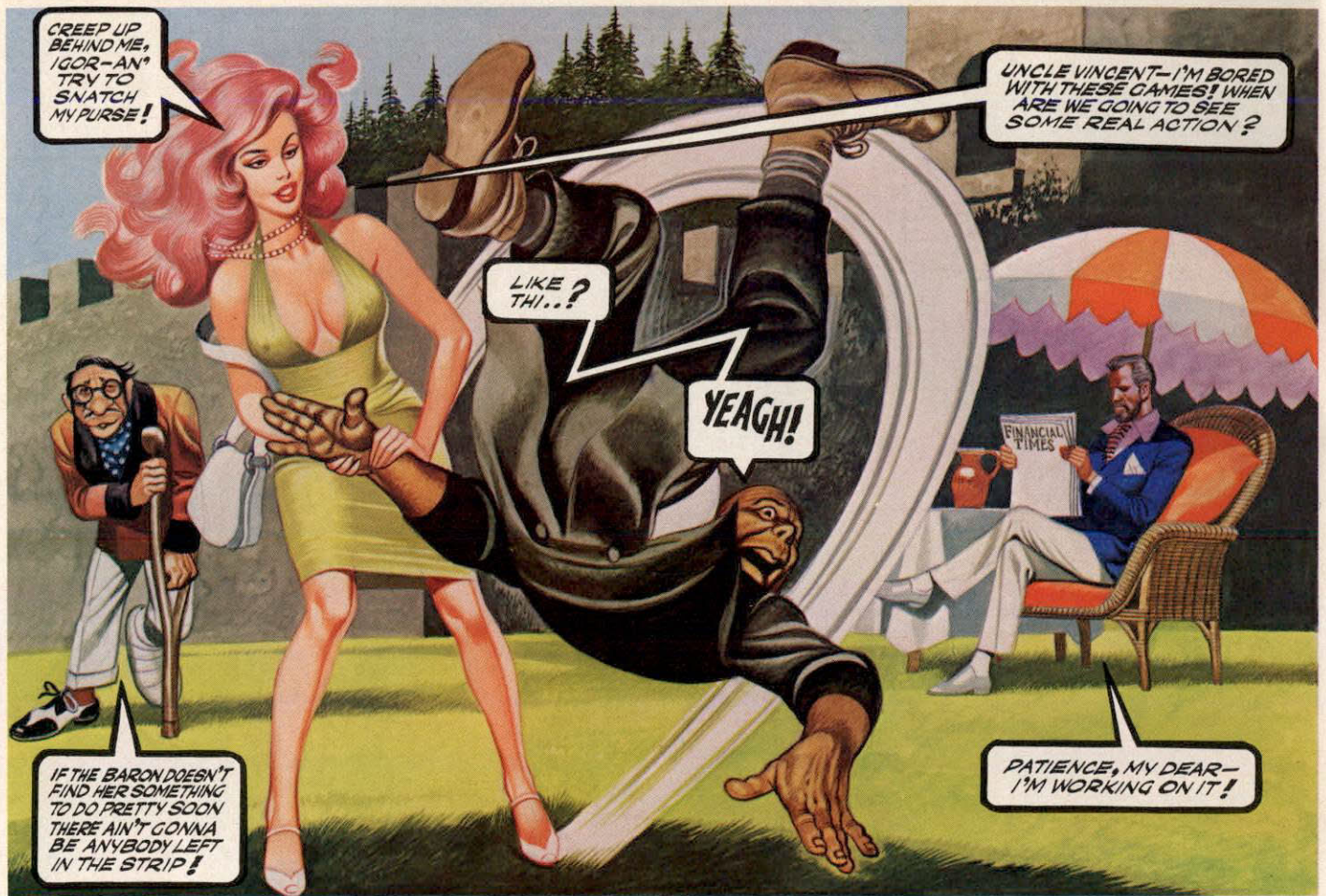
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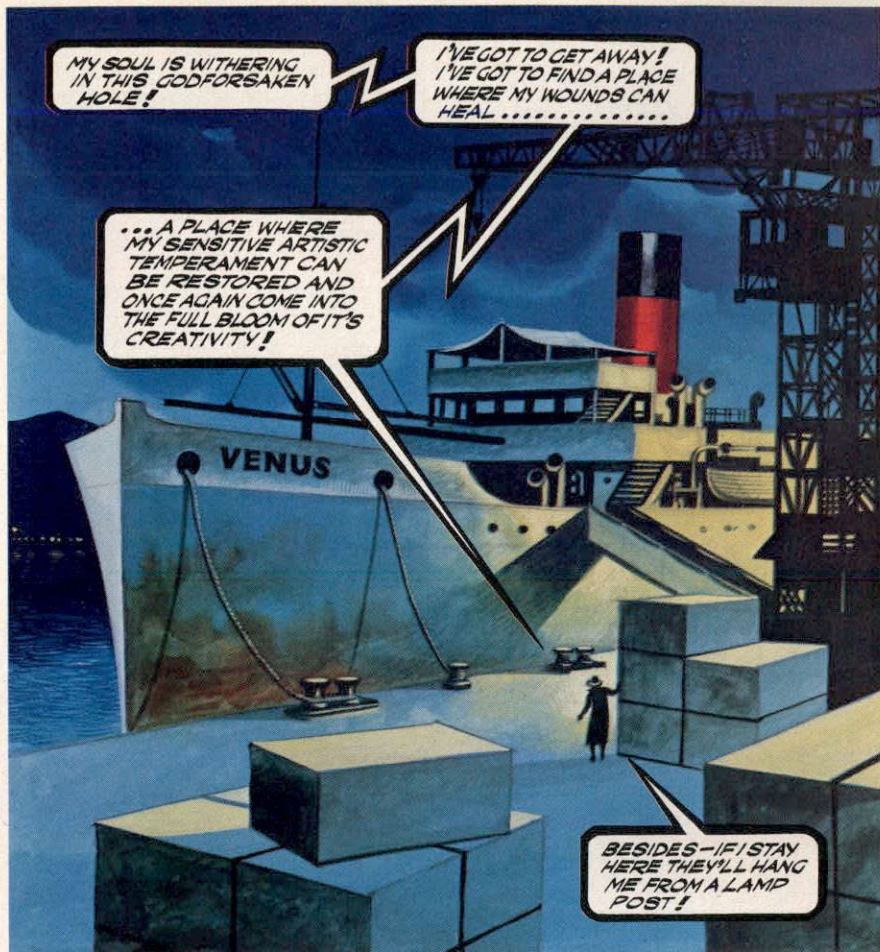


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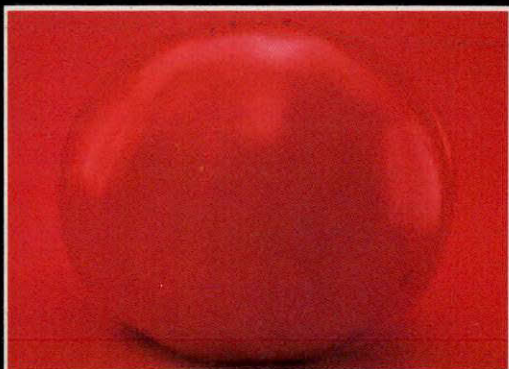






OMNI ON SALE NOVEMBER 22

MUTANT VEGETABLES



What evil lurks in the heart of a tomato? What heinous secret lies buried beneath the purplish skin of an eggplant? Five years ago we stunned health-food faddists by revealing the *real* ingredients of natural foods. (Oranges have formaldehyde, for example, and cantaloupes contain amyl acetate.) In the December *Omni* we bring you an even greater horror: most of the "natural" vegetables and fruits we eat aren't natural at all, but recombinant products of man's first forays into agricultural genetic engineering. Don't miss this pictorial exposé of onions, apples, and, yes, even persimmons—all results of man's attempt to pervert his environment . . . and his salads.

CYBERFUTURES



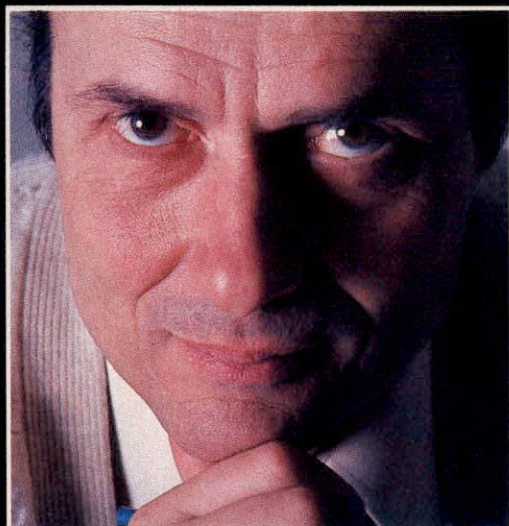
Mention automation and robotics to the workers on Detroit's assembly lines and you're likely to raise visions of mass unemployment. Ask John Diebold and Isaac Asimov about those topics, however, and you'll get a thought-provoking look at the next twenty years—and a little nostalgia, too. It was Diebold, a noted business consultant, who coined the term *automation* and Asimov who first used the word *robotics*. Oddly, these giants of the Computer Age had never met until *Omni* united them. What happened when they got together makes fascinating reading in this issue.

ANDES HIGH



They flashed brilliantly across the Andes skyline, strange lights seen by Gemini astronauts. Scientists scoffed at the sightings—until NASA revealed that this area of Chile has the greatest magnetic anomaly in all of South America. Now astronomers and spiritual meditators alike trek to the Chilean Andes, where the skies are among the clearest in the world. They come to solve riddles—to seek more-distant stars and to commune with the heavens above from this "new Jordan."

INTERVIEW



Mankind has expelled itself from the Garden of Eden, has become an outsider. "All the animals are afraid of us." So says renowned field zoologist George Schaller. At this moment, Schaller is engaged in a race to rescue the planet's wildlife from extinction. In the jungles of China, he is struggling to save the last 1,000 wild giant pandas from starvation while their only food source, bamboo, goes into a leafless hibernation for up to three years. Schaller is an authority on the ecospheres of rare animals—including lions, tigers, gorillas, and exotic species such as the snow leopards. His mission is not only to save the dwindling numbers of these animals but also to educate humans about the implications of habitat destruction. In December's *Omni*, Schaller spins tales of lions in the Serengeti, gorillas of the Virunga volcanoes, and goat tracking in the Himalayas. And he implores us to stop the wanton destruction of these wild and wondrous creatures.

SILKWOOD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70

chapter of the Oil, Chemical, and Atomic Workers (OCAW) who went out on a fruitless strike for three months in 1972-73. The strike was eventually broken, and OCAW membership dropped from 150 workers to 20. Operating in Oklahoma's intensely anti-union environment—which included a strong right-to-work law—the little bargaining unit was teetering on the verge of extinction. In mid-1974, Jack Tice, a seven-year veteran of the bargaining committee, suggested to OCAW headquarters that plant safety and health conditions be made an issue in the next contract. The 1973 agreement was due to expire in December 1974, and negotiations were about to begin.

Karen began taking more interest in union activities and in August was elected to the bargaining committee. Along with Tice and another union veteran, Jerry Brewer, she would soon be facing Kerr-McGee management officials across the bargaining table.

It is easy to see why resentments about working conditions at the Cimarron facility were beginning to rise in 1974. Kerr-McGee was having its troubles—and then some. An energy giant with interests in oil, gas, coal, and uranium, Kerr-McGee had thought it was moving to the forefront of the new plutonium-breeding technology when it undertook the Hanford contract in 1970.

The project, however, had turned out to be not so easy as it looked. By the summer of 1974, production had sped up despite mounting problems, but safety mishaps and "losses of containment" dogged every effort. At one point, there was leakage in a barrel of waste plutonium waiting to be transported away. Whole portions of the truck had to be buried.

Safety procedures began to suffer. Kenneth Plowman, a young health physics technician trained in the navy, testified that he "couldn't sleep at night" because of the mess he had to confront every day. "Nothing was right," he said. "There were hardly any controls. . . . The contamination was everywhere. The equipment leaked. There was no real—effort to control it, I don't believe. The supervisors didn't control it. It was just a battle that was lost." Appalled by the situation, Plowman eventually quit and went back to farming.

As things went from bad to worse, more people quit. At one point, the turnover hit 30 percent a month. To make up for the losses, Kerr-McGee hired young farm boys, some of whom were thrown into the breach with barely a hint of what they were confronting. At the Silkwood trial, several employees testified that they had had no idea that plutonium could cause cancer. The young farm boys, having no sense of what they were dealing with, began horsing around with the plutonium and having



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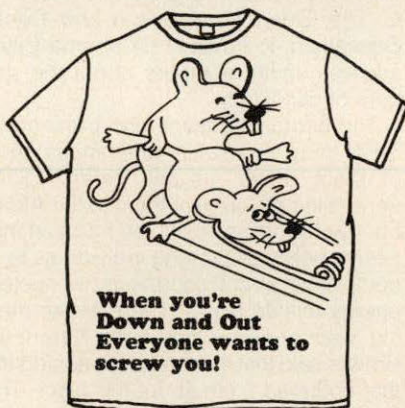
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mation on the quality-control records in order to present them to the AEC. Then they pulled Karen into a private session and told her that they wanted to give the story to *New York Times* labor reporter David Burnham, with whom they had worked before. Karen was to be the main source for the story.

It is important to emphasize what was going on here. When Mazzocchi and Wodka sent Karen on her "underground" mission, they weren't just instructing her to hide her activities from Kerr-McGee. That much was assumed. The important thing was that she had to hide her purposes from the other union members as well. Wodka and Mazzocchi seem never to have caught on to the conflicts in their position. They should have realized that a national scandal about quality-control records at Cimarron almost certainly would have shut things down for a while and endangered the union members' jobs. Few, if any, of the workers at Cimarron would have gone along with the idea of giving the story to the newspapers—which is exactly why Wodka and Mazzocchi didn't want to consult them about it.

"This fear of losing jobs always makes the local people more conservative in these situations," said Wodka in a later interview. "Sometimes the union leadership has to take the initiative." When he was asked why he and Mazzocchi had not wanted to include Tice and Brewer in the plan, Wodka asserted that "they had families, while Karen only had herself to support."

Brewer said he did his own investigating and exchanged notes with Karen several times over the next month. But he says he was never informed that the material was going into the newspapers. He said he probably would have preferred going through the AEC to taking matters to the press.

Jack Tice and other union members were far more vociferous about the matter. When Tice found out that Karen had been working underground for Steven Wodka, he was furious and accused Wodka of "unprofessional" conduct. Just to complicate matters, Wodka began sleeping with Karen the first night he met her in Washington. The story eventually got around.

When the negotiating team got back to Crescent, they discovered rumor had preceded them. The story around Cimarron was that they had gone to the AEC to try to close down the plant. The story may have been encouraged by management, but it was widely believed in both the laboratory, where Karen worked, and the production section, where most of the union strength was located.

Nonetheless, on October 10 and 11 Drs. Geesaman and Abrahamson made very effective presentations to two assemblies of Kerr-McGee workers at the American Legion Hall in Crescent. They set forth a chilling picture of the hazards the work-

contests over who could get "hot" the fastest.

Despite the deteriorating situation, however, few employees at Cimarron were ready for another bitter labor confrontation. The country was heading into a recession. In early September, someone at the plant filed with the National Labor Relations Board to have OCAW decertified as an official bargaining unit. This meant the workers would have to vote again on whether they wanted OCAW representing them. The Cimarron chapter was already so weak that many people thought the union was about to go under.

In mid-September, the three-member bargaining team—Karen, Jerry Brewer, and Jack Tice—was flown to Washington to discuss strategy with OCAW's national staff. There they met union legislative director Tony Mazzocchi, a tough veteran who had worked his way up from a shop floor in Brooklyn, and Steven Wodka, a twenty-five-year-old former Antioch student who had quit college to become a legislative aide at OCAW. Wodka specialized in worker health and safety, which the union was beginning to emphasize more in its bargaining efforts. Mazzocchi and Wodka were shocked by the descriptions of conditions at Cimarron and by the team's general ignorance regarding the hazards they were facing. Karen, for one, had never heard that plutonium could cause cancer and was upset when she

learned about it. Mazzocchi and Wodka said they would arrange for two nuclear scientists from the University of Minnesota, Drs. Dean Abrahamson and Donald Geesaman, to travel to Oklahoma City to address union members about the dangers of plutonium.

The bargaining team also presented a list of thirty-nine safety grievances, many of them drawn up by Karen. OCAW agreed to help present them to the Atomic Energy Commission, which had just instituted a policy of allowing individuals to file complaints about conditions in nuclear-energy-related plants. Then, as the meeting was breaking up, both Karen and Brewer said that there was something else that bothered them about the plant. They said there was a constant practice of touching up quality-control records. Brewer had most of the details. He alleged that negatives of photographic records of the welds taken through a microscope—called photomicrographs—were being opaqued to cover defects on the film.

Mazzocchi and Wodka quickly realized they might have a much bigger story on their hands. "We saw a situation of national concern and importance," said Mazzocchi. "We felt that by exposing it to the public, we could put pressure on the company that would lead to our getting a much better contract."

Mazzocchi and Wodka told the three union leaders to try to pull together infor-

ers were facing. Most of the workers said it had never been made clear that they were risking lung cancer by excessive exposure to plutonium.

Geesaman and Abrahamson also spent time discussing how plutonium enters the body and how contamination will show up in tests. Most of this was new to Kerr-McGee employees, and Karen copied it all down (her notebooks are still in the hands of her attorneys). The two professors said that negative results of urine analysis didn't necessarily mean that a person *hadn't* been internally contaminated and that sometimes the contamination didn't show up for a long time. They also talked about the way the microscopic hairs—called cilia—that line the nose and throat will try to beat back particles of plutonium that have been breathed in and are headed for the lungs. This plutonium, they said, could eventually be coughed up and swallowed, and that this wasn't such a bad thing, because plutonium is not too dangerous if consumed. In one vivid illustration, Dr. Geesaman said that the plutonium would just "get mixed up with the peanut butter" and would be excreted without much risk of harm.

The union won the decertification election on October 16 by a vote of eighty to sixty-one. OCAW was still the official bargaining unit, and negotiations over the next contract began immediately, with health and safety one of the key issues.

Among other things, the union wanted a special safety committee set up within the plant, with Karen as the likely union representative.

Something else began happening at the same time that didn't become evident until November, when things started to explode. Karen Silkwood began handing in urine samples that later proved to be spiked with small amounts of plutonium.

Karen was being monitored after an incident on July 31 that was in itself a little suspicious. She was being moved from the emissions-spectroscopy lab to the metallography lab as part of the general shuffling of personnel that went on almost continually. She was angry about the switch and filed a union grievance over it. On the last night that she worked in the emissions lab, she was almost completely alone on the four-to-midnight shift and then stayed another four hours overtime, working entirely by herself until 4:00 A.M. When the filters on the air monitors were changed the next morning, two filters in the emission-spectroscopy lab were tainted with small smudges of plutonium. The smudges weren't evenly distributed, as they would have been if the air were contaminated. They were clear, fingerprintlike impressions.

This was not the first time such a thing had happened. (Small samples of plutonium were everywhere in the lab. Putting a

little bit of plutonium on a glove and then wiping it on an air filter would be as easy as wiping dust off one's finger.) There had been similar incidents, none of which directly implicated Karen. The most notable was the year before, when the lab personnel were required to work on July 3. Someone had slipped some plutonium onto the monitor, setting off the alarms, and everyone got an early holiday. Karen was one of twelve people in the room at the time it happened.

This time, on the day after her night alone in the emissions lab, Karen was given a lung count with a sophisticated machine that happened to be "visiting" the plant. She showed no plutonium contamination anywhere, which made safety technicians even more suspicious that there hadn't been any airborne contamination in the lab the night before. Nothing was said, however, and she was put on a weekly urine-and-feces-sampling program, which was routine after such incidents. If she had indeed breathed plutonium into her lungs, it could show up as plutonium nitrate in her urine. If she coughed some back up, traces could eventually show up as plutonium oxide in her feces.

The testing procedure was ridiculously slow—in fact, this was one of the union's major complaints. The urine and fecal samples had to be shipped to Hanford, Wash., and results often were not known for two months. By that time, employees

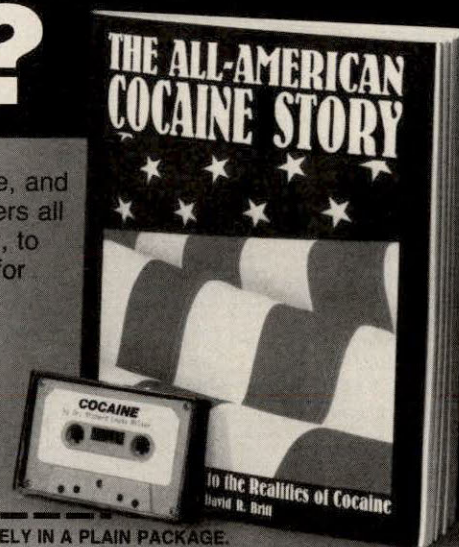
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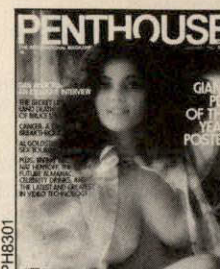
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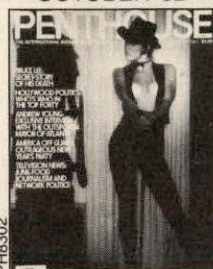
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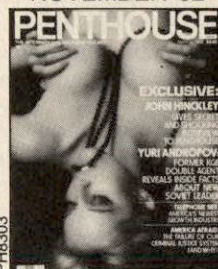
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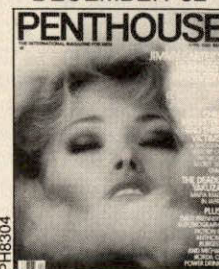
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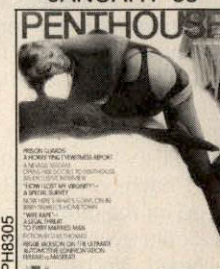
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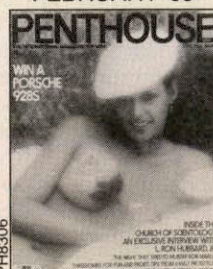
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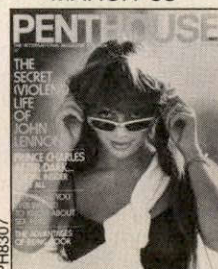
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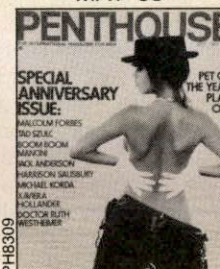
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often would have forgotten about them, and they weren't always told the results. It wasn't until October 10—the day before Geesaman and Abrahamson's first lecture—that Karen was told that the urine samples she had submitted during August had shown only the slightest traces of plutonium.

The sample she handed in after the lecture on October 22 later proved to be "spiked" with a significant amount of plutonium. The samples she handed in during the next ten days proved to be doctored in the same way. The amounts might have passed for actual evidence of contamination except that subsequent testing, after suspicions had been aroused, proved that the plutonium was in the form of plutonium oxide—the kind found in the laboratory—rather than that of plutonium nitrate, the kind that would show up in urine.

None of this was known, however, until after Karen had suffered "mysterious" contaminations on November 5, 6, and 7. By that time, she had been telling people for more than a week that she had been "badly contaminated with plutonium" on July 31 and that the evidence was already "coming out in [her] urine samples."

Throughout October, Karen continued to gather information for the story that was to be turned over to the *New York Times*. Her major efforts focused on the practices of a fellow technician, Scott Dotter, who

worked next to Jerry Brewer. In the metallography lab, the technicians checked the welds at the ends of the fuel rods, which were made after the plutonium and uranium pellets had been inserted. Each welding batch included a few "dummies"—identical thin pipes only two feet long—that were pulled and checked for quality control. The "met lab" technicians cut up these sample welds in the glove boxes, checking them for cracks and voids (little pockets of air). The decision about the quality of the welds was then made by a supervisor, based on the information provided by the technicians. When the inspection was completed, the technicians took a series of photomicrographs through the microscope to make a record of the work. (Throughout the 1979 trial and the nine-year controversy about Karen Silkwood's death, there has been continual confusion between the photomicrographs of quality-control samples and the X rays—also made for safety-inspection purposes—of the actual fuel rods. These X rays were made in another part of the plant, and the only two copies were sent with each fuel rod to Hanford. There, 20 percent of the rods were x-rayed again to check for defects and damages.)

Scott Dotter, a young man studying medicine at the University of Oklahoma, had gotten into the habit of touching up dust spots on the negatives of his photomicrographs with a black felt-tipped pen.

The negatives were supposed to be perfect, but often dust on the camera lens left little white marks on them, which showed up as little black spots in the photographs. Touching up the negatives meant not having to go through the process of making a whole series of photographs again.

The practice did *not* involve tampering with the picture of the weld itself, as a long subsequent investigation by the AEC showed. But it was not an approved laboratory practice and would have gotten Dotter in trouble if it had become known.

It was unquestionably this corner-cutting practice that Karen spent much of her time investigating. At one point, Karen brought a doctored negative to Jerry Schreiber, her former lab supervisor, and asked him what he thought of it. He said he didn't know. The notebook Karen later gave Steven Wodka contained a list of serial numbers of about forty negatives, all of which proved to have felt-tipped-pen markings.

In late October, Karen several times called Wodka in Washington and told him how her work was going. Wodka taped the conversations, with her knowledge, and they were introduced as evidence at the trial. Karen and Wodka talked about the fuel rods. Reading from her notebook, Karen said: "And I've got on here that we're still passing all welds, no matter what the pictures look like, no matter what the welds look like. We either grind down

too far or—and I have got a weld I'd love for you to see, man, just how far they ground it down until we lost the weld trying to get rid of the voids, the inclusions, and the cracks. And I kept it."

They talked about an incident in which glove boxes leaked and supervisors put everyone in oxygen masks again and said production had to go on regardless. Then they returned to discussing the education program, and Karen almost pleads, in a soft, haunting, Texas drawl: "We've got eighteen- and nineteen-year-old boys. . . . And they didn't have the schooling, so they don't understand what radiation is. They don't understand, Steve. They don't understand."

On October 31, Karen had an auto accident. She was driving home from work early Halloween morning when—she later claimed—a cow suddenly appeared in the middle of the road. She spun around completely and found herself backed up against a fence post in one of the drainage ditches that border almost every road on the flat Oklahoma countryside. She called Don Gummow, the lab worker with whom she had been having an on-and-off affair, and stayed the night with him. Her car was towed out of the ditch the next morning.

The next day, Friday, Karen visited her personal physician, Dr. Clarence Shields, in Oklahoma City, to try to get some pain-relief pills. In the waiting room she stumbled and slurred her words so much that the nurse told Shields that she "appeared drunk." In the office, Shields was alarmed by what he called her "listlessness" and asked if she had been abusing the Quaaludes he had been prescribing for her. She said she was not but was suffering from whiplash pain. He found Quaaludes in several doses in her purse, however, and took them away from her.

That night, Gary Longaker, a fellow lab worker, stopped by the lab at about ten o'clock to see if anyone wanted to go for coffee. He later testified that Karen and Gummow "appeared to be drunk" while trying to "bag out" some plutonium (remove it from the glove boxes and place it in plastic bags for disposal). Longaker was alarmed, but he had had too many run-ins with Karen to want to go through another confrontation. Instead, he called his wife and asked her to make an anonymous call to his supervisor and to say that someone in the lab was high. When the supervisor arrived a half-hour later, Karen was already gone, but Gummow admitted that he and Karen had taken some Tylenol/3. Gummow was sent home for taking a prescription drug on the job, and it was decided that Karen would be issued a written reprimand. She didn't go to work the following Monday but went back to see Dr. Shields. She said she wanted her Quaaludes back. He reluctantly returned them but warned her to take them only at bedtime and never to combine them with alcohol.

On Tuesday, November 5, Karen show-

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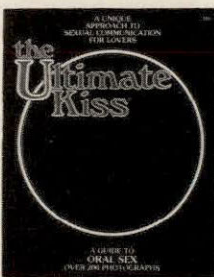
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ed up for work for the first time since the incident with Gummow. She received her written reprimand, but she argued that she would deal with the matter only through the union. She went to work in the lab. Then, at about 6:30 P.M., after working in a room by herself with the glove boxes for about an hour, she announced that she was "hot." Members of the health physics staff arrived at the scene and confirmed that Karen had small amounts of plutonium on her smock and inside the rubber gloves in which she had been working. It was assumed that the rubber gloves had leaked. A check of the gloves, however, turned up some odd things. There was no sign of any leak. Moreover, the contamination on Karen's smock was four times greater than the contamination inside the gloves, suggesting that the plutonium had moved from her smock to the gloves rather than vice versa. "There was something awfully funny about that incident right from the beginning," Jerry Schreiber, one of the lab supervisors, recalled.

Nothing was made of it, though, and Karen was put through decontamination. This meant a thorough washing. Traces of plutonium were found in her hair, and a slight amount around her nose. She was issued another urine-sample kit (a cardboard box containing four pint-size plastic jars), and put on a "total voiding" program, requiring samples from all fecal and urinary excretions for the next five days. Again, this was normal procedure for a serious contamination incident. Karen was sent home "clean."

The next day, she came to work and was given a routine desk assignment away from the plutonium areas, as was required for several days after an exposure. She sat alone in a room for about an hour. When she got up to go to a union bargaining session, she monitored herself at the door and once again plutonium turned up on her arm, hair, and face. By this time, she was getting hysterical—"literally scared to death," as Jon Harrison later recalled. Once again, the health physics staff rushed in to decontaminate her. She told them—as she was to tell everyone for the next week—that she believed "the hairs in my nose and throat are pushing this stuff up out of my lungs, and it's coming out of my body." The health physics personnel told her there couldn't possibly be enough plutonium in her body to produce the readings they were getting. She insisted there was and said she was afraid she was going to die.

Once again, the health physics staff washed her down. They found some of the plutonium "fixed" on her arm, meaning that it had been rubbed so deep into the pores that it wouldn't come off. Eventually, they would remove it by using a caustic soap, which would peel the skin away. Karen insisted on going to the union meeting. The fixed plutonium was not likely to become airborne, so they let her go, even though her arm was still hot.

When the bargaining session opened

on the morning of November 6, Kerr-McGee officials introduced a petition signed by nineteen of the twenty-one lab technicians asking that they be taken out of the bargaining unit and that they be paid on a salaried basis. Everyone in the lab except Karen and Jerry Brewer had signed it. Even Sherri Ellis, the twenty-one-year-old technician with whom Karen had been sharing an apartment for two months, had gone against the union.

Kerr-McGee's negotiators said it was a matter for the National Labor Relations Board to handle and tabled the issue. The discussion then turned to matters of health and safety. The conversation hadn't gone on for long when Karen started shouting, "I'm contaminated and you know it! This contamination is coming out of my body and my urine, and nothing is being done about it!"

Morgan Moore, the manager of the Cimarron plant, was furious. He said he thought that the company was being "set up" and went down to the health physics office to check out Karen's charges. Wayne Norwood told him about Karen's exposures over the last two days but said that nothing had yet shown up in her urine. He did note, however, that Karen had come into his office several times over the past few weeks and asked to see the results of her "high samples." He had told her that of all her samples handed in up to that point, none had indicated any significant contamination as yet. (It is important to remember here that results of the October samples were not known at this point.) He said he really hadn't understood what she was talking about but was now beginning to think there was something strange about her request.

Karen was scrubbed down after the meeting and went home uncontaminated.

That night Drew came over to Karen and Sherri's apartment, and all three of them went out for a pizza. Back at the apartment, they sat around eating and then stuck some leftover food in the refrigerator. During a conversation, Karen told Drew that she was certain that her urine samples were showing traces of plutonium and that Kerr-McGee was not telling her about it.

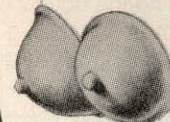
Sherri was working the night shift at the lab and left for work at 11:30 P.M. She made herself a meal out of food in the refrigerator before she left. Drew stayed the night and arose at seven the next morning. He used the bathroom, nibbled some food in the refrigerator, and left for his new job at an auto-body shop. Karen was just getting up as he departed; it was about 7:30.

When Karen arrived at work about an hour later, her body was riddled with traces of plutonium. She had it on her hair, her face, her arms, and in both nostrils. (One of her nostrils had been blocked since childhood.) Her hands were clean of plutonium, except for one place on her left forefinger, where it was so completely ground into her skin that it could not be washed off. The health physics staff was

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badly frightened, and Karen was hysterical. She kept crying and saying she was sure that the plutonium was backing up out of her lungs and covering her body.

Wayne Norwood knew this couldn't be true, because the readings in both nostrils were 45,000 disintegrations per minute (d/m)—an almost lethal dose had it been inside her lungs. He was sure the plutonium had to have come from outside the plant. He checked her car, which showed only slight contamination, then asked Karen if he could visit her apartment. Karen agreed and immediately called Sherri Ellis, who would just be getting back from work, to tell her that people would be coming to look for contamination. According to Norwood, Karen warned Sherri, "Don't go in the kitchen, the bathroom, or my bedroom."

When Karen and Norwood arrived at the apartment an hour or so later, they found plutonium everywhere—but mainly in the kitchen, the bathroom, and Karen's bedroom.

"How did all this stuff get in here?" Norwood asked in dismay.

"I spilled my urine sample this morning," Karen replied.

"But Karen, all this couldn't have come out of one urine sample," he said. "She clammed right up and never said another word to me for the rest of her life," he said later.

William Rogers, one of Norwood's staff

who was manning the radiation counter, said he thought the contamination must be coming from something else.

"There were a lot of vials and glasses around that I recognized from the laboratory," he said. (Karen apparently had pilfered a few small pieces of equipment.) "I assumed that she had probably accidentally brought some plutonium home in one of them. But she kept insisting that we look in the bathroom. Finally I went in there, and, sure enough, it was all over. There was a urine sample right under the sink that gave a very high count."

The highest count in the bathroom—100,000 d/m—was on the shag cover on the back of the toilet seat. The matching floor mat had a count of 40,000 d/m, and the floor, 20,000. Sherri Ellis had already sat on the toilet, and there was a ring of plutonium measuring 2,000 d/m on her buttocks. Readings in the kitchen were 25,000 on the stove and 20,000 on the refrigerator door. Smaller readings, between 500 and 2,000 d/m, were found on Karen's sheets and pillowcases. Strangely enough, the highest reading in the apartment was found in the refrigerator on the outside of a plastic package containing smaller wrappings of baloney and cheese. It measured 400,000 d/m.

When the four urine and fecal samples that Karen submitted that morning were finally measured the next day, they showed readings between 27,000 and more than

20,000,000 d/m. The highest reading anyone at the plant had ever encountered in a contaminated urine sample was around 5 or 10 d/m.

The contamination was a national incident. The AEC was immediately summoned from Chicago. Someone called the newspapers, and within hours the incident was making headlines.

Kerr-McGee officials, along with some representatives from the Oklahoma State Health Department, donned "moonsuits" and cleared out the apartment—almost to the wallboards. Steve Wodka flew in from Washington, and the next day both he and Karen had a four-hour interview with AEC representatives Gerald Phillip and William Fisher. Karen told essentially the same story, that she thought that the contamination had come from her urine sample. She said that she had carried the package of baloney and cheese into the bathroom with her and put it on the back of the toilet. She thought that it probably became contaminated after she spilled her urine. She signed a sworn statement saying she believed that the contamination was coming out of her lungs and onto her body. She also told both Phillip and Wodka that she had in July inhaled enough plutonium to kill her.

Karen also told Phillip that "no one in the lab is speaking to me," and that there was extreme tension between her and the

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other technicians over the union issue. Then, as the meeting wore on, Karen insisted that the contamination was coming out of her body so rapidly that she was probably contaminated that minute. A check was made, and, sure enough, more plutonium turned up on her arms. "It was like she couldn't escape this contamination," said Wodka at the trial. "I mean, it was still with her."

The AEC insisted that Karen go to its nuclear-physics laboratory in Los Alamos for a whole-body count. Kerr-McGee agreed to pay the bill. Karen was unwilling to make the trip, however, saying she was suspicious of Kerr-McGee, its doctors, and everything to do with the company. She finally agreed to go if Kerr-McGee paid for Sherri and Drew to go along. (Except for the ring on Sherri's buttocks, neither had shown any signs of contamination.)

The three flew to Los Alamos on Sunday, November 10. Both Drew and Sherri turned up completely clean. Karen showed a total body burden of fifteen nanocuries of plutonium—less than one-half of the lifetime "body burden" said to be "permissible" by the AEC. Doctors at Los Alamos told her there would probably be no long-term medical effects. Karen's urine samples were clean, which puzzled the scientists in light of her claims. Fecal samples taken at Los Alamos showed some high concentrations of plutonium,

however, indicating that she had swallowed a small amount of it one or two days before. By this time, Drew was becoming suspicious enough that he asked Karen at dinner if she had eaten a plutonium pellet. Karen burst out crying, and Drew apologized.

The trio flew back to Oklahoma City on Tuesday, November 12. They bought some 190-proof liquor in New Mexico, and when they got home—according to Sherri Ellis—they sat up talking and drinking Bloody Marys. Drew went to bed at 2:30 A.M., while Karen and Sherri stayed up drinking and talking. Karen then got up at 7:30 in order to attend a meeting of the bargaining committee at 8:00 A.M. She missed the session at the Hub Cafe but passed the other two negotiators, Tice and Frank Murch (who had replaced Brewer on the committee), on the highway. Together they went for coffee and got to the bargaining session at Cimarron at 9:30 A.M..

Karen was in negotiations until 3:00 P.M. Then she went for another hour-long interview with Phillip, of the AEC. She broke that off at five o'clock, saying that she had to go to a union meeting at the Hub Cafe in order to tell union members about the results of the bargaining. She got there around six o'clock, sat in the back of the room, and said little. Jean Jung, a woman whom Karen had helped during a contamination incident at the lab,



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said Karen was holding a spiral notebook and a large manila folder filled with papers. When asked in her deposition how Karen looked, Jung replied, "Tired. They had had a long, hard trip [to Los Alamos]."

After the meeting, Karen told Jung that she had "proof of falsification of records." She was clutching the manila folder at the time. Then, at about 7:00 P.M., she started to leave. David Burnham had just arrived in Oklahoma City, and Karen's long-awaited meeting with him and Wodka was scheduled for eight o'clock at the Holiday Inn.

Brewer and Murch thought she shouldn't try to drive home by herself. But Karen turned down their offers to drive her home. They both later told the state police and the FBI that Karen appeared tired, nervous, and in no condition to operate a motor vehicle.

At a little after 7:00, she took off by herself into the November darkness. She must have popped a couple of Quaaludes almost immediately after leaving the cafe. An autopsy revealed that she had .35 milligrams of methaqualone in her bloodstream—.10 milligrams above the "therapeutic" dose—and another .50 milligrams, considered a toxic dose, in her stomach waiting to be absorbed.

Down the road about five miles, she passed the plant on her left. And after two stop signs she was on a straight stretch of

highway that runs almost uninterrupted to the outskirts of Oklahoma City, thirty-five miles away. She had driven only about a mile when, at the bottom of a long, gently sloping hill, her car went off the left side of the highway. It ran in a straight line along a grassy shoulder for almost 100 yards, then down a little gully that slopes away from the road. At the very bottom of the gully, the car flew out over an almost invisible concrete culvert that opens up to a surprising depth of about ten feet. The car sailed over the north wing wall, was airborne for about twenty-five feet, and then hit the south wing wall at a speed of about forty-five miles per hour. The front of the small Honda was totally destroyed. Karen probably died instantly.

The state-police officer who investigated the accident theorized that she had fallen asleep at the wheel. He listed it as a one-car accident. This was concluded *before* the autopsy disclosed that she had a therapeutic dosage of methaqualone in her blood stream.

Steve Wodka, however, wasn't satisfied. To him it looked and smelled of foul play. He got in touch with a Dallas accident investigator, A. O. Pipkin, and asked him to look into the matter. Pipkin, who specialized in heavy-truck accidents, took the job.

Three days after the accident, Pipkin was at the scene looking at the tire tracks along the shoulder, which were still relatively fresh. He also inspected the damaged car, which had been towed to Ted Sebring's Ford garage, in Crescent, and then by Drew Stephens to a secret hide-out. To Pipkin, it appeared that Karen's car had gone off the highway at a 30-degree angle and continued on that course until it went off the wing wall. He also noted that the steering wheel was bent from the sides rather than at the top and bottom. To him this meant that Karen had been holding her arms rigid when she hit the wall rather than being slumped over—and, presumably, asleep at—the wheel. Pipkin also found "two suspicious dents," one on the bottom of the left rear bumper, and the other on the metal frame just under it, which he said did not result from hitting the wall. He noted that because of the pitch of the road her car should have pulled off the right shoulder instead of the left.

"Based on all the evidence," he wrote, "it is my opinion that there is enough circumstantial evidence present to indicate that [Karen's car] was struck from the rear by an unknown vehicle, causing it to go out of control, due to either the initial impact or the combined impact and driver over-reaction."

Pipkin's report immediately hit the papers, in Oklahoma and across the country. David Burnham wrote a story for the *New York Times*, and it was widely reprinted. The state police, Kerr-McGee, the AEC, and, eventually, the FBI responded by broadening their own investigations.

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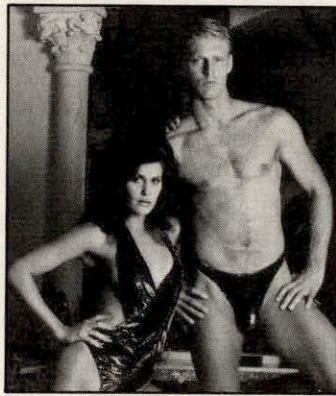
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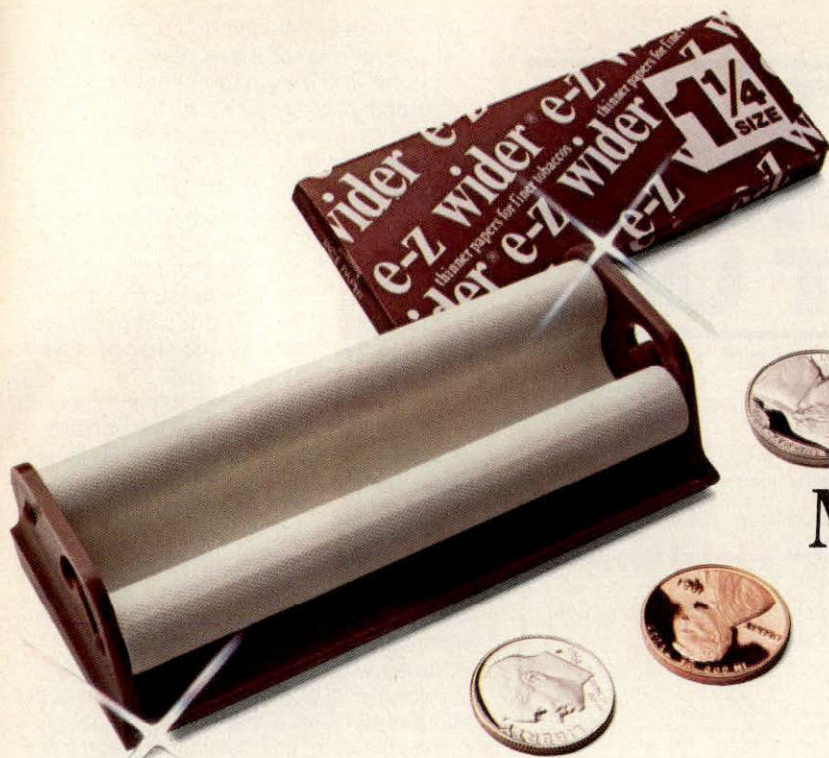
state police insisted that Karen's car might have been a little out of alignment when it left the road but that it "tracked perfectly" along the shoulder, showing no signs of skidding or any attempt to get back on the road. When the shoulder sloped down into the gully, her car followed the path of least resistance. Evidence from the car showed she did not try to apply her brakes. They said she probably was not fast asleep and slumped over the wheel but only dozing, and could have stiffened her arms at the last second.

Less than two months after the accident, ABC-TV brought in an identical Honda, hired a professional race-car driver, and filmed test runs of Karen's accident from an overhead helicopter. In fourteen out of fifteen attempts, the Honda drifted to the left side of the road when the driver let go of the wheel. It was later noted that *Consumer Reports* had once observed that the Honda's front-wheel drive gave the car a slight tendency to pull to the left.

Finally, extensive interviews with the tow-truck operators who pulled Karen's car out of the culvert provided a very plausible explanation of how the rear bumper of the Honda might have gotten scratched. Sebring, who was assigned to the job, said that he decided to pull the car out over the south wing wall even though the car was facing in the wrong direction. To do this, he hooked his towline into the rear-bumper ring of the Honda and yanked it around to face the opposite way. When the door on the driver's side swung open, it "acted as a pivot," and the Honda's undamaged rear end was pushed up against the three-foot wall. From there he tried to drag the car over the wall by simply driving his truck forward.

After about a half-hour of this, however, the effort was abandoned. (Photographs of the wing wall taken at a later date showed the marks from Sebring's attempt to drag the car up its side.) He called up one of his employees, Harold Smith, who brought out another wrecker and a ten-foot A-frame. Smith positioned the wrecker differently, ran the winch line over the top of the A-frame, and, finally, with much "rasping and grinding of metal against concrete," pulled the car out of the culvert. The "dents" on the back bumper and underframe—which are really "scrapes"—are in the exact direction, back to front, that one would expect if they were damaged in the towing process. In addition, the police found scrapings of white paint on the wall that resulted from the effort to drag the car out of the ditch.

Furthermore, the dents and scratches on the rear bumper, where the other car is supposed to have hit hers, were only thirteen inches above the ground. A Honda is one of the smallest vehicles on the road. No other car, except for a few European sports cars, has a lower bumper. In order to get under the bumper, the "attacking" car would have had to be *smaller* than a Honda. Howard Kohn ponders the prob-



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HWCP1

lem in *Who Killed Karen Silkwood?* and comes up with a novel solution. He says Karen was probably driven off the road by a car "equipped with a homemade cow-catcher."

David Burnham, of the *New York Times*, told me in an interview, "I've definitely concluded she wasn't murdered. I find it impossible to believe that the board of directors sat down and said, 'We're going to kill this girl.' In any case, it would have been impossible to arrange to have her car hit the abutment just the way it did, which is the only reason she died. It is possible that someone was out to scare her—another union person, a fellow worker, or possibly someone in the management at Kerr-McGee. But I think that is very remote."

Those supporters of Silkwood who admit that it's unlikely that she was murdered nevertheless allege that Kerr-McGee or others (perhaps a fellow lab technician) doused her with plutonium in order to scare or discredit her, because she had gathered information that the fuel rods being produced at Cimarron were allegedly defective and that they could cause a nuclear disaster at the Hanford FFTF.

Perhaps the easiest question to deal with is how Karen Silkwood got contaminated on November 5, 6, and 7—and how her urine samples were spiked. Every one of her contaminations at the plant is highly

suspect, and when it comes to the contamination of her apartment on November 7, there is no explanation other than that Karen was spiking her urine sample, got sloppy, and scattered plutonium all around the apartment.

The arguments Silkwood's "supporters" put up against this are truly bizarre. They argue that someone at the plant was spiking Karen's urine samples in order to make it seem that *she* was spiking them. But this is farfetched at best, and it still doesn't explain all the contaminations in her apartment.

The problem is the 400,000 d/m on the package of baloney and cheese in her refrigerator. This couldn't possibly have come from a urine spill, even if someone already had sneaked plutonium into her sample kits before she took them home. The shag cover on the back of the toilet showed only 100,000 d/m even though it had received a direct "hit." Therefore, the contamination on the baloney and cheese must have come from somewhere else.

Sarah Nelson, of NOW, who helped raise over \$200,000 for the 1979 trial, has a set speech in which she fairly shouts at her audiences: "Somebody sneaked into Karen Silkwood's apartment and put plutonium in her baloney-and-cheese sandwich." The argument here is that someone was trying to kill her by making her eat plutonium. The Silkwood attorneys support this scenario, noting that Karen and

Sherri "usually left their doors open" and that "anyone could have gotten in there and done it." They often attribute it to a "disgruntled lover" of Karen's.

Thus, if you are keeping score, we now have two possible conspirators. Someone at the plant was sneaking plutonium into Karen's urine-sample jars before she took them home with her in order to make it seem *she* was spiking them. Someone *else* (perhaps the same person) sneaked into her apartment and put plutonium on the package of baloney and cheese in her refrigerator.

We now have another problem, however. Karen submitted a total of ten contaminated urine samples, all of them taken at home. But she also had two more samples in her locker at work, these taken between October 31 and November 7, both of them *uncontaminated*. How did the person who allegedly spiked her sample kits know which jars she would bring home and which she would leave at work?

Faced with this problem, the Silkwood supporters take another tack. They argue that the mysterious person was probably putting the plutonium into her urine jars *after* she brought them to work. "Lots of people had access to them," they say. But this undoes the earlier explanation. The plutonium on the toilet seat and the bathroom floor obviously *did* come from a urine spill. How did these contaminations get there unless the plutonium was already in the sample jar while Karen was using it?

The simplest explanation is that Karen smuggled some plutonium home in her urine jars, that she took some on her finger to "dust" her hair and face before going to work on November 7, and that she did spill her urine sample in the bathroom shortly after. How did the plutonium get on the package of baloney and cheese? She probably carried it back to the refrigerator before she washed her hands. There were also plutonium traces in the sink trap in the bathroom, showing that she eventually washed her hands before going to work.

There is one more crucial point that defeats the argument that someone else was responsible for the contamination. *How did Karen know her urine samples were contaminated* when she told Norwood and Rogers—correctly—that they were the source of contamination in her apartment? No one at Kerr-McGee even knew yet that her *previous* samples had been spiked. At some point on November 7, Wayne Norwood became suspicious about the whole situation and applied a wound counter—a primitive radiation-measuring instrument—to the one fecal sample that Karen had brought in that morning. It showed so much plutonium that Karen would have been glowing like a lightbulb if the stuff had actually come out of her body. Norwood said he knew right then that something was fishy and that Karen herself probably knew more than she was telling. But he never revealed his suspicions to Karen.

Will Rogers, who rode in the car with Norwood and Karen to her apartment, said that nothing was ever mentioned about the sample. He said it was Karen herself who brought up the subject at the apartment: she kept insisting that things were covered with plutonium because she had spilled her urine sample. "I always thought she knew much more about what was going on than she was telling us," he said.

Connie Edwards, who helped Karen after her suicide attempt, probably made the most intelligent evaluation. "I thought that possibly she smuggled out a small quantity of [plutonium] in an attempt to create some sort of contamination incident, [and] somehow it got out of control and got to be a great big mess, which . . . she hadn't intended," she said.

Did Karen have information that would have proved embarrassing or damaging to Kerr-McGee? Most likely she did. The Silkwood supporters have always insisted that some documents mysteriously disappeared from her car. And the manila folder that Jean Jung saw her carrying at the Hub Cafe is supposed to have vanished. Yet, Drew Stephens, in his deposition, said that the first thing he, Steve Wodka, and David Burnham found among her possessions was "a brown or yellow folder" filled with papers.

Wodka insists that nonetheless something must have been stolen, because there was nothing terribly incriminating in the folder. But she had given him a notebook the week before that contained the serial numbers of photomicrographic negatives. All of these negatives later proved to have been doctored with a felt-tipped pen. In addition, she claimed to have information about a technician who apparently had access to secret quality-control data. Certainly, her allegations about the negatives were verified in a lengthy investigation by the AEC over the next few months. Although none of this revealed the welds to be defective, the AEC's findings did indicate sloppy quality-control practices that would have embarrassed Kerr-McGee.

"If I had received the information she had about the quality-control records on the fuel rods, the *Times* definitely would have had an important story," said David Burnham. "The problem was that all these details were lost in the wake of her death. Karen was obviously a pretty good observer and an accurate reporter. Her testimony would have been critical, but everything she said seems to have been partially or completely confirmed by the later investigations."

What would have happened if the *Times* had printed the story? The national reverberations might have stopped production at Cimarron, perhaps permanently. In fact, pressure from the Silkwood episode and the subsequent AEC investigation eventually influenced Kerr-McGee to drop its contract with Hanford in 1975 and withdraw from the fuel-rod business altogether.

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HOLIDAY HONEYMOONS

A New Year's weekend in the Big Apple turns a humdrum marriage into a blazing second honeymoon as a conservative couple rediscover old lusts amid New York's newest pleasures.

er. This is why there are many people in Crescent, Okla., who hate Karen Silkwood to this day.

So in a very real sense, Karen Silkwood is a heroine—not because of the media myth created around her, not because of some trumped-up conspiracy-and-murder story, but because she saw firsthand how the dangers of plutonium were being brushed over by the industry and because she acted to expose this negligence. Admittedly, her methods may not have been perfect or her motives pure. People like Gary Longaker and Connie Edwards called her "vindictive," and they are probably right. But that is less than half of the story.

Finding herself caught between the better-educated workers who knew all about the dangers of plutonium and the farm boys who didn't, Karen saw clearly that the latter's interests were being ignored. There is nothing more moving in the Silkwood story than hearing Karen's soft Texas voice almost pleading over the telephone to Steve Wodka: "We've got eighteen- and nineteen-year-old boys. . . . And they didn't have the schooling, so they don't understand what radiation is. They don't understand, Steve. They don't understand."

As I was leaving the Cimarron plant to write this story, I noticed an old newspaper clipping taped to a wall. Entitled "Creativity," it was one of those inspirational messages, printed in a display advertisement that was probably sponsored by an insurance company or a funeral home. As I started to read it, I realized it was posted over the desk where Karen Silkwood worked on November 6, when she announced that she was again "hot" with plutonium. The paper was old and yellow, so worn that I was sure it must have been there when Karen sat at that desk in 1974. Karen might even have put it there herself. It read:

"The man who walks alone is likely to find himself in places no one has ever been before. . . .

"You have two choices in life: you can disappear into the mainstream, or you can be distinct. To be distinct, you must be different. To be different, you must strive to be what no one else but you can be. . . .

"And the unfortunate thing about being ahead of your time is when people finally realize you were right, they'll say it was obvious all along."

I was standing there copying it down when Wayne Norwood, who had guided me through the plant, came back to see what was going on. A solid company man who had been there long before Karen Silkwood arrived and was still there long after her death, he had probably walked past the clipping 10,000 times in the last ten years.

Still, he was surprised to see what I was doing. "Humph," he said after standing there awhile. "I don't think I ever noticed that before." 

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(18) A wolf in sheep's clothing (19) Sailing, sailing (saline), over the seven seas (20) Assassinate (21) His eye is on the sparrow (spare O) (22) A little misunderstanding (miss under stand in G) between friends (23) A bad spell of weather (24) Far out

1. MOST VALUABLE NUMBER. The number was 32. In baseball it was worn by New York Yankee Elston Howard, in the American League, and Los Angeles Dodger Sandy Koufax, in the National. In the NFL it was on the Cleveland Browns jersey of the great Jim Brown. Clem Daniels of the Oakland Raiders was MVP in the AFL, but by wearing number 36 he spoiled the clean sweep for lucky 32.

The number seems to pop up more than its share of times. In football it was worn by Franco Harris and Orenthal James Simpson (and if your name were Orenthal James, you'd probably want to be known by your initials, too). It also corresponds to the acceleration of gravity, in feet; to the freezing point of water, in degrees Fahrenheit; and to the number of teeth possessed by adult members of the world's only bipedal primate that reads *Penthouse*.

2. WINNING HAND. Take one ball of paper and swallow it, saying, "This is my choice!" From the remaining ball of paper, the villagers can only determine that the paper you chose and swallowed read "You Win."

3. SMITH, JONES, AND ROBINSON. The copilot, who lives halfway between New York and Boston (2), also lives next door to one of the passengers—Mr. X, for now—who earns three times as much as the copilot does (4). Mr. X can't be Mr. Robinson, because Mr. Robinson lives in Boston (1). Mr. X can't be Mr. Jones, because Mr. Jones's \$50,000 a year isn't exactly divisible by three (3, 4). Therefore, the copilot's neighbor must be Mr. Smith.

The passenger whose name is the same as the copilot's lives in New York (6). He can't be Mr. Robinson, because Mr. Robinson lives in Boston (1). He can't be Mr. Smith, because Smith is the copilot's neighbor (as we determined) and they live halfway between New York and Boston (2). The passenger's name must be Jones; so the copilot is also Jones.

The pilot, therefore, is either Robinson or Smith. Smith beats the pilot at racquetball (5), so the pilot must be Robinson. Therefore, the flight attendant is Smith.

UPDATE: In the September column we asked for professional-sports teams in which team names are duplicated. We mentioned the Rangers (baseball and hockey) the Oilers and Jets (football and hockey), and the Cardinals and Giants (football and baseball). Whom did we forget? The Kings, of course—basketball in Kansas City and hockey in Los Angeles. Thanks to several readers for keeping us honest. 

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JOE SOHM/CHROMOSOM

BIG BROTHER IS CLOSING IN

As we enter 1984, we may not yet have arrived at the hellish future George Orwell depicted in his novel *1984*, but the data trails we leave behind play right into the hands of those Big Brothers who want to keep an eye on us. According to reporter Dan Kagan, the new supercomputers of government and private business communicate with each other on a daily basis, generating detailed, composite records that are increasingly available to anyone who wants them. Kagan's investigation into this massive assault on one of our most precious freedoms shows that Orwell's dire predictions may be coming true a lot faster than anyone feared.



TERRY O'NEILL/WOODFIN CAMP

TOP COP

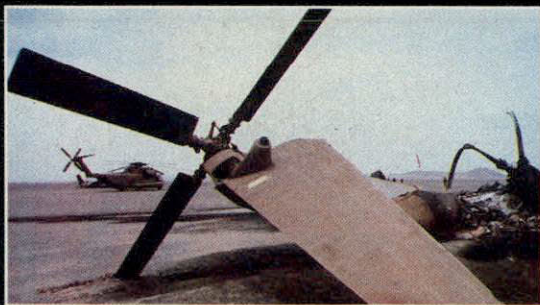
Enigmatic and provocative Sting (aka Gordon Sumner), the soaring voice, songwriter, and popular focal point for the Police—who are in all probability the world's most popular rock band—is featured in this in-depth profile by writer Timothy White. In numerous interviews conducted during the recent sold-out world tour of the Police, Sting discussed the future of the Police and the complex relationships among its members, his starring role in the science-fiction classic *Dune*, which will be released next year, and his thoughts on love, life—and death, subjects that are virtual obsessions for this brilliant pop hero.



P.R.

TIN WIFE

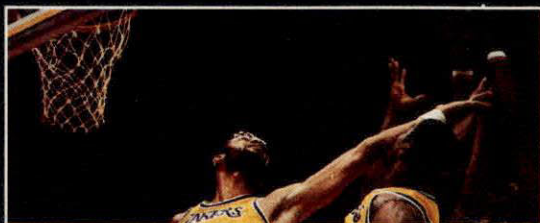
Sissy Sullivan decides to fight the New York Police Department for her husband's honor when she discovers that his death was not "on the battlefield" but rather "in the saddle." In this exclusive excerpt from Joe Flaherty's new Simon and Schuster novel, police politics and a woman bent on revenge meet head on, with explosive results.



J.L. ATLAN/SYGMA

THE IRANIAN RESCUE DISASTER

On April 24, 1980, Delta Force, the government's primary group of antiterrorist fighters, landed in the Iranian desert, 300 miles from Tehran, ready to free the fifty-six Americans who had been held hostage for 444 days. Before the night was out, Mission Rice Bowl had become a fiasco and eight Americans lay dead in the desert sands. Now, for the first time, Maj. Logan Fitch, the commander of one of Delta's operational forces and the man who actually drew up the Rice Bowl battle plan, tells the whole story of what happened that fateful night. Fitch, who almost died in the airplane fire, gives an extraordinary eyewitness account of a disaster that would ultimately result in Jimmy Carter's rejection in the presidential election.



RICHARD PILLING/FO.S.

ATHLETES AND DRUGS

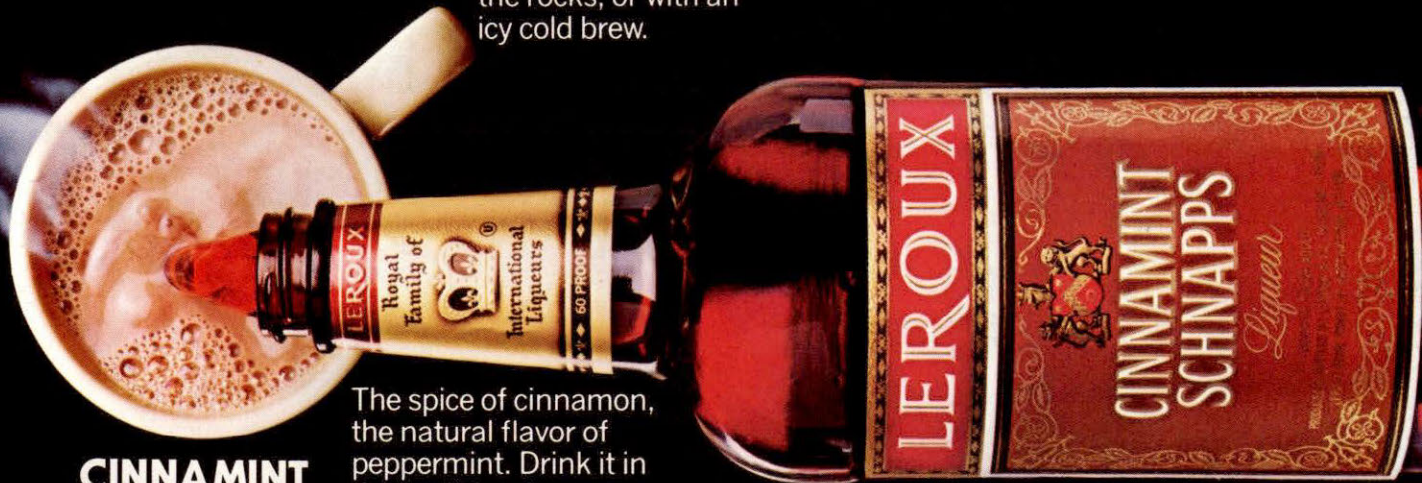
Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, one of basketball's greatest superstars, candidly reveals how the use of hard drugs by athletes has almost destroyed the big-league careers of many top players. Abdul-Jabbar is equally outspoken on how our society has imposed unrealistic standards on its sports stars. "Athletes are supposed to be America's heroes. Kids look up to us: we are role models for future grandeur. This is nonsense." Excerpted from his forthcoming autobiography, *Giant Steps* (Bantam).

Now from Leroux. The three great tastes in Schnapps. All naturally delicious.



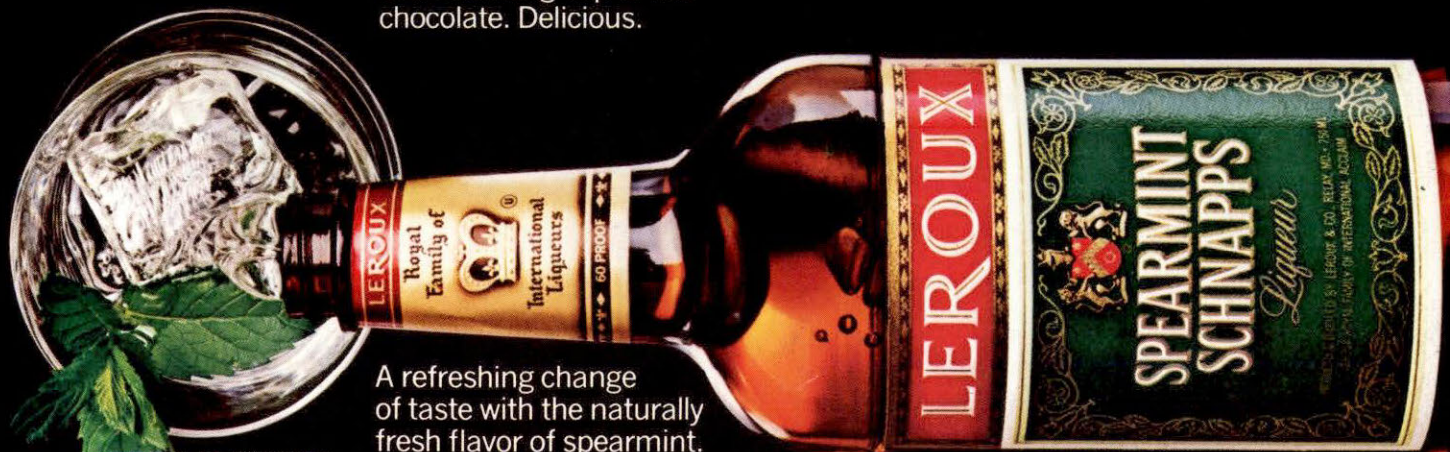
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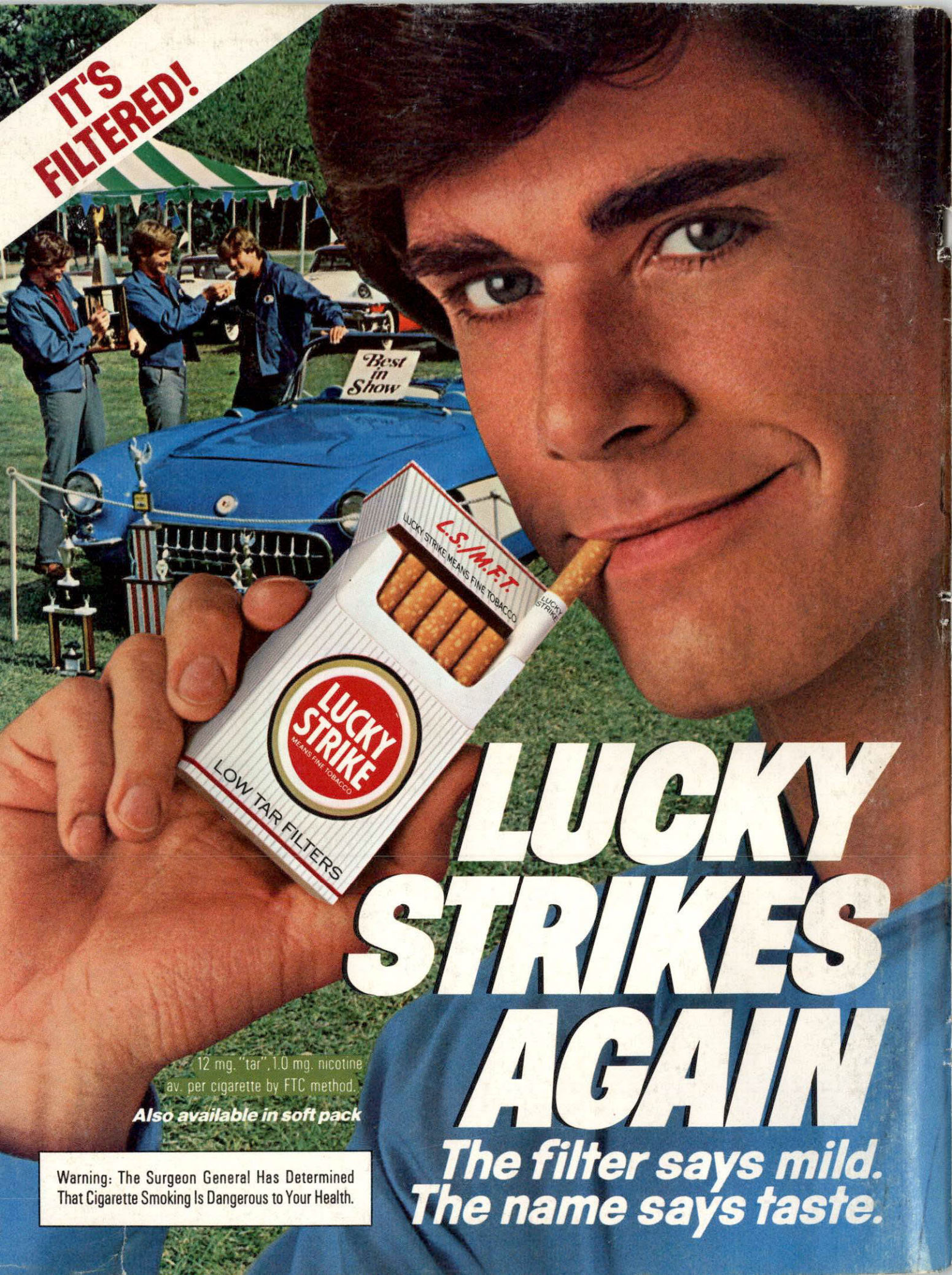
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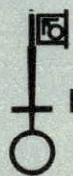
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MISS LISA SCHULTZ/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH